

12490. e.8

Just Published

A New Collection of Voyages and Travels,
Discoveries and Conquests, of all Parts of
the World: None of them ever before
Printed in English, for the Month of December
and January: To be sold at the Author's.
Many will be interested in this Collection, and wish
for a perusal of every good Judge; and there
will be such a demand that they can be of any Use: It
will never be above One Shilling per Sheet,
except it be to make an End of a Voyage, and
then it will not exceed One Shilling Six Pence.

Just Publish'd

A New Collection of Voyages and Travels, Discourses and Conquests, of all Parts of the World: None of them ever before Printed in English, for the Months of December and January: To be continu'd Monthly. Nothing will be Inserted in this Collection but with the Approbation of very good Judges; and there will be Cuts where they can be of any Use: It will never be above One Shilling per Month, except it be to make an End of a Voyage, and then it will not exceed One Shilling Six Pence.

M. Cervantes Saavedra
THE
D I V E R T I N G
W O R K S
O F T H E
F A M O U S

Miguel de Cervantes,
Author of the History of
D O N Q U I X O T.

Now first Translated from the Spanish.

By Ned Ward.

With an Introduction by the Author of
The L O N D O N - S P Y.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by J. Round, in Exchange-Alley in Cornhill;
E. Singer, at the Post-House; A. Collins, at the Black-Boy;
and T. Atkinson, in the Temple-Charge, in Fleet-street; and
T. Baker, at the Bible and Rose in Ludgate-Street, 1709.

THE
DIVERGING
WORKS
OF THE
FAMOUS

Miguel de Cervantes

Author of the History of
DON QUIXOTE.

Now first Translated from the Spanish.

With an Introduction by the Author of
THE LONDON-STAR.



Printed and Sold by
J. G. & J. W. at the
British Museum, in the
Room for the sale of
Books, at the British Museum.

The Prefatory

Introduction.



ON *Francisco de Bonilla*,
 an *Aragonian* Gentle-
 man, and his Bosom
 Friend *Don Pedro de*
Vargas, both famous
Spanish Cavaliers, ha-
 ving, for some Time,
 signify'd their honourable Love to a
 couple of celebrated Ladies, who being
 nearly related, had chosen their Residence
 together, in an Uncle's House, in the
 City of *Madrid*. *Don Francisco* having
 fix'd his generous Passion upon *Donna*
Anna de Mendaca, and *Don Pedro* on the
 Beauty of *Donna Maria* of the same Fa-
 mily, so that their whole Delight was
 Thrumming away the Evening upon
 their

their amorous Gittars ; and Breathing out their Affections in harmonious Madrigals under their Mistresses Windows, till at last, by the languishing Cadencies of bewitching Musick, and the melting Power of insinuating Poetry, they had charm'd their Ladies into such a Compassionate Tendernefs, that, as the Doors were lock'd, they were almost ready to hazard their Necks in jumping down into the Arms of their Lovers. When by their *Strum, Strum*, and *Fa, la, la*, they had thus Fiddled open a Passage to the inward Seat of Female Gratitude, and had put their Hearts on Tiptoe for a closer familiarity, the Matron of the Family was dutifully Consulted, and the Ladies were admitted, in the dusk of the Evening, to Confabulate with their Sparks at a lower Window, and to have Lip-Contact thro' the Bars of Jealousie, which are always, in *Spain*, kept in due Repair, for fear that evil Spirit *Asmodeus* should convey *Priapus*, at Midnight, into the kind Embraces of their Wives and Daughters.

No sooner had they obtain'd this satisfactory Liberty, but the Fire of Love on all sides, began to burn so vehemently, that the sighing Ladies, as well as their eager Gallants, were ready to cry out for a Priest, instead of a Church Bucket to quench the Conflagration; so that, in a little time, after Friends were Consulted, and the Preliminaries settled, their Desires being mutual, and their Births and Fortunes equal, a Day was appointed by the Ladies when their Lovers should be honour'd with the Matrimonial Shackles, and be admitted to cool their drowthy Ardor at that delightful Fountain they had so long thirsted for; and that their Nuptials might be Solemniz'd with the greater Grandure, and their Mirth and Jollity more amply Crown the happy Festival, it was amicably agreed by both the Bridegrooms, as well as their Brides, to join their Hands and Hearts at the same time, and to keep their Weddings together for a whole Week, that they might spend with Pleasure the joyful Introduction, in
 spite

spite of all the Sorrows that might ensue hereafter.

When the auspicious Morning appointed for the Solemnity made its blushing Enterance, the Bridegrooms, with their Brides, and their nearest Friends and Relations, retir'd very early to a distant Village, where *Don Pedro* had a Seat, and all things were put in readiness for the reception of the Company, the better to avoid the noisie Interruptions of so populous a City as *Madrid*: No sooner were they arriv'd at the end of their short Journey, but, after the refreshment of a small Repast, they stalk'd along in great Decorum, with abundance of Gravity, to the Perochial Church, where the Priest, according to the Notice given him, was ready to receive them, and to perform that Duty the desirous Lovers requir'd of him, which was no sooner compleated, according to the usual Ceremony, but they were met at the Church Doors with all the Gittars in the whole Parish, who Thrumm'd 'em back to *Don Francisco's* House, Singing their
Epithalamiums

Epithalamiums before the marry'd Pairs, who seem'd, by their Languishing Looks, to express a greater Appetite to the Nuptial Sheets, than to their Wedding Dinner, which was now preparing with the utmost Art and all convenient Expedition; several Cart Loads of *Endive, Celery, Celician, Lettice, and Tarragon*, were sent into the Kitchen to accommodate the Table with raw Salatine, besides as many Boiling Herbs as would have furnish'd *Stocks-Market*, for the enriching their Potages, and a whole Sirloin of *Beeff* brought openly in Triumph from *Madrid*, upon a *Spanish* Gennet, to the great amazement of the whole Country, who had not beheld such an Emblem of Gluttony in the whole Province, since the Expulsion of the *Moors*. But this was chiefly design'd to oblige some *English* Merchants, who were invited to the Wedding; all sorts of Fish were as Plenty as in the Mediterranean; amongst the rest a Barrel of *Tarmouth Red-Herrings* were sent in as a very costly Rarity; *Rice,*
Peas,

Peas, and *Barley*, were brought in by Bushels; and all sorts of Roots by whole Barrow-fulls; all the Neighbouring Farmers were strip'd of their Poultry, and a whole *Westphalia-Ham* was hung at the end of a String to be dip'd into their Pots to relish their Potages; *Pustacheo-Nuts* and *Almonds* were brought in by the Sackful; and all sorts of Fruits were pour'd in upon them from the Neighbouring Gentlemens Gardens in such vast quantities, that an *Englishman* would have thought by their Mountaineous Heaps of *Herbs*, *Nuts*, *Roots*, and *Fruits*, they had been preparing a Feast for all the Hogs in *Leicestershire*. But to shew the great Veneration they had for *Sage* and *Garlick*, those were privately lock'd up in a large Closet on one side of the Kitchen, and none permitted to meddle with the Key but *Don Orlando Furioso*, who had the Honour above the rest to be chosen *Cook-Director* of the whole Feast.

Being thus commodiously furnish'd with all manner of Varieties for the Entertainment of the Guests. They had
twice

twice as many Cooks hard at Work in their Cloaks, Guarded by their Stelletto's, and unconscionable Spada's, full as long as their Spits, as ever were known to prepare a Dinner for an *English* Lord Mayor upon the Day of his Triumphs. In which Interim the Neighbouring Gentry having notice of the Wedding had assembled themselves together in a Great Body, and Mounted upon their Gennets, making a Glorious Cavalcade, came in a Solemn Decorum, according to *Spanish* Gravity, to Celebrate the Nuptials of the United Lovers, so that the whole House was as full in a little time, as an *English* Tavern next Door to a Church upon a Sunday Morning about Whetting-time. No sooner had the Voluntary Crowd of Neighbouring Visitants paid their accustomary Compliments to the Bridegrooms and their Brides, but the Gentlemen and Ladies thrust their Thumbs into the Strings of their Castinets, and ordering the Musick to strike up, began to make as hideous a Consort with their Ebony Instruments,

struments as if all the Cooks Jacks in *Smithfield*, and all the Rattles in *Bartholomew-Fair* had been loudly conducting to the Rattarattatory Harmony, when they had thus hung their *Spanish* Snappers on their Thumbs, in imitation, I suppose, of *Tubal-Cain's* Cockle-shells, and had Tun'd their Fingers to their little Wooden Drumbellas. The Musick was commanded to Play a Serabrand, which was no sooner begun but there was such Striding and Stalking among the Young Gentlemen, and such Swimming among the Ladies in the Great Hall, being all Equip'd in such stiff-neck'd Apparel, and such Starch'd Ornaments, that an *English* Historian steep in by Chance, would have been apt to have thought Our Gracious Queen *Elizabeth* with all her Old fashion'd Courtiers had started from their Graves in their Primitive Dresses, on purpose to Grace the Solemnity. Thus they Straddle'd away some Hours before Dinner, till the Sweat began to drop from the Don's Mustaches, and the Donna's were forc'd to

Retire

Retire into the Garden to sweeten their Charms, and air their melting Beauty from their Moorish Effluvia's.

By that time they had thus refreshed themselves with a Cooling Interval, Dinner was in readiness, and the Signal given for the Numerous Attendance to repair to the Dresser-Board, which was Splendidly set out with such vast variety of Olio's, Soops, Sallats and Pottages, Raggoos, Collups, Frigacies, and Hashes, Pancakes, Puddings, Pies, Tarts and Custards, Conserves, Preserves, Wafers, Marmolers and Jellies, and such an Irrepeatable Number of all sorts of Hortelage, that the whole Bill of Fare was Ten times as long as an Ordinary Bill in *Chancery* for the little Flesh they had was so strangely diversify'd, that half a Fowl, by the Artful help of additional Ingredients, was toss'd up into a Mess of Medly that would fill a Dish as big as the Sign of the Pewter-Platter in St. *John's-Street*; and tho' the Sirloin of Beef made so Glorious a Show at its first Entrance, yet when it came to

to the Board it was stak'd into as many Messes as a Colledge Cook in *England* cuts a Loyn of Mutton for the Students Table, so that to every Ounce of Meat, upon a just Computation, there could not be less than a whole Barrow full of Garden stuff, that when the Tables were Cover'd with so many Verdant Gallimauffries, they look'd at a little distance like so many Green Meadows, and the Guests that were round 'em, like a parcel of Black Cattel with Bald Faces Grazing about the Edges.

When Two or Three Hundred Dishes were thus orderly dispos'd of to the several Tables, and the Company with the Gravity of a Convocation had fenced in the Products of five or six Acres of Garden-Ground, they continu'd Nibbling at their fresh Pasture for about two Hours and a half, mumbling about their Herbs as an Ass does Thistles, till every one was as full of Grass as a *Nebuchadnezzar*, and then the Priest, at the request of the Company, put a holy Period to their present Feeding, which was no sooner Ended

Ended, but, according to the *Spanish* Custom, the Sexes separated, and some went to Sleep, and others to the House-of-Office, every one consulting their own Ease till the Heat of the Day was over, and then waking, refresh'd with their Slumbers, the Ladies, among themselves, call'd a Council of Tittle-Tattles to consult about what Pastimes might be most agreeable to the present Occasion, and proper to Entertain so large a Company, every Evening for the Week following, being the time limited for the happy Festival: And after some Debate it was prudently Agreed by the Female Majority, to pitch upon Six of the most Spritely Gentlemen, and to appoint every Cavalier his particular Night to Entertain the Company with some Amorous Adventure of his own, which might prove both delightful and surprising to the merry Audience, accordingly half a Dozen of the Wittiest Young Gallants had the Honour to be chosen by the Fair Sex for this purpose, who all gladly, pursuant to the Commands laid upon

upon them by the Ladies, perform'd their Tasks in their several Turns, to the great Satisfaction and Applause of the whole Company, who were so highly divert-ed with their admirable Wit, their excellent Contrivance, the surprizingness of the Plots, the Neatness of the Managements, the greatness of Thought, and the force and aptitude of Expression, that nothing can be found among all the *Spanish* Wits more worthy of Translation into the *English* Tongue than the following Weeks Entertainment, which is here Elegantly perform'd by an Ingenious *English* Gentleman, who is an Absolute Master of the *Spanish* Language ; and hopes the Reader will kindly accept of what was well intend-ed for the Diversion of his Country-Men ; and he has promis'd to be their Humble Servant.

Monday.

Monday.

THE Noble City of *Ciudad-Real*, was founded by King *Alonso* the VIIIth, near the Ruins of *Alarcos*, on the Borders of *Andalucia*, in a most fruitful and pleasant Plain, not far from the River *Guadiana*, remarkable for its running thro' subterraneous Caverns for the Space of seven Leagues, and then rising again, and continuing its visible Course for many more Leagues, till it loses it self in the Ocean. In this City was born *Lisarda*, the most celebrated Beauty in all that Country, and no less Fortunate in being the Daughter of most illustrious and wealthy Parents. She being but sixteen Years of Age, and her Portion 40000 Ducats; she could not but have as many Admirers as she had Beholders. Besides, as she was Mistress of a most lively Wit, and had read as well as heard many dismal Stories concerning Marriage; which made her conceive not only a Misapprehension of, but even a dread of Matrimony; not but that she had as much mind to it as other Women, but that she was mistrustful

B

ful

ful of the Humours of Men, especially in Wedlock, which makes a Couple happy or miserable for Life.

This made her resolve not to marry as yet, for fear of making an unhappy Choice, considering she had as many different Dispositions to bestow her self upon, as there were Pretenders to her. However, as it often happens that those who look on to see others play, rather incline to one Side than the other, tho' they have no particular Affection to either Party; so *Lisarda* had cast some tender Glances, before all the rest, on *Don Alonso*, a Gentleman of such excellent Qualifications, that the generality of the Town had already concluded them as good as marry'd; alledging for their Reason, that none was worthy of *Lisarda* but *Don Alonso*, nor no Lady deserv'd him but she.

It happen'd at this time, that the City was oblig'd to make some publick Rejoycings on account of a double Alliance between *Spain* and *France*, exchanging their Princesses, to marry their two Kings, so to unite both Crowns in perpetual Amity. On this Occasion, for several Days there were Illuminations, Bonfires, Balls, Entertainments of Musick, and the whole Solemnity concluded with a Bull-Feast, a Sport more acceptable than all the rest to *Spaniards*, either because it makes more Noise, or because it affords the *Spanish* Gentry a better Opportunity of showing their Gallantry. *Lisarda's* Admirers made the Sport compleat,
by

by endeavouring to please her, and to vie with one another; so that without any regard to their vast Expences, or their own Abilities, every one made it his Business, not only to equal, but even to exceed one another in this, as well as all other Points. Yet *Don Alonso* was the Person that still carry'd a certain Lustre above all the rest. At length the last Day of Rejoycing came, when the Bull-Feast was to be kept, at which time *Lisarda*, (who till then was a Stranger to Love) settled her Affection on *Don Alonso*, who would not let slip so fair an Opportunity of appearing with the utmost Gallantry in her Presence, and therefore entered the Lists in the Morning with his Spear, generally applauded by all the Spectators, except *Lisarda*, who was troubled to see him so near Danger. A wild Bull was let out, so fierce and dreadful, that he struck a Terror not only into those that were nearest, but even into many at a greater Distance. *Don Alonso* attack'd him several times alone, still wounding him with his Spear. It happen'd that the furious Bull, fretted and provok'd by the Hurts he had receiv'd from *Don Alonso*, turn'd to revenge himself on a Man that was on Foot, and toss'd him with such Violence that he was almost kill'd by the Fall. This Disaster troubled all the Spectators, and particularly *Don Alonso*, who being provok'd to the highest Degree, to see that the Horsemen, who were nearest, did not rescue him, threw away his Spear, and drawing his Sword,

made towards the Bull; who, as soon as he spy'd him, quitted the Man and fac'd him, and bowing down his sharp Horns to the very Ground, he run at the Horse, to vent his Fury on him; but as he stoop'd his Head to raise it with the more Force against the Horse, *Don Alonso* with one Blow cut him through the Neck, laying the savage Creature at his Feet, to show there is nothing so fierce or strong, but what must yield to the Art or Force of Man. This Action was pleasing to all the Spectators, insomuch that they congratulated, applauded, and commended him with general Acclamations. Only *Lisarda*, whose Concern for his being so near Danger, put her for a while beside her self, and before she could be satisfy'd of the Event of his Enterprize, she drop'd down in a Swound upon her Mother's Lap. This was a sufficient Declaration of her Love; and the Affection her Modesty had so long conceal'd was thus open to the Eyes of the World; for a Swoon tho' Speechless, often divulges that Bashfulness, Danger and Fear have bury'd in Silence before. The fainting Virgin, coming to her self, was fully enliven'd by Vertue of the good News of *Don Alonso's* Conquest. But hearing that he, encourag'd by this Morning's Success, design'd to venture again in the Afternoon; rather than make known by such repeated Symptoms how much she lov'd him, chose rather to tell her Mind to one, than make it the common Talk of the Multitude, and therefore

therefore calling for Pen and Ink, she writ to Don Alonso, as follows,

The LETTER.

A Friend of mine, who fancies you have lov'd her these two Tears, has a greater Value for your Life, than it seems you have your self, since you expose it so unmercifully, and she has so just a Sense of the impending Danger, that she has desired me to beg of you that you will be a Spectator of the Sport this Afternoon, without having any Share in the Danger; for if your Gallantry is design'd to gain her Love, that is done already; but if the Intention is to please another Lady, she will then be fully convinced you have imposed on her, and so your Disobedience will serve to deceive her. I am obliged in Kindness to beg this Favour for her Love, which, as you may guess, is not small, since it purchases your Safety at the Expence of many Blushes. Being a Woman, it is plain her first Address must be begging; but being a Woman that loves you, she only begs what is for your own Good, and desires to let you know, that if you do not grant it, she will never ask any other Kindness from you whilst she lives.

Don Alonso generously rewarded the Bearer with a Ring and some Crown pieces, knowing by her from whom she came, and desiring she would stay for an Answer, he sat down to write,

but was in such Disorder between the Surprise and Satisfaction, that he could not perform it as he could have wish'd, nor tell how to express his own Thoughts, for Lovers are never so dull as when some good Fortune befalls them beyond all Expectation. At length he answer'd in few Words, after this Manner,

The ANSWER.

IF the Danger of my Person will be worth your Care, it were not amiss frequently to expose it for the Satisfaction of obtaining that Favour; but rather than offend you, I mean your Friend, I declare from this Moment, I desist from my Resolution, and think myself highly indebted to your Amorous Compassion for this Kindness, tho' I know not whether I am in the Right in calling it Compassion for to obstruct my having a Share in the Bull-Feast, only that your Eyes may afterwards kill me, looks rather as if you would have the Honour of slaying me your self, than of preserving my Life. I had forgot that your Servant waits, and I do the same, she to be dismiss'd, and I to have this come to your Hands, that you may not give over asking of me, but may begin to command me as your Slave: God preserve and make you happy.

Your Servant.

The

The same Effect *Lisarda's* Paper had produced on *Don Alonso*, his wrought upon her; she enjoy'd the full Satisfaction of the Sport, seeing it without any dread or concern, *Don Alonso* being a Spectator not far from the Window where she was, but not unobserved by some curious Persons, who forget their own Affairs to observe the Actions of others. The Bull-Feast concluded without any Disaster, and the two Lovers began to cherish their Affections with all possible Satisfaction. *Lisarda* was so deep in Love, that she lik'd all *Don Alonso* said or did, being fully perswaded there was not such another Man in the World; and that not without good Reason, for he might deservedly be stiled the Master-piece of Nature; so that these two Lovers spent their time in the very Height of Felicity.

Who would have imagin'd that so happy a Course of Felicity should meet with so violent a Turn, as not only interrupted, for a Time, the Progress of both their amorous Passions, but reduc'd them to such a Condition, that within a Fortnight *Lisarda* was betrothed to another, and *Don Alonso* at *Barcelona*, embarking for *Naples*? But this will not appear so miraculous, if we do but consider the wonderful Instability of Fortune, and the constant mutability of Time. *Don Alonso* had sufficient Proof of this Truth; for one Moment he saw himself on the Pinnacle of Happiness, at the Height of all his Hopes, and to say all at once, almost in *Lisarda's* Arms, and the next

Hour he lost his Country, his Kindred, his Friends, and the self-same Person, which, to so passionate a Lover, was the greatest Blow Fortune could have given him, and happen'd in this Manner : *Don Alonso*, before he was so intirely belov'd by *Lisarda*, being Young, Gay, and much addicted to his Pleasure, had an Intriguing Mistress born at *Sevil*, who happening to travel towards *Madrid*, without any other Business but only to see and be seen, or any Estate to support her but her Youth, and a very taking Face, had the Fortune to be seen by *Don Alonso* in a Lodging she had taken, and was by him as courteously entertain'd, as the shortness of the Time would permit, only in regard she was a Woman, and a Stranger. This Lady took such a liking to him, that she discharg'd and paid off a Horse-Litter she had taken to carry her to *Madrid*, staying in there as *Don Alonso's* Guest, with whom she became as well acquainted in a Month, as if she had known him all the Days of her Life ; for the Love of those Women, who live by exchanging of Affections, is not unlike a Flash of-Lightning, which admits of no Interval betwixt its Falling, giving Light, and consuming all that stands in its Way. The generous Gentleman found himself insensibly engag'd by the Kindness of *Donna Clara* (for that was the Lady's Name) if it may be counted a Kindness, to do by him as perhaps she had done by others in her own Country ; and therefore providing a House suitable to her Degree,

Degree, he took care she should be lodg'd and treated very handsomely; giving her at the same time to understand, that if she design'd to continue unmolested in the City, she must resolve to lead a very retir'd and reserv'd Life, that no Scandal might be given to such as observ'd her, and lest his Parents should come to hear of it, and should give her some disturbance on purpose to keep him at Home. 'Twas upon this Account *Donna Clara* liv'd so retir'd, that none knew any thing of this private Intrigue, but only Heaven, *Don Alonso* himself, and a marry'd Servant of his, in whose House she kept her self as close as possible could be.

Don Alonso was sensible that this Familiarity, which was rather the Effect of his Civility than Inclination, might be prejudicial to his Affairs with *Lisarda*, if he should prove so unfortunate as to have it come to her Ears; and therefore when he found his Love was so far advanc'd, that the Kindred on both Sides began to treat of bringing this projected Marriage to a Conclusion; he told *Donna Clara* his Mind, acquainting her with his Intention, and giving her at the same time a Sum of Money to mollify her Discontent, desiring her to go away to *Madrid*, where he would not fail to serve her in all things, both with his Life and Fortune. When once a Woman fixes her Resolution, no fair Words, Gifts, or Reasons are sufficient to pacify her. *Donna Clara*, tho' a lewd Woman, lov'd *Don Alonso*, and if she had

had not lov'd him, yet seeing her self forsaken for another, this alone had been sufficient Cause to set her in a Flame. Accordingly her Answer, after many Extravagancies and Follies, was, That she would take care to see *Lisarda*, and use such means to cross his Love, that it should never take Effect, tho' she ventur'd her Life for it, for now she valu'd nothing that could happen to her.

The Disconsolate Gentleman was quite confounded at this Answer, not knowing what Course to take to rid himself of *Donna Clara*, whose Love was now become uneasie to him; therefore to prevent greater Harms, he resolv'd to shake off this Burden at any Rate, tho' the method he pitch upon did not favour much of Generosity: He acquainted the Governour, (who was his Relation) with the whole Matter; desiring him to come at Night to *Donna Clara's* House, where he would be, as her Gallant, that as an upright, just, and impartial Magistrate, he might put her into a Coach, with Guards to secure her, and Orders never to leave her till she was at *Madrid*, or where else she thought convenient. The Governour approved of the Contrivance, both because it was the Duty of his Post, and to ease *Don Alonso* of that Trouble; and accordingly against Eleven at Night he provided a Coach, two Guards, and a pretended Information against the two Lovers, and the Servant that conceal'd them. *Don Alonso* thought by this means to get quit of *Donna Clara*, without giving

giving her any occasion to complain of him, and at the same time to prevent its coming to the Knowledge of *Lisarda*, concluding her lost for ever, if she had any Intelligence of this Intrigue. But an unfortunate Man is never more likely to miscarry than when he uses the greatest Precaution; for the same Night he had disposed all things for sending *Donna Clara* away, *Lisarda's* Father being out of Town, and her Mother gone to stay with a Relation that was dangerously Sick; the young Lady finding her self alone and melancholly, because she had not seen *Don Alonso* all that Day, resolv'd to give him a Proof of her Love, tho' her Modesty could not but look upon it as an Excess of her Passion. She put on her Veil, and taking a Maid along with her, went out with a Resolution to see *Don Alonso*, or at least to take a Walk thro' his Street, for Lovers are sometimes satisfied with seeing the Walls, and feeling the Doors of those they love, when Fortune denies them any greater Happiness. She came into the Street, view'd the House, try'd the Door, and finding all fast, tho' she could have wish'd to see and speak to her dear *Alonso*, that she might at least be better attended Home, yet upon further Consideration she resolv'd not to Knock, not for want of Inclination, but for fear he should attribute it to Lightness in her; for a Woman often is this of doing that for one who is to be a Husband, which perhaps she would, without much difficulty, for
another

another she does not design to Marry; because too much Freedom before Wedlock, gives her Husband cause to be afterwards jealous of her Honour. These Thoughts prevailing with her, she resolv'd to return Home, tho' not without much regret. In her way Home, passing by a Monastery of Dominican Nuns, she perceiv'd by the Light of a Lamp that hung at the Gate, a Man, whose Mein surpriz'd her, for observing him more narrowly she found it was *Don Alonso*, who gave one Whistle, which 'tis likely was his usual Signal, and immediately after a Maid open'd the Door and lighted him up; she would have shut the Door as soon as he was in, but he told her he must be gone immediately again, thinking it was more convenient the Door should be open when the Governour came, that his Project might succeed the better, and no Notice be taken in the Neighbourhood. Tho' *Lisarda* saw all this, she could not imagine there was any thing in it that concern'd her; but rather thought it was some Friends House, where young Men met to divert themselves, some to play, others to talk Politicks, and others to rail at all that were not of their Company. Tho' the Lady thought her self secure of *Don Alonso's* Affection, yet out of a motive of Curiosity, rather than Jealousie, she made up to the Door, and finding it open went in and up Stairs, to the first Apartment, where standing close to the Door, which was lock'd, and peeping thro' the Key-hole, she saw
her

her Lover sitting on the Cushions the Ladies use in *Spain*, Courting a Woman, not only Handsome, but in her Opinion most perfectly Beautiful ; for Jealousie always looks through a magnifying Glass, and consequently sees things much greater than they are ; nor did she only see, but also distinctly hear him make his Excuse for what he had propos'd of leaving her, and add the greatest Protestations of continuing his Love.

Lisarda was like one distracted, scarce knowing whether it was a Dream or true matter of Fact ; but observing that *Don Alonso* and his Lady were just Sealing their Reconciliation by joyning their Hands, without any regard to her Modesty, (for Women are only discreet when they are not Jealous) and without considering the Danger she ran of being affronted by *Don Alonso*, who, as she heard him say, was with the Object he ador'd, she gave such a Knock at the Door, that *Don Alonso* concluded the Governour had been come before his time ; nor was he altogether deceiv'd in his guess, for Love exercises an equal Power, and back'd with Jealousie, seizes and punishes such notorious Offenders. He pretended to be surprized, and bid the Maid open the Door, because he long'd to see who durst be so bold as to intrude there, knowing he was Master to the Owner of the House ; Unless, said he, turning to *Donna Clara*, it be some private Lover of yours, and perhaps waits till I am gone,

gone, to have the next place in your Affections. This the crafty Gentleman said, to remove any surmise she might have that he had a Hand in the Plot. In short, whilst *Don Alonso* pretended to be angry, and *Donna Clara* to appease him; *Lisarda* never gave over knocking, nor he ordering the Maid to open the Door; till perceiving she durst not for fear, he got up in a Passion and open'd it himself, little thinking what a Visitor he was likely to meet with, *Lisarda* came in, *Don Alonso* was amaz'd, and *Donna Clara* began in earnest to show her Jealousie, as he had done before in Jest. *Don Alonso* took not the least care to pacify *Donna Clara*, but to enquire of his Lady what had mov'd her to come thither in that manner; but she would not hear, or so much as look at him, but in the modestest Manner she could, directed her Discourse to *Donna Clara* in this manner,

Madam, I cannot deny with how much Disorder, Sorrow, and Concern I appear before you; for should I endeavour to conceal it, as many do, who for their Credit sake do curb all their Passions, yet my Colour, my Trouble, my Anguish, and my Confusion would sufficiently proclaim it. However, that you may not be disturb'd at my coming, for it is not fit that Ingratitude should be the Death of more than one, and that by the Person who does not value Life; therefore, I say, I must tell you in the first Place, that I do not come to rob you of your Gallant, who has so much right to
you,

you, and whom, perhaps, you love for his extraordinary Parts; I mean his Internal ones, for as to the rest, Heaven never made so false, so unconstant, and so perfidious a Man. But that you may excuse me, and not believe him, bear me, if it be not too great a Trouble. Then drawing a Chair, she gave her a full Account of all Don Alonso's Courtship, Protestations and Vows: And then turning to him, added, Do not think, ungrateful Man, that these Complaints proceed from Love, but from Honour, for as other Women are enflam'd with Wrongs, so I cool with Jealousy; and therefore, from this time forward, you may safely pursue your Love to this Lady, since her Beauty is a sufficient excuse. I am not concern'd that you should forsake me for her, because Love generally owes its Original rather to a natural Simpathy, than the perfection of Merit, neither are your Addresses to this Lady any Commendation of her, nor your leaving me for her any Discredit to me, considering that very often Affections are so blind, that they covet that most, which deserves least. All I complain of is, that you treated me after the same manner as you do common Women, in deceiving me as far as Words could go, for beyond that, neither you nor all the World could do me any injury: Yet I have this Comfort still, that it was my noble Disposition which made me give credit to your Lyes; for as Men of Worth can scarce believe others guilty of infamous Actions, so Women of my Quality,

Quality, being Strangers to these Villanies, do not imagine any Person can think of, much less perform them. I fancy you are very Proud, that you have made my Kindness your Sport, as if it were not a greater Wrong to your self to act basely, than for me to believe, that as you are a Gentleman by Birth, you were the same in your Actions and Deportment. However, if it has been a Crime in me to give Credit to you, I will make amends for it for the future, and never more look you in the Face. This I do solemnly promise before this Lady, and to send her to Morrow all the Billets Deaux I have received from you, that she may put them to her own, because since the Kingdom of Love will admit but of one Crown, and that that cannot be mine, I will freely resign it to her, as very well deserving it, for her Beauty and Perfections, and as she belongs to you.

Lisarda spoke these Words with such an Air, that the Agitation of her Soul appear'd sufficiently in her very Eyes. Then giving Don Alonso, who was wholly intent upon her, no time to answer or clear himself, she open'd the Door, and like a desperate Gamester that has lost his Money, run out into the Street, over-whelm'd with anxious Thoughts, refusing to listen to Don Alonso, who in spite of Donna Clara that would have held him, ran out after her like a Mad-man. The Darkness of the Night, and Lisarda's haste made her vanish in a Moment, so that he could not find her; and if he had, it would only have
served

serv'd to provoke her more, for some Crimes are of such a Nature as to be only render'd worse by Excuses. Whilst *Don Alonso* was considering how to excuse himself in Writing to *Lisarda*, and resolving to own to her the whole Matter how he came to fall in League with *Donna Clara*, how he desired to be rid of her, and what he had contriv'd that Night, the Hour drew near when the Governour was to perform what had been concerted, and therefore to ease himself of that Burden, and that *Donna Clara* might share in the Trouble he had for her sake, he went back to her, where he was no sooner come, and coldly receiv'd, because she perceived by *Don Alonso's* Behaviour that he doted on *Lisarda*, but the Governour came to the Door, he search'd all the House, and finding *Don Alonso* and *Donna Clara* together, he order'd her to depart the City that Moment, a Travelling Coach being ready at the Door for that Purpose. The jealous Lady stood out at first, but finding the Governour resolute, and that he threatned worse Punishment, she only beg'd two Hours Delay to pack up her Cloaths and Necessaries, taking her leave of *Don Alonso* only with her Eyes, whilst the Governour ordered him to be carry'd Home with two Guards to attend him. Before Day *Donna Clara* was arriv'd some Leagues from the City, and in five Days at *Madrid*, where in a Weeks time she scarce remember'd that there was such a Man living as *Don Alonso*. It was not so with *Lisarda*,

for ever since that dismal Night, she was Disconsolate, Melancholly and Desperate, not knowing what to do, or what to say in Vindication of her false Lover. This costly Experience coming upon the Back of the Dread she had always conceiv'd of the Inconstancy of Men, she fully resolved to love none, but rather endeavour to hate them all. Sometimes she concluded to shut her self up in a Monastery, there to end her Days, and revenge her self that Way of the Falshood of *Don Alonso*; but then giving once more Way to her Passion, she repented, and said, If I leave *Don Alonso* in the Arms of his Mistress, well pleas'd and full of Pride and Vanity, what revenge is it to shut my Self up between four Walls contrary to my Inclination, there to be ever dying? The best Revenge, in my Opinion, would be, that as I saw him with *Donna Clara*, so he should see me with another as deserving as himself. My Father is always chiding me, because I am so backward in resolving upon some settled Course of Life; then why do I longer make a Difficulty to take my Revenge and hate him, in complying to marry a Gentleman I see he has a fancy for, whose Name is *Don Fulgencio*, a great Friend of my Fathers, gentile in Person, and of a great Estate, and being now thirty Years of Age, is grown Sober, and past all his Extravagancies. Then why do I hesitate? Why do I lose time? Or why do I not presently resolve? *Don Alonso* has wrong'd me in the
most

most sensible Part ; he has robb'd me of my Satisfaction, and been false to my Love ; and he who does such a piece of Injury ought not to expect to receive a Return of Friendship and Favour. Sentence is pass'd in Favour of *Don Fulgencio* ; I am a Woman, and provok'd, and to say the Truth, all the Dissatisfaction I shall receive from a Husband I dislike, in many Years, will not countervail the Pleasure it will be to me to see *Don Alonso* in Grief for having offended me.

Thus *Lisarda* bemoan'd her self, resolutely stifling some Tears that would have gushed out, returning them to her Heart. In the mean while *Don Alonso* writ several Letters, made Intercession to Ladies, presented the Maids, and gave an Account of his seeming Offence to all her Family, and others Abroad ; but *Lisarda* was so fully bent against hearing any Excuse, that she would listen to no body, fearing to be led away according to the easie Temper of Women, when once they give ear to submissive Intreaties ; because the fiery Words of Love find an easie Passage to the Heart. Her Father return'd from *Madrid*, where he had been for some time, and importuning her again to ease him of the Care he was in of providing for her. She answer'd, that provided *Don Fulgencio* was the Man he pitch'd upon, he might immediately dispose of her. That is all I wish, reply'd the old Man, imbracing her : And leaving her, went away that Moment to treat about it with the

Bridegroom, who at that time little expected such welcome News, but being extreamly ambitious of it, readily consented, and the Articles were agreed on. One Morning when *Don Alonso* was in the Cathedral at Mass, he heard the Bans bid the first time, expressing, That *Don Fulgencio* and *Lisarda* were to be marry'd, and requiring all Persons that knew any lawful Impediment to speak in time. Every Body look'd upon *Don Alonso*, imagining that he might forbid the Bans; but he concealing his Resentment the best he could, stay'd till Mass was done, and then went out of the Church in great haste, pale and distracted, making directly to *Lisarda's* House, where he committed a thousand Extravagancies, in hopes that either she or her Parents might inquire into the Reason; but they took no Notice. In short, the poor Gentleman try'd all Ways to prevent *Lisarda's* Revenge taking Effect; till seeing it was past all Remedy, and that *Don Fulgencio* was gone to *Madrid* to buy some Jewels and dressing Plate to present his Bride, he resolved to absent himself, for fear of committing some Folly that might trouble him as long as he liv'd. He acquainted his Parents with his Resolution, who fearing some greater Disaster, consented to his Will; and he cloathing himself in Mourning, to express his Grief, took Post-Horses, passing thro' the Street where *Lisarda* liv'd, who hearing the Noise of the Horses, out of Curiosity, look'd out of the

the Window just as *Don Alonso* came to her Door. They took leave of one another with their Wishes, and as soon as he was gone, *Lisarda* repented of her foolish Severity, which was like to cost them both so dear ; but considering it was then too late to re-call what was done, she resolv'd to proceed to her intended Marriage, as she did.

Let us leave *Lisarda* at *Ciudad-Real*, in the midst of Congratulations, which are often given for what is not desired ; and let us return to *Don Alonso*. He got to *Barcelona* in a few Days, and finding some Galleys of the Great Duke of *Tuscany's* there ready to return to *Italy*, he provided for his Voyage, and sent an Account of his Arrival there to his Father and Friends. He made himself known to the Captain of the Galley, who treated him according to his Quality, and receiv'd him into the great Cabbin, where he diverted himself the best he could, sometimes by reading a few Books he had bought at *Barcelona*, and otherwhiles by discoursing of Politics, of Martial Affairs, and of the two main Employments of Youth, *viz. Love and Gaming*. In the same great Cabbin there happen'd to be at the same time another Gentleman, of so graceful an Aspect, that he could not but take particular Notice of him ; for besides his extraordinary Mein, he was so sad and melancholly, that *Don Alonso* was very eager, if possible to learn the Cause of his Trouble. Sometimes he would

look up to Heaven, then sigh'd, and then again he curs'd his hard Fortune. One Night among the rest, Don Alonso hearing him, when all the rest that were near them were asleep, and only they two awake (for disconsolate Persons find no Satisfaction, Ease, or Sleep ;) he said to him, *Believe me, Sir, your Affliction has troubled me to such a degree, that I would venture all I have in the World to give you Ease, were it in my Power ; but 'tis likely your Sorrow may be above the Assistance of Man ; for doubtless were there any possibility of Relief, it would not so grievously afflict you. But since Travelling often proves the Occasion of the strictest Friendship, I beseech you to receive me into yours, that I may acquaint you with my Adventures also, which, perhaps, are no less grievous and troublesome than your own ; and you may return that small Kindness in the same Coin, that so I may either bear a Part in your Trouble, or at least we may comfort one another with some imaginary Hope.*

The melancholly Gentleman listen'd to Don Alonso's Words, desiring he would not think strange of his seeming unaccountable Deportment ; for the Occasion of his Trouble was so great, that it was a Mercy he had not laid violent Hands upon himself ; and to the End he might be obliged to own him in the right, since he was willing to hear him, and the stillness of the Night invited them to it, he begg'd him to give Ear to the Cause
of

of his Sorrow. Then fetching a deep Sigh, he began his Relation in this Manner.

My Name is *Henry*; my Country *Barcelona*, the Capital of *Catalonia*; my Quality of the best; my Estate considerable; my Age thirty four Years; and my Troubles without End. This is in short as to my Quality, Country, and Fortune. Next door to me liv'd a Lady, whom ever since I was born I lov'd, or rather ador'd, for it is something more than Love, not to live but when I saw her. Her Father and mine had been intimate Friends ever since their tender Years, and consequently it was easie for us to converse together, without being taken Notice of by the Neighbours, or giving Scandal to envious Persons. I will not spend my Time in repeating the kind Words, the loving Expressions, and the mighty Endearments that pass'd betwixt us, for that would but serve to tire you and mortify me, by renewing the Memory of the Obligations I have laid on *Donna Stephania*, for that is the Name of the Cause of all my Grief, and the ungrateful Return she has made me. It will be enough to tell you, that we were both Young, our Loves very Powerful, her Beauty Extraordinary, and Opportunity at hand, for we saw one another when we pleas'd with our Parents Permission, who gathering by outward Signs what we aim'd at in our Hearts, resolved to confirm their ancient Friendship, and Unite the two Families, by marrying us as soon

as we came to Years; And so ratify
 by the Power of the Church, the Tye
 of Affection we had before. Whosoever says,
 that Matrimony puts an End to Love,
 does not certainly speak of those who
 were in Love when they Marry'd, for
 it rather increases by our constant con-
 versing and living together; at least I have
 found it so; for Experience, the most pre-
 valent Argument, has prov'd it; the Love
 between us being so great, (would to God it
 had not) that it would have been found in
 our Hearts had it been lost to the rest of the
 World. I enjoy'd her Company ten Years,
 without being disturb'd by the least Disen-
 tion or Dislike. For ten Years I was the
 happiest Husband that was ever Born. For
 our Fortune, what with hers, and what
 with mine, was so great, that She could
 covet nothing more than I freely bestow'd.
 Our way of Living was sutable to our
 Wealth, and the Delight we took in one
 another so great, that we never look'd with
 an Air more resembling that of a Mistress
 and Gallant, than when we were Man and
 Wife. Who would imagine, *Don Alonso*,
 that after all these ties of Love (I am asham'd
 to think on it) *Stephania* should wrong me
 in my Life, my Honour and Love? Who
 would believe that she should have the
 Thoughts of Defiling her chaste Bed, in
 another's Arms, tho' not in Fact, yet in
 Thought.

' Thought, since she design'd and expected it?
 ' Who would think that I, being the Person
 ' I am, could ever confess it, and not dye for
 ' Grief of so great a Disgrace? I do not mean,
 ' *Don Alonso*, nor will my noble Birth permit
 ' me to rail at Women; for at least we owe
 ' them the Obligation of our Original, and
 ' that with Danger of their Lives, besides all
 ' the Trouble of breeding us up. But laying
 ' aside these Debts of Nature, and to come to
 ' that constant Faith they ought to preserve.
 ' Pray tell me, How is it possible that the most
 ' confiding Person can Sleep secure of any
 ' Falshood in them, if *Stephanie*, who adores
 ' me, forgets my Love, casts off all Shame,
 ' and procures my Dishonour, if that Offence
 ' can be a Man's Dishonour, which he does
 ' not see, nor consent to, nor is able to pre-
 ' vent? But to return to the main Point, I
 ' will proceed to tell you, that having a hope-
 ' ful Son Heaven had been pleas'd to bestow
 ' on us; I resolv'd to leave him some Addi-
 ' tion of Honour, since I could not increase his
 ' Estate, and in order to it, to repair to Court,
 ' there to sue for a Knighthood, or some other
 ' Title, as a Reward for the Services down the
 ' Crown by my Predecessors, so to advance the
 ' Dignity of my Family for the Future. I
 ' acquainted my Wife with my Design, who,
 ' tho' very unwilling to contradict me, yet
 ' when I told her I must be from her for some
 ' time, she took it so grievously to Heart, that
 ' I could not but repent having so much as
 ' enter-

' entertain'd the least thought of it; however,
 ' considering it concern'd our Honour, and
 ' much more that it was my Will, she stop'd
 ' the Torrent of her Tears, and consented I
 ' should go, provided it were only for a Fort-
 ' night; for being unacquainted with the Pro-
 ' ceedings of the Court, she thought that was
 ' time enough to conclude my Business. In
 ' short, I left *Barcelona*, and with all possible
 ' expedition came to the Noble Town of
 ' *Madrid*, the Residence of the mighty Mo-
 ' narch of *Spain*, where I began to follow my
 ' Business with as much Success as if Fortune
 ' had conspir'd to comply with the Wishes of
 ' *Donna Stephania*, who, in all her Letters,
 ' never fail'd begging of me to be speedy
 ' in my Return, and to leave some Person to
 ' solicit my Business, that would be careful of
 ' it for a Reward. Who would not have
 ' thought by this, that *Stephania* doted on me
 ' as much as ever, being nobly Born, Rich,
 ' and tho' a Woman, my Wife, and Marry'd
 ' for Love? But he who does not consider
 ' that the Dangers of Absence are great, may
 ' find some Excuse for his Wrong, but not for
 ' his Ignorance. At length his Majesty, in
 ' regard to the Services done the Crown by
 ' my Fore-Fathers, was pleas'd to admit me
 ' to the Honour of the Knighthood of *Santi-
 ' ago*, whereupon I kiss'd his Hand, and lea-
 ' ving two Servants to attend the passing of
 ' the Order, for inquiring into the unspotted
 ' Honour of my Family, as is us'd in *Spain*
 ' upon

upon all such Occasions, before the Honour
 be conferr'd; I set out Post for *Barcelona*,
 making such haste, that in three Days I was
 within four Leagues of that City, and my
 own House; but it being Night, and so great a
 Storm of Hail and Wind, that it look'd rather
 like Madness than any effect of Love to go
 on; I resolv'd to stay all Night in a Farm-
 House, that was at a small Distance from the
 Road; whilst I was diverting my self till
 Supper was ready, that I might go to Bed
 and take some rest, after the Fatigue of the
 two last Days and Nights, in came a Gentle-
 man in a Hunting Dress, and so wet, that
 tho' I knew him not, I could do no less than
 order my Servants to help undress him that
 he might dry himself. Then perceiving
 him, by his Mein and Behaviour, to be a
 Man of Quality, I desir'd him to Sup with
 me, and take Share of my Lodging. *Frede-
 rick*, for that he said was his Name, return'd
 Thanks; and after Supper, till it was time to
 go to Bed, we discoursed upon several Sub-
 jects. But as Love is the main Object of
 Youth, we both of us began to tell some
 Intrigues of our own as well as of others;
 till we retir'd to Bed; as I was undressing
 one of my Servants happen'd to say, Sir, you
 thought to have had a better Night of this
 with my Lady. *Frederick*, concern'd at his
 own Disappointment, made answer, We have
 all our share in that Misfortune, for we
 hop'd it would have prov'd better, but For-
 tune

'tune turns all things upside down; for
 'whilst I expected to have been with an
 'Angel, I found my self among Rocks and
 'Streams; where it must have gone much
 'worse with me, had I not met with the
 'Shelter of this Farm-House, and in it the
 'kind Assistance of *Don Henry*. It is such a
 'dreadful Night, reply'd I, little thinking of
 'my Misfortune, that the Lady has doubtless
 'had her share in the Disappointment. Be-
 'sides, her Beauty, answer'd the inconsiderate
 'Gentleman, which is seldom fortunate, her
 'Name seems to entitle her to ill-Luck. The
 'Servants took no Notice of the Mysterious-
 'ness of his Words, as I did; but being un-
 'willing to examine him too far before them,
 'I staid till they were gone, for then, prompt-
 'ed by a fatal Curiosity, I told him, that all
 'the Names us'd in *Spain*, being those of
 'Saints, I could not conceive that any of them
 'did entitle the Bearer to Misfortunes. He
 'answer'd, That ever since a Lady call'd
 '*Stephania*, was wrongfully kill'd in *Spain*
 'by her Husband, thro' the wicked Contri-
 'vance of a Maid-Servant, tho' she had never
 'given him the least cause of Offence, even
 'in Thought, it was vulgarly look'd upon,
 'that all Women of the Name of *Stephania*
 'were unfortunate, only because that one
 'was so. If so, said I, in some Disorder, your
 'Mistress's Name is *Stephania*. To which
 'he rejoyn'd, Having said as much as I have,
 'it were a Folly to deny the rest. This said,
 'finding

finding that Sleep press'd up his Eyes, he
 bid me good Night, turn'd to the other
 Side, and left me very uneasie, for I could
 not cast off a vile Suspicion that seized my
 Heart, tho' sometimes I endeavour'd to
 comfort my self, and soon again it got
 the better of me. At last I concluded
 it was a meer Madness to entertain the
 least Thought against the Honour of
Stephania, who, in my Opinion, was more
 pure, bright and unspotted than the Sun it
 self, not doubting but there were others of
 the same Name in the City, not so chaste
 as she. Scarce did the Day begin to appear,
 when I bid *Frederick* good Morrow, asking
 whether he would rise, that we might get
 into *Barcelona* before Noon; he answer'd,
 It concern'd him not to come into the
 City till Night, and therefore I might go
 by my self if I pleas'd, for he would take
 care to find me out at *Barcelona*. But being
 earnest to be fully satisfied concerning what
 I had conceiv'd in my Mind, I reply'd, I
 would stay with him till the Evening, mak-
 ing a Complement, and piece of Friendship
 of that which was really the effect of
 Mistrust, Suspicion and Jealousie. We fell
 to the same Discourse we had been upon
 before, beginning where we left off. I
 made him many offers of Service, desiring he
 would make use of me, in case there should
 be any Danger in the House where he had
 his Intrigue, and that he would take me
 along

' along with him: So far from it, said he,
 ' that I cannot tell whether there is any
 ' Danger in the House or not; for tho' I
 ' have been several times in it, yet neither
 ' do I know the House, nor so much as the
 ' Street, as having never seen it, or so much
 ' as the Out-Walls, so great is the Caution
 ' of the Person that inhabits it. What you
 ' say, answer'd I, seems to imply a Contra-
 ' diction, for if you have been several times
 ' in it, how can you say you never saw
 ' the House, nor Street? And if you have
 ' not seen it, how can you affirm you
 ' have been so often in it? That you may
 ' not think it impossible, reply'd he, hear
 ' me, and you shall see how far a Woman's
 ' Contrivance will reach when she would con-
 ' ceal her Frailties. I happen'd to be one
 ' Evening in the *High-Street*, in a Mercer's
 ' Shop, buying some Silk for a Wastecoat, at
 ' the same time in comes a Lady to buy some
 ' small Matters, who, tho' veil'd, was not so
 ' close cover'd at first, but that the Silk Vail
 ' being a little slipp'd on one Side, I discover'd
 ' the greatest Beauty I thought I had ever seen.
 ' I address'd my self to her with all possible
 ' Civility, desiring her to take whatsoever she
 ' wanted, without any other Return, but to
 ' give me the Satisfaction of her Receiving it.
 ' She turn'd to her Maid and Smil'd, as if
 ' she were laughing at what I said, or rather
 ' surpriz'd at such an unusual Offer; for as
 ' the World now goes, before Men give any
 ' thing,

' thing, they expect to be repaid in Hand, or
 ' at least a Bond to return what they give,
 ' with Usury. I talk'd with her a while, till
 ' at last she was pleas'd to tell me, that she
 ' lik'd my Person, not out of any Lightness,
 ' but through some secret impulse of Simpa-
 ' thy which oblig'd her to love me, from the
 ' first Moment she saw me; for that there be-
 ' ing no distinction of Sex in our Souls, Wo-
 ' men were as subject to fall in Love on a
 ' sudden as Men; and therefore, provided I
 ' would promise not to follow her, because,
 ' said she, I am a Woman of more Honour than
 ' you imagine, she would meet me the next
 ' Day upon the *Strand*. I must confess, I
 ' thought at first that this was no more than
 ' a witty Contrivance to hinder me from
 ' knowing her House; but at the time ap-
 ' pointed I presently knew her to be the Lady
 ' I look'd for, in her Coach upon the *Strand*.
 ' She came out, and we took a Boat to be
 ' the more free and remote from Company,
 ' and put out to Sea; all this while she ex-
 ' press'd her Love in a most obliging Manner,
 ' wishing she were at Liberty to dispose of her
 ' self. I made suitable Returns, promising in all
 ' things to comply with her Will and Com-
 ' mands, without reserve, cost what it would.
 ' We continu'd our Visits for some time, after
 ' this Manner, sitting on the Grass, sometimes
 ' entertaining our selves among the Flowers,
 ' till one Evening, perceiving that Love had
 ' taken entire possession of her Heart, I en-
 ' braced

' braced her, tho' not without some secret
 ' Check, as being a Stranger ; but my Design
 ' being rather to discover her Quality, than
 ' to take any unhandsome Liberty, I told her,
 ' That since she did not want Sense to contrive
 ' means for our Meeting, without giving her
 ' self the Trouble of going Abroad ; I beg'd
 ' her to save her self that Trouble, by suffer-
 ' ing me to come to her House. She made
 ' some Difficulty at first, but being already
 ' in Love, and Love, as you know, easily
 ' surmounting all Difficulties, she told me,
 ' she would do so, provided I would engage
 ' my Honour, not to presume to offer any
 ' thing against her Modesty, nor to know
 ' what House I went to, I promis'd, on my
 ' side, to perform the first Part of her Desire,
 ' being as much as I thought was in my Pow-
 ' er ; and for the second, she desir'd that I
 ' would be in that very Place at Ten of the
 ' Clock at Night, whither her Maid should
 ' come with a Chair, carry'd by two Slaves ;
 ' they appear'd according to their Lady's Or-
 ' der, and the Maid no sooner saw me, but
 ' bid me get into the Chair, and they
 ' should carry me to the Place appointed. I
 ' did so, and they shut me up close, so that
 ' when I least thought of it, I found my self
 ' in a most stately spacious Room, hung with
 ' rich Tapistry, and adorn'd with curious
 ' Ivory Cabinets, and costly Pictures. I was
 ' received by the *Beautiful Cause* of all my
 ' Disquiet, into whose House I was several
 ' times

' times admitted by the same Contrivance,
 ' without ever presuming any further than to
 ' cast my amorous Looks at her; for some
 ' Women are Mistresses of such an unusual
 ' Modesty, that they enforce a Respect, and
 ' intire Submission, even by the Glances of
 ' their Eyes, tho' upon such Occasions as al-
 ' low of more Freedom. In this Posture my
 ' Love continued for some Days, till the last
 ' Night, when I could not forbear to ask her,
 ' What must be the End of all that Reserved-
 ' ness, thus to make me the *Tantalus* of her
 ' Beauty? She was so gracious as to promise
 ' me, this last Night, to let me know her
 ' final Resolution, and if I answer'd her Ex-
 ' pectation in what she had resolved to do, she
 ' would then adventure upon any Extrava-
 ' gancy for my sake. Over-joy'd with this
 ' Hope, grounded on her amorous Expressions,
 ' I went out yesterday, to divert the long
 ' Hours of the Day, which are always tedious
 ' to one that is full of Expectation of a happy
 ' Night; and being led away by the pleasing
 ' Enjoyment of the Country, Night overtook
 ' me, which prov'd so stormy and dreadful,
 ' that my Horse, frighted at the Thunder
 ' and Lightning, would not go a Step beyond
 ' this Farm-House, where you see I was fain
 ' to take Shelter, when I hop'd to be in the
 ' Arms of the Beautiful *Stephania*; for tho'
 ' she did not tell me her Name, yet as I came
 ' out of her House the other Night, I heard
 ' a Man ask, Who lived there? and another

‘ that happen’d to be at the Door answer’d, it
 ‘ was a Lady of that Name ; whence I gather
 ‘ that the Mistress of the House’s Name is
 ‘ *Stephania*.

‘ Thus *Don Frederick* ended his Relation,
 ‘ and I was left under the same uncertainty
 ‘ as before, because all he had said was dubi-
 ‘ ous, and might as well belong to any other
 ‘ unfortunate Man, as to my self ; but he took
 ‘ such Pains to particularize upon every Point
 ‘ of his Happiness, that at last I could not but
 ‘ be convinced that it was my House which
 ‘ suffer’d, and I the most wretched of all Men ;
 ‘ and this by the Description he gave of the
 ‘ House, the Beds, Screutores, the Hangings,
 ‘ but more especially by his commending some
 ‘ choice Pieces of Painting there, as being a
 ‘ great Admirer of the Works of *Titian*, *Albert*
 ‘ *Durer*, *Tintoret*, and other famous Masters.
 ‘ I dissembled my Resentment the best I could,
 ‘ and about two in the Afternoon we mounted
 ‘ on Horse-back, and set forward. He still,
 ‘ by the Way, continued to repeat his Hopes
 ‘ and Expectations of Delights, that every
 ‘ Word stabbing me to the Heart, and I wait-
 ‘ ing for some convenient Place to kill him,
 ‘ I commanded two Servants that attended me,
 ‘ to go before to carry the News to my infam-
 ‘ ous Wife, and as we were riding through
 ‘ a very thick Wood, I drew my Sword, and
 ‘ without alighting, run him through the
 ‘ Body, with so much Rage and Strength that
 ‘ he dropped down, where I so often repeated
 ‘ my

my Thrusts, till he lay at my Feet, begging
 I would allow him but an Hour or two's
 Respite to make his Peace with Heaven,
 since he had none to make with me, as not
 knowing me, or being able to imagine why I
 treated him in so barbarous and inhumane a
 Manner. Considering it was too great a Bar-
 barity to kill him out right, since that small
 Delay might afford him Time and Opportu-
 nity to save his Soul, tho' not his Body, I
 left him there alive; for a Man may take his
 Revenge, as an Enemy, and yet not forget
 he is a Christian. As a *Gentleman*, and so
 much wrong'd, methinks I could do no less
 than kill him, yet as a *Christian*, I was
 oblig'd to hold my Hand for his Lord's sake;
 for to deny a dying Man the Benefit of call-
 ing upon God for Mercy, is valuing one's self
 upon Impiety, and provoking the Almighty
 not to show Compassion when he shall sue
 for it himself; by this time perceiving that
 some People drew near, for fear of being dis-
 cover'd I mounted again, and began to con-
 sider what was best to be done, and then in
 the next Place, only reflecting that if I kill'd
 my Wife, that would serve to make my
 Dishonour the more publick, and tho' she
 had offended only in thought, yet the City
 would certainly construe the Thing as if she
 actually committed the Crime, which was
 laying a Blemish on the Honour of both our
 Families, and so I thought it a much more
 proper Revenge never to see her more. With
 this

' this Resolution I soon overtook my Servants,
 ' and told them, that the Gentleman and I
 ' falling at Variance about some trivial Mat-
 ' ters, had come to such high Words, that we
 ' could do no less than draw, and I had kill'd
 ' him, and therefore I must take care not to
 ' be seen in *Barcelona*, for fear of falling into
 ' the Hands of Justice, where I should be in
 ' great Danger ; because the Gentleman had
 ' told me he was a Person of great Quality.
 ' Before we came to *Barcelona*, I was inform'd
 ' the Gallies were just ready to put to Sea,
 ' and so I immediately embark'd Aboard this,
 ' the Captain thereof being one of my much
 ' intimate Friends I had in my youthful Days ;
 ' I now reckon my self the more oblig'd to him
 ' again, for having given me so good a Com-
 ' rade as I have met with in your Person. Do
 ' you consider whether my Misfortunes are
 ' not great enough, since they oblige me to
 ' leave my Wife, tho' I dote on her, be-
 ' cause in Honour I can do no less. I am
 ' sensible every Man will judge of my Ab-
 ' sence according to his own Fancy or Opini-
 ' on ; but I am of Opinion, there being abun-
 ' dance of Highway-men in this Country,
 ' they will be apt to imagine some of them
 ' have murder'd me upon the Road ; would
 ' to God it had been so, or at least that I had
 ' not been so highly concern'd in the Puncti-
 ' lio's of Honour, that so I might have con-
 ' tinued in my Native Country, and liv'd at
 ' Ease ; but it is my Misfortune to be so ten-
 ' der

der in this Point, that whensoever I do but
 call to Mind, that for some time my Wife
 had as much as a Thought to blemish my
 Honour, she ought to have preserved un-
 spotted; I repent for not having serv'd her
 in the same Manner as I did *Don Frederick*.

Don Alonso stood, not without good Reason,
 much amaz'd at *Don Henry's* doleful Relati-
 on, and requited the Favour he had done him
 of imparting his Trouble, with the Account
 of his own Misfortunes. Thus they con-
 tracted a most sincere Friendship in this Voyage,
 and by the Advantage of a fair Gale, arriv'd
 in safety at *Naples*, in a few Days. After
 having bestow'd some Days in taking a View
 of that Noble City, they went by the Way
 of *Civita Vecchia* to *Rome*; where *Don Alonso*,
 upon his Letters of Credit, took up a good
 Sum of Money, kiss'd his Holiness's Foot,
 saw the Bridges, Castles, Statues, Churches,
 Country Houses, Gardens, Palaces, Mounts,
 Baths, Gates, Tombs, Squares, and the Great
Amphitheater, which they say will contain
 20000 Men, with all the other extraordinary
 Curiosities that great Capitol of the World
 affords. Having satisfy'd their Curiosity
 there, these two Friends resolv'd to take a
 View of all *Italy*, in which Progress they
 spent no less than two Years, during all which
 time *Don Henry* could never forget his Wife,
 tho' (as he thought) she did not deserve it,
 and at several times would let fall such tender
 Expressions as mov'd *Don Alonso* to Compassi-

on. At Length, at a certain Time; when they were both at *Milan*, and *Don Henry's* Sorrow seemed to augment daily; *Don Alonso* took the Liberty to speak to him thus:

‘ To deal ingeniously with you, as a Friend,
 ‘ I cannot but think you in the Wrong, in not
 ‘ returning home to your Country, and to
 ‘ the Embraces of your Wife, since I find it
 ‘ must needs come to that sooner or later; for
 ‘ being a Person of such Distinction, you can-
 ‘ not be always conceal’d, and as soon as it is
 ‘ once known that you are alive, you must
 ‘ needs return to her you always so much
 ‘ doted on, because should you do otherwise,
 ‘ your Absence would give Occasion to suspect
 ‘ that which is now so secret that none but
 ‘ Heaven, your self and I, know any thing of
 ‘ it. And if the only Obstacle that obstructs
 ‘ your doing it, is your knowing your self
 ‘ to have been wrong’d by *Don Frederick* and
 ‘ *Donna Stephanía*; what greater Revenge can
 ‘ you desire than killing of him for attempting
 ‘ it, and having been now from her two Years
 ‘ for having only design’d it? Besides that,
 ‘ to inflict Punishments on Account only of
 ‘ Thoughts, which is only reserv’d to God,
 ‘ It is true, there is no Difference at the Di-
 ‘ vine Tribunal, between committing the
 ‘ Crime, and desiring to commit it; but it is
 ‘ otherwise in worldly Courts, for you never
 ‘ knew a Man put to Death for desiring to kill
 ‘ another, but because he actually did so; for
 ‘ if Thoughts were liable to Punishment, who

' is there in this World but that might be
 ' found guilty of all Sorts of Offences? A
 ' Friend, under that Colour, to speak accor-
 ' ding to the general Practice of humane Frail-
 ' ty, always covets his Friend's Rise; a
 ' Younger Brother desires the Death of the
 ' Elder; the Envious seeks the Ruin of the
 ' Favourite; the Prisoner would be glad to
 ' make away with his Goaler; the Poor Man
 ' in his Heart steals from the Rich; the Je-
 ' lous Man would fain run his Sword into his
 ' Rival's Heart; he that is in Law does not
 ' stick to seek false Witnesses to carry his
 ' Cause; the marry'd Man has a Mind to his
 ' Neighbour; and the Batchelor to all the
 ' Women he sees, and yet there is no Punish-
 ' ment upon Earth for any of all these; be-
 ' cause the Sin being within them, and God
 ' alone is the Judge of what is in their Hearts,
 ' all these Tryals are referr'd to him. Now
 ' if you are not wrong'd in the Eye of the
 ' World, nor even in regard to your Wife, be-
 ' cause she cannot know that you have had
 ' any Information of these Affairs; what an
 ' unaccountable Punctilio of Honour, or rather
 ' what a strange piece of Madness is it that
 ' thus puts you beside your self, and banishes
 ' you from your Country and your Satisfacti-
 ' on? *Donna Stepania*, you say has wrong'd
 ' you, yet I cannot see how this appears
 ' to be so beyond Contradiction, because
 ' you have no Assurance, but that he who
 ' told you so might lye; but, after all, sup-
 ' posing

' posing it was true, what Husband in the
 ' World can be safe against Thoughts, either
 ' of those who see his Wife, or of what she
 ' may have upon the Sight of other Men?
 ' If you will not grant me this, pray tell me,
 ' what Woman is there, who, when she goes
 ' Abroad, does not dress her self to the best
 ' Advantage, with her Rings, Jewels, Knots,
 ' and other Ornaments? To what End,
 ' I desire to know, is all this, but to please
 ' the Eyes of those that behold her? For as to
 ' the Pretence of pleasing her Husband, that
 ' is no more than a modest Excuse for the
 ' Practice; because there are but few Women
 ' that think of their Husbands when they are
 ' to go Abroad. The Truth of this Assertion
 ' is manifest, in regard that as soon as a Wo-
 ' man comes home again, where she expects
 ' none but her Husband to see her, she lays
 ' aside her Ornaments, folds up her Cloaths,
 ' and locks up her Jewels; and yet neither do
 ' the Husbands think they are wrong'd, nor
 ' the Wives look upon themselves as in the
 ' least in the Wrong for so doing. I deal plain-
 ' ly with you, *Don Henry*, as a Friend, and
 ' one that wishes you well; Thought is of so
 ' subtle, quick and active a Nature, that the
 ' conceiving of, and consenting to a Thing, are
 ' but one and the same Act. To design to
 ' wrong a Man in this sort, is no Wrong, es-
 ' pecially when the Design is not known
 ' Abroad; and tho' it were, the Person that
 ' intended it, is dead, and she has been two
 Years

Years without her Husband; What more
 Revenge would you require of them both?

Don Henry had but little to object against
 such powerful Arguments, which, as being
 the most agreeable to his Inclinations, seem'd
 to him the Stronger; *Don Alonso* at the same
 time being inclined also to return into *Spain*,
 to live with his Parents, Friends and Kindred,
 and to see *Lisarda* again, tho' it were in the
 Arms of another; his Love, notwithstanding
 that tedious Absence, being no way diminish'd;
 so they soon agreed to set forward, without
 further Delay, and accordingly from *Milan*
 to *Genoa* they embark'd with a fair Wind;
 but nothing is more uncertain than the
 Winds and Seas; they had scarce been two
 Days under Sail, when there arose such a
 violent Storm, that they expected nothing
 less than Death at every Minute. In this
 Distress, such as Heaven often sends to put us
 in mind of our Creator, whom perhaps we
 seldom think of but in Adversity. *Don Henry*
 made a Vow to go directly to the Church of
Monferrate, before he comply'd with any
 worldly Duty, if it would please God to de-
 liver them from that Danger. And it being
 the Property of Divine Goodness to hear
 those Prayers that are made with a sincere
 Heart; no sooner had *Don Henry* made this
 Promise, but the Wind ceased, the swelling
 Waves were appeas'd and laid, and the Gal-
 ley stood its Course again, from which it had
 been drove by the Tempest, and that with so
 prof-

prosperous a Gale, that in a few Days more they arriv'd safe at *Barcelona*. Here *Don Alonso* and *Don Henry* were no sooner Landed, but they took Horse and with their two Servants, went directly to *Monferrate*. After having visited the Church, and gave hearty Thanks to God for their Deliverance, they went up to the top of that lofty Mountain to take a View of the Situation of that noble City of *Barcelona*, which from that high Mountain affords a most delightful Prospect.

Thence they retir'd to their Lodging, to repose themselves after the Fatigues of their late Voyage, and the next Morning being at a Window, entertaining their Eyes, sometimes with the scatter'd Snow, turn'd Grey with lying many Years on those high and inaccessible Rocks; sometimes with the many Trees growing about those Clifts, as it were to set off the whiteness of the Snow with the most pleasing Verdure of their Leaves; and then again pleasing themselves with the running of the christial Streams, which left their native Soil to roul down the Precipices into the Plain; they saw a Coach stop at the Door of the same House where they had taken up their Lodgings, attended by six Servants on Horse-back, and a Gentleman, who by his Train and Garb seem'd to be their Master, being a very agreeable Person in the Eyes of *Don Alonso*. But *Don Henry* was of another Opinion, for as soon as ever he spy'd him he fell into a great Disorder and Confusion, for looking earnestly

earnestly upon his Person and Countenance, he perceiv'd it was his Enemy *Don Frederick*, the Sight thereof made such an impression on him, that, tho' he had said nothing, *Don Alonso* could not but have discover'd it. He took care to keep him within bounds, telling him, *That Affairs of that nature ought rather to be manag'd with Prudence, than with Precipitation, which would only expose him to the censure of the World, and publish his Shame; and therefore desir'd he would be pacified, and take Notice he had a Friend along with him, that to satisfy the least Nicety of his Honour, would Sacrifice a thousand Lives, if he had so many.* By the help of this good Advice he check'd himself a little, but it was so little, that it lasted no longer than till he saw that the Persons, who came in the Coach were his Wife, *Donna Stephania*, and a Sister of hers. It was then *Don Alonso* was fain to make use of all his Prudence and Conduct to detain him; for he was so enraged with the notion of his Wrongs, that he would needs run out, and without further examining the matter embue his Hands in their Blood, to wash away so many Months continu'd Offences. In short, abundance of People having at that time resorted thither on Pilgrimage, there was not room in the House to entertain the new Guests. *Don Alonso* seeing this lock'd up *Don Henry* in a Room, for fear the excess of his Jealousie, and the Notion of his Honour should prevail on him to commit some extravagancy,

gancy, without consulting his Reason. And then *Don Alonso* went down into the Court, and offer'd the Strangers one of the two Rooms he had, to entertain the Ladies at least, and to secure their Equipage. The Ladies and *Don Fredrick* accepted of the kindness he offer'd, and return'd thanks; for necessity obliges the nicest Person in the World to be satisfied with what Opportunity is pleas'd to afford him. *Don Alonso* acquainted *Don Henry* how he had contriv'd that his Enemies should be Lodg'd in that very Apartment where he then was; and that therefore it would be convenient for him to retire into a back Room, that so he might, without being observ'd, be with the more certainty inform'd of all he desir'd to know. The disconsolate *Don Henry* comply'd with him in every thing he desired; and *Don Alonso* made the best Accommodation he could for the two Beautiful Ladies, and *Don Frederick*, after having made his acknowledgements for the kindness shew'd him, causing a Fire to be lighted, and Chairs set about. He then began to enter into a Conversation and Discourse concerning the Devotion of that Holy Place, resorted to from all parts of *Spain*, and then began to enquire of him from whence he came, and whether he was going. *Don Alonso* answer'd, That he was Travelling into *Castile*, and was come out of *Italy*, where he had spent two Years without having any other Business but to see that Country. No
 sooner

sooner were these Words out of his Mouth,
 but that *Donna Stephania*, turning to her
 Sister and *Don Frederick*, said, *That is just*
the time since my unhappy Husband has been
absent from his Home; and as far as I have
been able to understand he went that same
way. There are many Spaniards in those
parts, answer'd *Don Alonso*, *and I have had*
such a general Acquaintance among them, that
it is likely enough I may have known him.
His Name is Don Henry, reply'd *Donna Ste-*
phania. *Don Henry is his Name,* often re-
 peating it, for Love takes a Pleasure in Trans-
 ferring what it affects, from the Heart to the
 Lips. *Don Alonso* perceiving that the oppor-
 tunity he so much fought and wish'd for, was
 now given into his Hands, told her, he knew
 him very well; for he had been his Compa-
 nion all the while he had been in *Italy*, and
 that he had often told him, the occasion of
 his staying at *Milan* was, because an Affair in
 which his Honour was concern'd had ban-
 ish'd him his Country, without hopes of ever
 returning to it again. *Donna Stephania* upon
 this surprizing News could not refrain from
 shedding a Flood of Tears, and fetching a deep
 Sigh, such a one as seem'd to move the very
 Rocks in that uncooth Place to compassion,
 was just upon the Point to answer and satisfy
 him as to that particular, but was prevented
 by *Don Frederick*, who desires earnestly to
 have leave given him to speak, as being the
 most substantial Evidence in that Adventure :
 And

And so turning to *Don Alonso* deliver'd himself to this effect.

The Accidents of humane Life are so various, so unaccountable, and involv'd in so many Difficulties, that even those very Persons that are concerned in them, are scarce able to give any reasonable Account of them; and therefore that you may be made sensible of this Truth, and inform your Friend *Don Henry*, both of his Error and my Innocence, pray give ear to me for a short time; I had a Quarrel at *Valladolid*, where I was born, with a Gentleman of equal Quality with my self, which ran to such a Height that he gave me the Lye, and I return'd him a Cuff on the Ear. We were parted at that time, but my Relations dreaded his Revenge, he being a Man of Wealth and Honour; and resolv'd I should go away to some Place where I might live with more safety; tho' in Truth, he who affronts another is no where safe but in his Grave. Pursuant to this Resolution, having provided my self with a good Equipage, and a good Sum of Money to defray the Charges of my intended Journey, I left *Valladolid* by Night, and in a few Days came to *Barcelona*: Here going Abroad a Sporting one Day after Dinner, and straying too far from the City, I was oblig'd to take up that Night in a Farm-House, which stands on the left Hand of the High-way; and falling into Discourse there, with a Gentleman who had put into the same House (whom we afterwards knew to be *Don*

Henry

Henry by what happen'd to me, and the Description I gave of him) and talking of Intrigues between Ladies and Gallants, I happen'd to speak to him concerning an Intrigue I then had with a Lady, whom I call'd by her Name, which Fault had lik'd to have cost me my Life, because it was the Name of his own Wife, who is here present. The Truth is, I could not particularly tell him her Quality, or what House or Street she liv'd in, because, as I will tell you more at Leisure, I knew it not ; but I mentioned in my Discourse such Signs and Tokens that he could not chuse but think it was his Honour that lay at Stake. Thus Jealousie prevailing, and he believing himself wrong'd, tho' not in Fact, at least, in the Attempt, as we were riding thro' a Wood, he drew his Sword, and without allowing me time to stand upon my Guard, (for he that is wrong'd, has no occasion to observe such Ceremonies) he wounded me in several Places, and in some very dangerously, so that he had certainly kill'd me, had not Heaven protected me, and I been very well provided with Armour, for fear the Enemy I had left behind at *Villadolid* should follow me. In short, he left me for dead, went away to *Barcelona*, and embark'd Aboard one of the Gallies that were then ready to sail for *Italy*, without seeing his Wife, or acquainting any Body with what had happen'd. But before two Months were at an End, it was publickly talk'd about the City, that *Don Henry* was the Person

Person that had done that Action. First, By computing the Day he left *Madrid*. In the next Place, by the Account of the Post Stages he rode. Thirdly, by the Description I gave of his Person and Servants. And lastly, Because several Persons said, they had seen and spoke with him at *Naples*. The Multitude presently reflected on *Donna Stephanias* Virtue ; for the Commonalty give their Opinions of what was never so much as thought of, but much more where there is any Appearance of Truth ; tho' nothing in the World is more false than this was, as will appear by what I am going to tell you. When *Don Henry* went away to *Madrid*, his Wife finding he stay'd longer than she could have wish'd, and her Lonesomeness becoming daily more tedious to her, to make her Husband's Absence the more tollerable to her, she sent to her Father's for her Sister *Donna Angela*, who is here present to bear her Company. It happen'd that they had occasion one Day to go to the *High-street* to buy some Toys fit for Women ; and *Donna Stephanias*, not caring in her Husband's Absence to stir Abroad, or be seen by any Body ; *Donna Angela* went alone in their Coach, at that very time when I took the Opportunity of speaking to her, and she fell so desperately in Love with me, (rather through some secret Sympathy, than any Merit of mine,) that after many Interviews, she contriv'd, without the Knowledge of her Sister (who would never

have

have consented to it) that I should come to her House with all the Precaution due to her Quality, and particularly with such an ingenious and unusual Contrivance, that I never saw the Street, or knew the House I was carry'd to, till one Night a Man happen'd to ask at the Door, who liv'd there, and a Servant answer'd, it was *Donna Stephania*; that was the Occasion of my telling *Don Henry* the Name, that Night we happen'd unfortunately to meet together, and of being left for dead by him. But it pleas'd Heaven to send some Shepherds that Way, who hearing the Noise, carry'd me to *Barcelona*, where I was cur'd, and *Donna Angela* took particular Care of me; for as soon as she heard unto what a dangerous State I was reduc'd, she discover'd the whole Secret to her Sister, and made her self known to me, so that as soon as recover'd, I could do no less than Marry her in Consideration of her Love, her Beauty, her Birth, and to wipe of the Stain that was laid upon *Don Henry's* Honour, and *Donna Stephania's* Reputation; which put a check to the lewd Tongues of the Multitude.

It is needless to say, That *Don Henry* listen'd with the utmost Attention to this whole Relation. No Criminal ever liv'd in a more dreadful Expectation of his Judge's Sentence, than he dreaded the Issue of the Words of *Don Frederick*; but such was his Rapture, to see all his Doubts clear'd to his Advantage, that this sudden Joy had lik'd to have cost

E

him

him his Life, as Grief would infallibly have produced the same Effect, had he heard the contrary ; for so frail is the Life of Man, that it is in Danger even from its Pleasures. Whilst *Don Alonso* was busied in congratulating with his Company, for *Don Henry's* being so near, that only a Plaister Wall parted them, the Gentleman himself, with all the Marks of Joy in his Countenance, appear'd, and embrac'd his Wife, without speaking one Word ; an excessive Passion is more Eloquent in its Silence, than what is possibly to be express'd by Words. After having recover'd himself, he begg'd her Pardon for his Absence, and enquir'd after his Son ; and then congratulated and embrac'd *Donna Angela*, and *Don Frederick*, all the Company doing the same with *Don Alonso*, for having been the Occasion of *Don Henry's* returning Home.

They stay'd nine Days in that Holy Place, *Donna Stephania* having promis'd to continue her Devotions there so long. The last Night of their being there, after Supper, when they had discours'd some time concerning the Affairs of *Don Frederick* and *Don Henry*, the two fair Ladies being curious (as Women generally are) to know the rest of *Don Alonso's* Life, desir'd him to give them an Account thereof. He readily comply'd with their Request, telling them all that had happen'd during the whole Course of his Amours with *Lisarda*, whom he still lov'd with the same Excess of Passion, as when he was most in her Favour.

Favour. The whole Company was much delighted as well with *Don Alonso's* Relation, as with his graceful way of delivering it; for he continuing to be as sensible as ever of all the Sufferings he recounted, he represented them in so lively a Manner, that they could not all of them but pity him, and wish he might prove Successful in the constant Love he express'd for *Lisarda*. Then *Donna Stephania* looking on him with a Countenance that express'd much Satisfaction, said, *I was considering all this while with my self, Don Alonso, what Return to make you for the Happiness I have received at your Hands; for a generous Temper is uneasie at Favours received, till it can be able to requite them; but I hope I shall not have occasion to be long in your Debt; for I am of Opinion, I shall make sufficient amends for the Kindness you have done me, in telling you, the Lady you speak of, or at least one of that same Name and Country, is now at Barcelona. She is there, and so intimate a Friend of mine, that we are scarce ever asunder; all the Difference I can find is, that she is not Marry'd, as you say, but is in a Widow's Habit, and lives with her Parents.*

Don Alonso was equally surpriz'd and overjoy'd at so unexpected a Piece of News, nor daring entirely to give Credit to it, as fearing it was too great a Blessing to hope for, nor to mistrust it, because *Donna Stephania* was the Voucher. To be the sooner convinced, he

desired the Company that they would please to hasten their Journey, to which they all so readily comply'd, that they were at *Barcelona* by ten of the Clock the next Morning. A Message was immediately sent from *Donna Stephanía* to *Lisarda's* Father and Mother, giving them an Account of her return Home, and desiring they would favour her with their Daughter's Company that Day. They return'd Thanks for the Honour she did them, with a Complement of welcoming her Home, and congratulating *Don Henry's* being restor'd to his Family, (for the News of his being arriv'd at *Monferrate* being already spread thro' the City) they sent *Lisarda* in a Chair to wait upon them ; when she came, *Don Henry*, *Don Frederick*, *Stephanía* and *Angela*, went out to meet her ; *Don Alonso* alone staying behind to observe whether she was the true Object of his Love. *Donna Stephanía* took her aside, with *Don Henry*, and after telling her that he was her Husband and came from *Naples*, said, He had brought her Letters from a Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Alonso*, and as he gave out, her own Townsman. *Lisarda* being surpriz'd to hear the Name of the Man she lov'd above all Things in the World, her Blushes betray'd her Modesty, and Love prevailing above all other Considerations, she turn'd to *Don Henry*, and after the usual Civilities, in Congratulating his Return, said, *I beseech you, Sir, let me have that Packet, for there can scarce be so many Letters in it,*

as

as I have shed Tears for him that writ them. Here is the Letter, answer'd Don Henry, which I bring you from Naples; and stepping to Don Alonso, brought him out to Lisarda, who, like one that having been blind for a long time, recovers his Sight on a sudden, can never be satisfied with beholding the Light, stood gazing on Don Alonso, without Speech, or the least Motion, for fear of depriving her Eyes of that Blessing, which for two Years had been acquainted with nothing but Tears and Objects of Sorrow. The first Thing Don Alonso ask'd of her, was, Whether she was Marry'd; and she, to dispel his Fears, deliver'd her self as follows.

You may believe me, Don Alonso, when I saw you pass by my Door, which was the last time I saw you, I was so highly concern'd at the very Thoughts of your Absence, that it was a Wonder that I did not call out after you; nor had it been strange if I had done so, since you carry'd away my Heart with you, and I knew not how to live without it. My Eyes shed Tears, my Soul mourn'd, my Bowels earn'd, and all my Senses fail'd me, fearing I should never see you more. It is miserable to Love without Reward; a merciless Cruelty to one's self to resign one's Soul to a Person that treats it like an Executioner; a fatal Stroke, to deal plainly with one that will not understand; an insufferable Pain, to languish under a tedious Absence, (for at the best, the least Delay is tedious to a Lover) and it is acting the Tyrant with your

own Heart, to bestow Kindness where it is requi-
 ted with Scorn; but no Sorrow is like the Part-
 ing of two Lovers: This, alas! was my Case,
 O, that unhappy Day! when you went away,
 and I, in spite of all the Excess of my Love,
 was not able to prevail with my self to obstruct
 it, or detain you; for tho' in Exigencies of
 that Nature, all manner of Complements ought to
 be set aside; yet the Consideration that I was
 then another's, stopp'd my Mouth; the seeing
 my self wrong'd, ty'd my Tongue, and my being
 engag'd to my Father, held my Feet. In short,
 you went away, and I remain'd in a Manner
 dead, often wishing I had been so indeed. But
 alas! it is too often the greatest Calamity of
 the Unfortunate, that they are forced to live,
 when it were much happier for them to dye.
 Soon after, he, who was design'd to be my
 Husband came from Madrid, and made me cost-
 ly Presents, which I wish'd a thousand times to
 have been converted into Mourning. All things
 were provided in a most splended Manner for
 my unhappy Wedding Night, when after the
 Ceremonies of the Church had been performed
 in the usual Manner, nothing was wanting but
 to make an End of Supper, that the same
 Bed wherein you would have been the Bliss of
 my Life, might with Don Fulgencio become my
 Grave; it happen'd, as Providence was pleas'd
 to order it, that on a sudden he was seized
 with so violent a Fever, that, not able any lan-
 ger to bear up against it, or behave himself as
 became a Lover, he was oblig'd rather to take
 care

care of his Health, than how to satisfy his Desires. The poor Gentleman went to Bed, hoping it might only prove a Days Fever, caus'd by some Debaucheries he had of late been guilty of, and so every Body expected the next Days Event with Impatience. I alone congratulated my self for his Distemper; for tho' I bore him no Malice, or had any Prejudice against his Person, yet the Consequence of his continuing among the Living, could not but be a lasting Torment to my Soul. In the Morning the Physicians came, and tho' they perceiv'd the ill Symptoms of his Pulse, yet they gave Hopes of Life; but on the fifth Day his Distemper turning into a most dangerous Pleuresy, no Art or Medicines were of any Effect against it; so that having settled all his Estate on me for my Life, he ended his own the ninth Day, with so much Concern and Trouble for losing me, that notwithstanding I did not love him, I could not but be mov'd to Compassion; and were it possible for him to live, and our Marriage be dissolv'd, I would have given all I was worth to preserve his Life. His Death was the Occasion of my wearing of this Habit, being at once a Widow and a Maid, tho' I rather think I have worn the Mourning for you than for the dead Man. Ever since that time, the golden Bait of my mighty Fortune has drawn abundance of Pretenders to me, but they all met with a Repulse, under Pretence it was in Respect to my dead Husband; but the Truth of it is, I was restrain'd by the Love I bear you; ever hoping

the Day might come at last when I might see you once more again, and then it were not fit that any thing should obstruct my being intirely yours. The Viceroy that was sent into this Kingdom, happening to be my Father's Friend, because he had serv'd him in his Youth, and supply'd him in some of his Wants, (for great Men sometimes want as well as others,) he resolv'd to requite his past Kindness by bringing him hither, and giving him an Employment that might be both Honourable and Advantageous, and such as might suit both with his Estate and Dignity. Old Men, Don Alonso, never think they have enough, I can't but say so, because my Father, tho' he had no need of any Preferment, but to live at his own Ease the small remainder of his Life, yet resolv'd to come away to Barcelona, and bring his whole Family along with him, which I no way opposed, flattering my self I should be here the nearer to you. And since I am so happy now as to have obtain'd my Wish to see again the Person I have shed so many Tears for, during these two Tears last past; ask, and command whatsoever you shall think fit, and be assur'd, I love and dote on you with the same Passion as when you went from me; and so I once more entirely devote my self to you, but with due Respect to my Honour and Modesty, which is more valuable to me than all other Things this World is able to afford me; I speak this, because in case you are Marry'd, or weary of my Love, which will be no wonder in a Man that has not seen his Mistress

stress in two Tears, I will never more see, nor speak to you as long as I live, tho' I were sure to dye for it. But if on the contrary, you have continued in the same Station and Passion you were in when we parted, and that chaste Love you then had for me, still lives in your Heart; I here give you my Hand, my Heart, my Soul, my Estate, and what small Beauty I have, that you may dispose of them as absolute Lord and Master.

you /

All the Company were exceeding delighted with *Lisarda's* pleasing Discourse, and *Don Alonso* gave her his Hand, in Token that he receiv'd her for his Wife; both of them requiting one another in this Manner, for their reciprocal Constancy in Love. *Lisarda's* Father and Mother happen'd to come in at this time, to wish the Company welcome Home, and to take her along with them; but *Donna Stephania* told them she was Marry'd, and *Don Alonso* made himself known, telling them, after the usual Ceremonies, that he was the happy Man, who aspir'd to be their Son-in-law. The ancient Couple were so well pleas'd, because he was their own Townsman, and they had known him from his Infancy, that without standing in need of the Mediation of *Don Henry*, *Don Frederick*, *Stephania* and *Angela*, who interceded for him; they freely gave their Consent, in regard that *Don Alonso* was a Person of singular Merit, by whom and their Daughter, they hop'd to be bless'd with a worthy Heir to their Family and vast Estate. They acquainted the Vice-roy

roy with it, who offer'd to give *Lisarda* in Marriage, and to prefer *Don Alonso*; so they were Marry'd a Fortnight after, to the great Satisfaction of all that heard of the sincere Affection of the two happy Lovers. Thus these amorous Couples were restor'd to one another, after two Years Absence and Sorrow; *Don Henry* to the Enjoyment of his House, his Son, his Wife, and the Honour bestow'd on him by the King; and *Don Alonso* to his beloved *Lisarda*; *Don Frederick* being no less happy in his ingenious *Donna Angela*.

*Thus after all th' Attacks of Fate,
Which do so oft molest the Great;
If they to virtuous Love do tend,
In Happiness their Toils does end.*

Tuesday.

Tuesday.

IN the Year 1619. King Phillip the III^d. of *Spain*, being at *Lisbon* in *Portugal*, which was then under his Dominion; was attended among others, by one *Don Gaspar*, a Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, a noble Person, of a vast Estate, and most excellent Qualifications. But Youth generally is inclin'd to Love Intrigues; and Men at those Years, for the most part, make them their chief Business, especially in strange Countries, where they have always the Curiosity to discover, whether the Ladies are more taking than in their own, and therefore are apt to place their Affections on some or other, to satisfy themselves in this Point. *Don Gaspar*, just as if he had gone for no other Purpose, within a very few Days after his coming to *Lisbon*, made Choice of a Mistress, who, tho' not of the best Quality, yet was the best qualify'd he could meet with for his Diversion. This was the Youngest of four Sisters, who with the greatest Privacy that could be (the *Portuguese* Women being extremely cautious of their Reputation) devoted

ted themselves to their Pleasure, and at the same time got their Support by it ; for it is at least very commendable, even in People that are not really Virtuous, to be private in what they do, not like other Nations, where both Sexes seem to glory, and take a Pride in their Vices ; for it is very observable, that as soon as ever a Woman is guilty but of one Error of that kind, every Body knows it ; for even many that are innocent do not go unslander'd. These four Sisters we speak of, had their Apartments in a very great House ; the other Parts whereof were inhabited by People of good Fashion, and they themselves lived in very good Reputation, so that for fear of losing it, *Don Gaspar* was never admitted to make his Visits to them by Day, but had a Key to a little back Door to come in at by Night. Thus he waited till all the People were a Bed, and the Doors shut up, which stood open all Day, for the Conveniency of the Lodgers to go in and out at either of them, and then he open'd the said Door with his Key, and went up to his Mistress, without being ever taken Notice of by the other Lodgers. *Don Gaspar* had thus diverted himself about a Fortnight, not that he was in Love, but to please his Fancy with the Beauty of his *Portuguese* Lady. One Night, having been at Play, he happen'd to go later than ordinary, when there befel him a very surprising Accident, which seem'd to be a Presage of what he was afterwards to meet with in the

the same City ; it happen'd thus, Having dismiss a Servant that attended him, and whom alone of all his Family he trusted with his youthful Intrigues ; he open'd the Door, and whilst he was locking it again on the inside, he fanc'y'd he heard some dismal Groans in a Cellar that was within, and stood always open, as being common to all the House. Whether any Body really complain'd in some other Part, and he fanci'd it to be in the Cellar, or whether it was only the Strength of Imagination that wrought this Effect in him, is hard to be determin'd, but certain it is, it much surpriz'd him at first, till being somewhat recover'd out of that first Amazement, he concluded it might be some poor Body, who wanting a better Lodging, was got in there, and was bemoaning himself for some Pain or Indisposition. He made the Door fast, and going up with a Resolution to satisfy his Curiosity, before he spoke a Word in relation to his Love, he took up a Candle and returned to the Cellar, and going down boldly, as becomes a Man of Courage and Resolution, he perceiv'd the Place was not very Spacious, for as soon as he was down the Steps, he could plainly see there was nothing but bare Walls. He was amaz'd to find it quite empty, and no Person in it to make those dismal Groans he fancy'd he had heard, which made him search about in every Corner ; all he was able to discover upon the nicest searching of every Hole, was some soft Mould on one Side, that

that look'd as if it had been lately dug up, and spying a great Hook hanging on the Roof of the Cellar, whereon doubtless they used to hang Meat to keep cool, he took it down, and with it fell a scratching up the Earth, to see if any thing was under it; he had not taken much Pains, by reason the Earth was so soft and light, before he perceived that one End of the Hook had taken hold of something, so that it could not be easily removed, but putting all his Strength to it, and pulling upwards, he saw a Man's Face appear, the Hook having taken hold underneath the Chin; no question but *Don Gaspar*, at so surprizing an Accident, was fain to summon up all his Courage, to overcome the sudden Consternation; but at the same time he let go his hold, and the Face sunk down again, then throwing the Earth over it with his Feet, he went up again, telling the Ladies, who impatiently expected his Return, what he had seen in the Cellar; this put them into such a Fright, that tho' *Don Gaspar* would have been gone immediately, he durst not leave them alone in that Confusion: However they could never prevail with him to go to Bed, as he used to do at other times; not for fear of the dead Man, but out of a check of Conscience, believing it too great a Presumption to indulge himself in Sin, when that Man's Misfortune seem'd to be a forewarning to him to look to himself. In short, they spent the whole Night discoursing together, arguing and debating about that dead

dead Body ; and the Ladies most earnestly intreated him to find out some Expedient or other to have it removed.

Don Gaspar being a Person of a generous Disposition, and highly concern'd lest those Women might be call'd to an Account, or brought into Trouble on Account of the dead Body, if it should happen to be found ; the Morning before he went away, (which was as soon as the Dawn of Day appear'd) promised he would so order the Matter, that it should be taken away at Night, and bury'd in some hallow'd Ground. He went to the next Monastery, and discover'd the whole Affair to the Superior, under the secret of Confession, which the Religious Man easily believ'd, because he knew him to be a Man of Honour, and great Quality. So at Night two Religious Men went along with *Don Gaspar*, and the Eldest Sister (who had a mind to see the dead Man) with a lighted Candle into the Cellar, there they dug, and soon discover'd the Body, which being taken out, appear'd to be a Youth scarce four and twenty Years of Age, clad in black Velvet, for nothing was wanting of his Cloaths, not so much as his Hat, Sword, or Dagger ; in one Pocket a Handkerchief, Prayer-Books and Beads, and in the other some Papers, which did not discover any thing of his Affairs or Quality, being a Womans Hand, and containing nothing but Intrigues ; there was no Wound to be seen about him, and he seem'd to be but newly

newly dead. They were much amaz'd, but put him into a Sack, *Don Gaspar's* Man had provided for that Purpose, and the Lady being gone up again, they laid it on a Lay-Brother's Back, and carry'd it to the Monastery, *Don Gaspar* and his trusty Servant attending them. Here they bury'd him in a Grave they had provided on purpose, *Don Gaspar* presenting the Religious Men with some Pistoles for their Pains and Care, and to pray for the dead Man's Soul. This Accident made *Don Gaspar* desist from pursuing his Amourous Pleasures any more in that Place, not that he thought the Sisters any way guilty of that Fact, but because he took it for a warning from Heaven to shun such a House of Danger, and therefore he never went again to see the Sisters, tho' they courted him extreamly to it, offering to remove from that House; but the Remembrance of so fatal an Accident, made him for some time check his youthful Inclinations, so as to avoid all Amorous Intrigues, which are so full of Danger, especially among Women who live by Vice, and make Pleasure their Harvest. But in Conclusion, Youth is like an unruly and unbridled Horse, and as such, *Don Gaspar* soon forgot his virtuous Resolutions, and again run the Hazard of being lost; for in my Opinion, Love is the readiest Way to Destruction.

Being one Day in a Church, rather out of a Motive for Devotion than any Thought of an Intrigue, *Don Gaspar* saw two most Beautiful

ful Ladies, of the best Quality in that City, coming in to Prayers. They were both so very charming and young, that he could not think there was above a Years Difference in their Age; but tho' both of them had Perfections enough to make them belov'd, yet because Love will not allow of Company, or to be divided, our Gentleman pitch'd upon her he thought the handsomest and youngest, and his Choice proved not amiss, for the other Lady happen'd to be a marry'd Woman; and whilst they were at their Devotion, he was involved in amorous Raptures, and plunging himself deeper and deeper into the Snares of Love; Prayers being ended, and perceiving they were going away, he stood at the Church Door, but durst not speak to them, because he saw them furrounded with Servants, and there was a *Portuguese* Gentleman in a Coach that came to take them up, being a young, gay and handsome Person, who by his Aspect seem'd to be one of those that would not be jested withal in Matters of this Nature. One of the Ladies seated herself next the Gentleman, and the *Don Gaspar* had pitch'd upon at the other End, which was no small Satisfaction to him, as concluding she was not marry'd; being eager to know who they were, he stop'd one of the Pages and enquir'd of him, who these Ladies were; who answer'd, That the Gentleman was *Don Dennis de Portugal*, the Lady that sat by him, *Donna Madalena* his Wife, that they

F

were

were lately marry'd ; and the other that fate opposite to them, was *Donna Florentina*, Sister to *Donna Madalena* ; so the Page went his way, and *Don Gaspar*, well pleas'd that they were Persons of such Worth, resolv'd to love and court *Donna Florentina*, and endeavour to make her his Wife ; so violent is the Force of Love when it wounds in good earnest : *Don Gaspar* order'd his trusty Servant to follow the Coach, and observe where the two beautiful Ladies liv'd ; whilst the Servant went to perform his Commands, *Don Gaspar* was reflecting upon this sudden Accident, and the Methods he should take to gratify his Love ; one while he thought himself unworthy of such a Happiness, and the next Moment concluded, that considering his Quality, and how much he was in the King's Favour, he needed but to ask her in Marriage, and she would be granted him without much Reluctancy ; this Notion being more pleasing to him than the other, he gave way to his Inclinations, and push'd on by his deceitful Hopes, was plung'd deeper into his amorous Thoughts, his Thoughts were altogether taken up with these Reflections ; when his Confident came and gave him an Account where his admired Lady liv'd. From that Moment he began to spend the greatest part of his time in quest after his Mistress, and to range about the Streets to no Purpose ; for tho' he walked thro' the Street where she liv'd, Day by Day, and at all Hours, the House was kept so close, that he

he could never see either of the Ladies, nor so much as any of their Maids, tho' they had a very numerous Family ; for the House was like an enchanted Castle, within the Grates of the Windows there were thick Lettices, the Doors had all strong Locks and Bolts, and as soon as Night closed all was made fast, and every Body at Home ; so that they were never to be seen, but when they went to Church, and even then most commonly *Don Dennis* attended them ; and thus all *Don Gaspar's* Projects were made in vain ; all he could do was to dart his amorous Glances at her by his Eyes, in the Church, but either she did not observe them, or valued them not. All this while he left nothing unattempted to corrupt some Servant or other of the House, that might forward his Design for Money, but being a *Spaniard*, he found them all averse to him, for they hate *Spaniards*, and are not to be reclaim'd from their Hatred, by any Obligations or Favours. But all these Obstacles serv'd only to inflame *Don Gaspar's* Passion, especially whensoever he happen'd to see *Florentina*, when her Eyes seem'd to afford fresh Fuel to his Flame, and blow up the Fire of Love. These Thoughts made him melancholly, not knowing what Course to take, or whom to employ to her Brother-in-law, dreading lest that natural Antipathy that is between these two Nations, would obstruct his Designs. *Florentina* did not regard *Don Gaspar*, tho', as we told you before, he was

a Person of Merit ; for notwithstanding that, tho' she might observe his Assiduity at Church, perhaps she thought that a Debt due to her Beauty, and Payment of Debts deserves no Thanks. *Don Gaspar* went on in this Manner above two Months, without any other Encouragement than what has been mention'd before, for if the Lady knew not her Gallant's Distemper, how could she apply the Remedy? But tho' she had known it, 'tis likely she would have taken no Care of him, because he came too late.

One Morning, not long before the Dawn of the Day, *Don Gaspar* and his Man, were coming from a Gaming-House (for tho' he had a Coach and Family, yet he rather chose to walk on Foot to divert his amorous Passion) and passing thro' the Street where *Florentina* liv'd, at the End of the Street where her House stood, by the Light of the Moon, which was then very bright, he discover'd a Woman lying on the Ground, who by her rich Cloaths appear'd to be of Quality ; she groan'd and bemoan'd herself with a weak Voice, as if she had been just departing this Life. This was a greater Surprize to *Don Gaspar* than the Adventure of the Cellar, not so much out of Fear as out of Pity and Compassion ; and therefore coming close to enquire what was the Matter, found her wallowing in her own Blood, which ran about the Ground ; and her Pale, tho' still Beautiful Countenance, show'd she was not very remote from Death.

Don

Don Gaspar took her by her fair Hands, which were as fair and white as Alabaster, and shaking her a little, said, *What ails you, Madam? Or, rather who has been so barbarous as to put you into this doleful Condition?* With this the Lady look'd up, and finding by his Tongue that he was a Spaniard, with a faint Voice answer'd, *Alas! Sir, I beseech you, for the Love of God, as you are a Gentleman and a Spaniard, to carry me to some Place where I may confess my Sins, before I dye; for tho' I lose my Life in the Prime of my Youth, yet I dread the Loss of my Soul, which is in most eminent Danger.* This said, she fainted away again, which Don Gaspar perceiving, and that the poor Lady had all the Symptoms of Death upon her, he lifted her up, and his Man taking her in his Arms, they went away as fast as they could to his Lodging, which was not far off. Here, with the Help of his other Servants, and an old House-keeper he had, she was laid on a Bed, and a Priest and Surgeon sent for; Don Gaspar having left her some time with the Woman, return'd and found her come to herself, and she still begging for a Priest to hear her Confession, the old House-keeper said to her, *Be of good heart, for you shall have Care taken both for Soul and Body.* No sooner did Don Gaspar come close, and began, by the Light of the Candles, seriously to view that almost departed Countenance, but he remain'd immoveable, like those who see some Fantom, or Spectre,

without moving his Eyes, or being able to utter one Word, for he saw no less than his ador'd and beautiful *Florentina* in his own House ; but scarce believing his own Eyes, he would often look and look again, to be fully satisfi'd whether he was not deceived, till perceiving he could not be mistaken, he gave way to his Astonishment, not knowing what to think of so an unaccountable an Adventure, or how to imagine the Cause of his finding so modest and so reserv'd a Lady in such a Place, and in such a Condition. However, being sensible it was then no seasonable time to enquire of her what he so earnestly desired to know, (because the wounded Lady fainted at every turn) he thought it his best way to delay asking any Questions, or declaring who she was, till another time, lest his Servants should take any Notice of their Conversation. By this time one of his Servants came with two Religious Men, and another brought a Surgeon, so that all withdrew, that she might not be interrupted whilst she was endeavouring to provide for her Soul, but she being exceeding weak with the Loss of Blood, she could not make her Confession, but only in general Terms, upon which the Confessor dispos'd her the best he could under her present Circumstances, and then she was put into the Hands of the Surgeon ; he found her stabb'd between the two Paps, which Wound, tho' not very deep (the Weapon having been stopp'd by the Whalebone of the Stays) was yet

yet dangerous ; she had besides this, another Wound under the Throat, and two on the Back, which look'd as if she had been held by the Arm, by him that gave her them ; but the main Cause of her Faintness was the Loss of Blood, it being some considerable time since she had been thus wounded ; whilst the Surgeon did his Duty she fainted away, as if she had been past all Recovery, but being recovered after the Dressing was over ; *Don Gaspar* contented the Surgeon, ordering him to be there again in the Morning, telling him in what Manner and Posture he had found the Lady, and charging him not to discover the Matter, till they saw whether she was likely to live or dye ; which, he being a *Spaniard* of those that follow'd the King, punctually perform'd.

When the Surgeon and Religious Men were gone, the Servants went to Bed, and *Don Gaspar* had a Pallet - Bed made for himself, in the same Room where *Florentina* lay, being provided with Cordials, and all other Necessaries to comfort her, in case she could take any Sustenance. The Room being clear'd he sat down upon her Bed-side, with a Light by him, fixing his Eyes upon her almost expiring Beauty, with all the Transports that Love and Compassion are wont to produce : Sometimes he took up her Hands, which lay motionless on the Bed, feeling her Pulse, to see whether she had any sign of Life left in her, bemoaning his hard Fate, that he could

not meet with her before she was in the very Jaws of Death ; still reiterating his Tryals, whether she had any Life left in her. Thus he pass'd his Time in a doleful Manner till Six in the Morning, when the Lady began to give some Signs of Spirit and Vivacity, for the Blood being stanch'd, and her Wounds dress'd, she by Degrees began to recover something of Vigor : By this time the Surgeon, the Religious Men and Servants were all come about her again, and she opening her Eyes, was surpriz'd to see her self in that Place, and amongst so much Company ; till recollecting her self, and calling to mind, that a Gentleman had taken her up, with some other Passages that happen'd, she with a weak Voice, desired they would give her something to support her fainting Spirits ; they gave her some small Biskets dip'd in rich Wine, which when she had taken, she ask'd, which was the Gentleman to whom she was obliged, for taking Care that she should not die like a Heathen, or an Infidel, and then return'd him Thanks in the best Manner she was able, under her present Circumstances. They would then have withdrawn, that she might take some Rest, and prepare for Confession, but she finding her self now pretty well in Heart, said she would confess immediately for fear of what might happen, but before she did so, looking on Don Gaspar, she said to him, *Sir, for tho' I would call you by your Name yet I know it not, and yet believe I have seen you before :*

Da

Do you think you can go again to the same Place where you found me? If you can, enquire in that same Street for Don Dennis de Portugal's House, which is very well known there; and secure all in it, both Goods and People, for you will find the Door only upon the Latch; but to the End you may not be charg'd with the Disasters you will see there, and so come into Danger for doing Good, take some Magistrate along with you; for it is now impossible to conceal the Mischief that has happen'd in that wretched House through my Fault, nor can it be kept so close, but that it will be known where I am, that I may receive a greater Punishment than I have received already, if I deserve it. Madam, answer'd Don Gaspar, (telling her his Name) I know your House very well, and I know you also, and you are in the right in saying you have seen me before, tho' you never took Notice of me, I have often gaz'd and taken Notice of you; but you are not now in a Condition to know where or to what Intent, nor is it convenient, if you are the Cause of the Disasters, you say, there are in your House, that you should fall into the Hands of Justice. It cannot be avoided, answer'd Florentina; Do as I desire you, noble Don Gaspar, for I fear nothing more now than what has befallen me; besides, that your Interest is sufficient to prevail that I may be courteously treated. Don Gaspar perceiving this to be her final Resolution, comply'd, and went away in his Coach to Court, where he gave
an

an Account of all that had happen'd to him with the Lady, (without mentioning that he knew or lov'd her) to a Kinsman of his, who was also of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber, desiring he would go with him to give Information thereof to the Governour, lest he should be suspected of having been concern'd in the intended Murther of *Florentina*, or the Disasters she spoke of in her House. *Don Gaspar* and *Don Michael*, went together to the Governour, whom they acquainted with every Thing they knew of the Matter, how he had found the Lady, and what she said of her House. He being well acquainted with *Don Dennis*, and understanding very well what those Gentlemen said, went immediately into their Coach, much amaz'd at what they told him, with abundance of Officers at his Heels, and so away they drove to *Don Dennis's* House ; being come thither, they lifted up the Latch, as *Florentina* had directed, and going in all together, at a Chamber Door which was at the Foot of the Stairs, found two Pages run through ; then going up Stairs saw a white Woman Slave, just at the Entrance into a Gallery, in the same Posture as the Pages, and a Maid sitting in a Chair in the same Gallery, run through to the very Back ; by her lay a large Wax-Candle, as if it had dropt out of her Hand ; a little further, just at the Entry of an Anti-chamber, lay *Don Dennis*, run thro' with his own Sword, which stuck out of his Back, and he flat upon his Face with his

his Breast on the Hilt, plainly showing that he had fallen upon his own Sword ; in another Chamber, leading out of the same Gallery, next the Kitchen, lay three Women Slaves, the one White, the other two Blacks, the White in the midst of the Floor in her Smock, the Blacks in their Bed, all of them stabb'd ; farther in at another Door, half within and half without it, lay a Youth of about twenty Years of Age, and very handsome, kill'd like the rest, he had nothing but a Cloak over his Shirt, and a pair of Slippers on ; in the Bed-Chamber lay *Donna Madalena* murder'd in her Bed ; and in another back Room more of the Maids slaughter'd. In short, there was no living Creature in the House ; All the Spectators look'd upon one another, so full of Astonishment, that they knew not what to say ; but easily concluded that *Don Dennis* had committed all those Murders, and at last turn'd his Rage on himself. There being none but *Florentina* left alive to give an Account of that dismal Tragedy ; but the Governour being inform'd by *Don Gaspar* of the Danger her Life was in, and that it was no time to examine her, till they saw whether she would recover or not ; they suspended the Examination, and gave Orders for burying the Dead, with great Grief of all that heard this dismal Story, particularly on Account of *Donna Madalena*, who was more pitied than all the rest, she being a Person of singular Virtue, and extraordinary Beauty. Having thus

thus dispos'd of the dead Bodies, and secur'd the Goods, they went all together to *Don Gaspar's* Lodging, where they found *Florentina* resting, for after Confessing and taking some small Sustenance, she was fallen asleep; whereupon the Governour left her to the Disposal of *Don Gaspar*, he and his Kinsman engaging for her forth coming. Above a Fortnight past before *Florentina* was in a Condition to give any satisfactory Account of what had happen'd, being so weak by her Wounds and Loss of Blood, that her Life was often despair'd of. At last, according to the Advice of *Don Gaspar* and *Don Michael*, she declared to the Governour, that *Don Dennis* had made all the Slaughter, being jealous of his Wife and that Servant that lay dead at her Bed-Chamber Door, tho' without any just Cause, and that he had also wounded, but not quite kill'd her, because the Maid that lay dead in the Gallery had interpos'd betwixt them, so that she had time to make her escape whilst he murder'd that Maid; that she run out into the Street, pulling the Door after her, but the Loss of Blood caus'd her to fall where *Don Gaspar* found her; that as for *Don Dennis*, she could not positively tell whether he had kill'd himself or not; but that since they had found him in that Posture they said, there was no doubt but Rage had prevail'd on him so far as to lay violent Hands on himself. This Confession she made to prevent bringing her self into Danger, so that there was no further Enquiry

Enquiry made into the Matter, but on the contrary she was discharg'd, and put into Possession of all that belong'd to her Sister, by way of Inheritance, and of *Don Dennis's* Estate, in Consideration of the Wounds she receiv'd. *Florentina* thus seeing her self deliver'd and enrich'd at the same time, recover'd a pace, and could willingly have bestowed her self upon *Don Gaspar*, in return for the Favours receiv'd at his Hands ; but tho' he lov'd her entirely, yet was he resolv'd before he let her know so much, to be satisfi'd as to that Point, viz. What share she had in all those Disasters which had happen'd at her House ; wisely considering with himself, that if she was any way tainted, she was not qualify'd to be his Wife, and yet too considerable for a Mistress. To clear all these Doubts before the King's Departure, which was near at hand, and he obliged to attend him, he intreatèd *Florentina* to give him a just Account of the Cause of all those Calamities, and she after so many Courtesies receiv'd, being not able to refuse his Request related it to him, in the Presence of his Kinsman *Don Michael*, as follows,

' I was born in this City, (would to God I
' had never come into the World) my Pa-
' rents were Wealthy, and of Quality, and I
' the Cause of Misfortunes from the very first
' time of my Nativity, for my Mother dy'd
' in Childbed of me, to my Father's unspeak-
' able Grief, who had enjoy'd her Beauty but
' only the Nine Months I was in her Womb.
' But

• But his Sorrow wearing off, as it most com-
 • monly does with Men; before I was full
 • two Years of Age, he marry'd a Rich and
 • Beautiful Widow, who had also a Daughter
 • of four Years of Age, left by her former
 • Husband, and this was the unfortunate *Don-*
 • *na Madalena*; my Father and her Mother
 • being thus Marry'd, we were bred up toge-
 • ther from our Infancy, and grew so fond of
 • one another, and were both so much belov'd
 • by our Parents, that every Body thought
 • we had been own Sisters; for my Father to
 • please his Wife, was as kind to *Donna Mada-*
 • *lena*, as if she had been his own Daughter;
 • and his Wife to oblige him, was kinder to
 • me than to her own Child. In short, unless it
 • were our familiar Friends and Acquaintance,
 • every Body took us for own Sisters, and we
 • our selves believ'd it, till Death discover'd the
 • Secret; for my Father, who dy'd first, coming
 • to make his Will, he there discover'd I was not
 • Daughter to her I honour'd as my Mother,
 • nor Sister to her I lov'd as such; and it was
 • my Misfortune to be the Cause of cutting
 • off this Friendship; my Father dying recom-
 • mended me very earnestly to his Wife, who
 • had not much time to make me sensible
 • of her Love to my Father, for she griev'd so
 • bitterly for his Loss, that she follow'd him
 • within four Months after, leaving *Donna*
 • *Madalena* and me expos'd to the World, but
 • well provided with Fortunes, which, toge-
 • ther with what Beauty Nature had bestow'd
 • on

' on us, assur'd us of considerable Husbands,
 ' for Youth never wants Charms. Our Mo-
 ' ther, for I reckon'd her as such, left us under
 ' the Tuition of an elder Brother of hers, who
 ' took us Home to his House, and kept us as if
 ' we had been his own Children, treating us
 ' alike in all Respects, for we lov'd one ano-
 ' ther so entirely, that he made the more of
 ' me to please his Neice; which in Effect he
 ' had all the Reason in the World to do, he
 ' having not much of his own, and our For-
 ' tunes making him very easie. When our Pa-
 ' rents dy'd, *Dan Dennis de Portugal*, a Gen-
 ' tleman of the best Quality, and most Wealth
 ' in this City, was very much in Love with
 ' *Donna Madalena*, desighing to make her his
 ' Wife, but had put off asking her of her Un-
 ' cle, till he courted and gain'd her Affection.
 ' Nor was she insensible of the Advantage of
 ' so great a Match, and therefore admitted
 ' of his Addresses with all possible Regard to
 ' her Modesty and Reputation. At length
 ' Love so far prevail'd, that *Danna Madalena*
 ' resolv'd to marry without her Uncle's Con-
 ' sent, being satisfy'd he was unwilling to dis-
 ' pose of her, for fear of losing the Manage-
 ' ment of her Estate, which, as I told you, was
 ' his main Support, and therefore he would
 ' have been better pleas'd to have made Nuns
 ' of us, and often propos'd it; but perceiving
 ' we had no Inclination to that Course of Life,
 ' either through the vain Conceit we had of
 ' our Beauty, or because we were born to be
 ' unfortunate,

' unfortunate, he did not press us to it, yet de-
 ' lay'd Marrying of us, for Interest will bear
 ' the Sway above all other Considerations :
 ' *Donna Madalena* perceiving his Design, and
 ' being fully resolved to make *Don Dennis* her
 ' Husband, gave way to her Inclination, cor-
 ' responded with him by Letter, and often
 ' talked with him at a low grated Window.
 ' I us'd to be with her some Nights, would to
 ' God I had dy'd before I did it ; at first I was
 ' well pleas'd to see *Donna Madalena* so well
 ' bestow'd on a Person of *Don Dennis*'s Worth ;
 ' soon after I grew envious that he should be
 ' hers rather than mine ; and at last fell my
 ' self in Love with him, even to a Degree of
 ' Madness. I heard his amorous Expressions,
 ' took particular Notice of his Wit, consider'd
 ' his Person, reflected he was another's, and
 ' wholly lost my self beyond all Recovery, to
 ' such a Degree that I impair'd my Health ;
 ' which convinces me those are in the right,
 ' who call Love a Disease, for it makes us
 ' restless, banishes sleep, and takes away our
 ' Appetite to Victuals. Now when all these
 ' ill Consequences are augmented by the
 ' Flame Love kindles in the Heart, methinks
 ' no malignant Fever is more dangerous ; es-
 ' pecially when there is a Complication of
 ' Despair of obtaining what is desired, and a
 ' Frenzy of Jealousy to see the Party belov'd,
 ' wholly devoted to another. This raging
 ' Distemper was the more heightned in me,
 ' because it could take no vent, or communica-
 ' ted

'ted with another Person, being sensible that
 'all the World must condemn me for making
 'choice of my Friend's or Sister's Lover. I
 'lov'd one that lov'd not me, and wrong'd one
 'I ought to have been just to. Good God!
 'what a Labyrinth did I run my self into, since
 'I saw my self necessitated to bear all my suffer-
 'ings, and could not have the satisfaction of dis-
 'covering my grief. *Donna Madalena* was sen-
 'sible of my melancholy, she observ'd my pale-
 'ness, and all the other Symptomes that ap-
 'pear'd about me, but still could not guess at the
 'Cause; for I am apt to believe she lov'd me so
 'entirely, that she would even have quitted her
 'Claim rather than see me suffer at that miser-
 'able Rate, as I did. When I reflect on this I
 'much wonder that Grief does not put an End
 'to my Days. She concluded I was melancholy,
 'because I was not in so ready a way of dispo-
 'sing of my self as she, this being the principal
 'concern of all Women at our Years. It's true,
 'she sometimes press'd me to let her know
 'what it was that troubled me, but still I put her
 'off with some pretence or other; so that at last
 'she promis'd that as soon as marry'd she would
 'dispose of me to my own Satisfaction. Believe
 'me, *Don Gaspar*, did not the Sense of what I
 'owe you oblige me to proceed, I would here
 'break off this dismal Relation, which only
 'serves to renew my Grief, and add fresh Con-
 'fusion to my distracted Mind; but let us pro-
 'ceed, for it is but reasonable I should bear the
 'Shame, since I was the Cause of so much Mis-
 'chief.

G

'I will

'I will not stand to tell you all the Gallan-
 'tries of *Don Dennis* in his Courtship, nor the
 'violent Pangs and Afflictions I endured all that
 'time, you will be sufficiently convinced of it by
 'the Event. In fine, the two Lovers being a-
 'greed (tho' the Uncle oppos'd it as much as
 'modestly he could) they obtain'd their Desires,
 'and were united in Matrimony, with all pos-
 'sible Satisfaction to them, and no less vexation
 'to me, seeing my self now wholly depriv'd of
 'all Hopes of enjoying what I lov'd to Distrac-
 'tion. 'Tis impossible for me to express my
 'Despair and raging Jealousie, but it is better to
 'say nothing further upon that head, since it is
 'so much to my Dishonour. *Don Dennis* and
 '*Donna Madalena* being marry'd, she took me
 'to her House, designing to match me well,
 'and believing she had carry'd a Sister and true
 'Friend, but in effect she took her own and
 'her Families Ruin along with her, for neither
 'their being marry'd, nor that Excess of Love
 'they bore one another, nor the Kindness I
 'ow'd *Donna Madalena*, nor my own inevitable
 'Ruin, could prevail with me to desist from lo-
 'ving *Don Dennis*, but instead of it I grew jea-
 'lous to a Degree of Madness, to see them en-
 'joy one another. *Donna Madalena* seeing me so
 'discontented, and believing it was for Want of
 'a Husband, propos'd to bestow me on some
 'worthy Person that might make me happy ;
 'but neither she nor *Don Dennis* could ever en-
 'gage me in any such thing ; at which *Donna*
 '*Madalena* being much surprized, said, I
 ' was

' was so strangely alter'd in my Humour, that
 ' she knew not what to make of me. It is like-
 ' ly she consulted this Affair with her Husband;
 ' for one Day, when she was abroad a visiting,
 ' and I at home, as I always was; refusing all
 ' manner of Diversion, *Don Dennis* came home
 ' and finding me alone, and full of Tears, as I
 ' continually was, bewailing my unfortunate
 ' Love, he sat down by me, and said, *Believe me,*
 ' *beautiful Florentina, your excessive Melancholy*
 ' *is a great Trouble to your Sister and me, both of*
 ' *us are often guessing at the Cause of it, and I*
 ' *can think of none more likely, than that you*
 ' *love where there is no Possibility of Return; for*
 ' *were it otherwise I do not believe there is any*
 ' *Gentleman in this City, of what Rank soever,*
 ' *but would think himself happy to be belov'd by*
 ' *you, tho' you were not so well born, and had*
 ' *such a Fortune as you have, but were only a*
 ' *poor Peasant, since your incomparable Beauty*
 ' *might make him as happy as the greatest Mo-*
 ' *narch. My Passion flew so high at that time,*
 ' *or rather God had so far forsaken me, that*
 ' *without any Shame or Consideration, I inter-*
 ' *rupted his Discourse and answer'd, Supposing*
 ' *it were so that I lov'd where it were difficult*
 ' *to obtain a Return, what would you do for my*
 ' *sake, Don Dennis, to ease my Pain? I would*
 ' *tell it him, reply'd Don Dennis, and court him*
 ' *to love you. If so, said I, tell it your self, court*
 ' *your self, and you will perform what you pro-*
 ' *mise, and consider how far my Passion has*
 ' *got the Ascendant over me since I forget what I*

owe to my self; I lay aside my Modesty, the most
 precious Jewel a Woman can be Mistress of; I
 regard not the Wrong I do to your Wife; who,
 tho' she is not my Sister, has always liv'd with
 me as such; I will not take notice that I ra-
 ther lose than gain you, since it is certain you
 must undervalue me for my Confidence, and de-
 spise me for my Lightness, as also for the Love
 you owe your Wife, who deserves it as much as
 I do your Scorn. None of these things, I say,
 have any Power to restrain me, for, as the Case
 now stands with me, my Sufferings over power
 my Shame, so that you may think me Leud, ad-
 mire my Boldness, call me Impudent, hate me
 for my Lightness, or in fine do as you please, for
 I can hold my Peace no longer. It will be some
 sort of Satisfaction to me, if I can have no more,
 that you know your self, that I have lov'd you
 above my life, from the time you first began to
 court Donna Madalena, and tho' you have seen
 much of what I have endur'd, yet there is much
 more you could not be sensible of, and which I
 have not reveal'd to any living Creature, having
 decree'd never to marry, for I am positively re-
 solved never to have any other Man but you. I
 concluded with so many Sighs and Tears, that
 I almost stifled my last Words. The Result of
 it was, that Don Dennis rose up, as I thought
 to be gone and return no Answer to my too
 immodest Declaration, and locking the Cham-
 ber-door, return'd to the place where I was,
 and said, Love forbid, most beautiful Floren-
 tina, that I should be ungrateful to your Charms,
 and

* and make an ill Return to so many Sufferings,
 * and such feeling Expressions. Then clasping
 * his Arms about my Neck, he never left me, till
 * I had no more to give, or he to desire. We
 * spent all the Afternoon in the most delight-
 * ful Raptures of Love, and then he told me, (how
 * true it was I know not) that he began to love
 * me that very Day after he was marry'd, but
 * durst not tell me so, with much more to this
 * purpose, which I believ'd, and thought my
 * self very happy, he farther making this Pro-
 * testation, that if he were at Liberty he would
 * marry me. He earnestly entreated me not to
 * make known our Love to any Body, since we
 * had so much Opportunity of enjoying it; and
 * I beg'd the same of him, fearing *Donna Mada-*
 * * *lena* should get Scent of it. In this manner we
 * continu'd four Years, and from that day no-
 * thing was more gay and pleasant than I; my
 * decay'd Beauty reviv'd, and I was all Mirth
 * and Jollity, so that I became the delight of all
 * the Family. I govern'd the House, all what
 * I did was well done; what I order'd was o-
 * bey'd; I dispos'd of the Money and of the
 * Owner; and I receiv'd and turn'd away what
 * Servants I pleas'd; so that *Donna Madalena*
 * serv'd only to obstruct my Pleasures. *Don*
 * * *Dennis* was so fond of me, because I did every
 * thing to secure his Affection, that by Degrees
 * his Kindness grew cold towards his Wife, so
 * that the Scale was now quite turn'd. For, at
 * first *Donna Madalena* was merry, and *Floren-*
 * * *tina* sad; but now *Florentina* was all Mirth,
 * and

‘ and *Donna Madalena* was melancholy, heavy
 ‘ and disconsolate ; and tho’ she was satisfy’d
 ‘ that her Husband had some Intrigue, which
 ‘ made him slight her, yet she never as much
 ‘ as suspected me, as well by reason of our great
 ‘ Intimacy, as because she had such an Opinion
 ‘ of me, that such a Thought could not enter in-
 ‘ to her. However she told me one Day, My
 ‘ Mirth and my Melancholy were in such Ex-
 ‘ tremes, that they were not far from Madness.
 ‘ Good God ! how blind are Lovers, since I
 ‘ could never see till my Eyes were open’d
 ‘ with so many Disasters. My Wickedness and
 ‘ Folly ran so high, that *Don Dennis* and I made
 ‘ one another a solemn Promise to marry, when
 ‘ *Donna Madalena* dy’d, as if her Life had been
 ‘ at our Disposál, or we had any Security for
 ‘ ours more than hers.

‘ When the Holy Week came which ob-
 ‘ ligs all Persons to confess and receive the
 ‘ Blessed Sacrament, I went for Fashion sake
 ‘ among the rest ; it is true I had done so se-
 ‘ veral times before, but my Confessions were
 ‘ Sacrilegious, for I never truly declar’d my
 ‘ Crimes. Oh Infinite Goodness ! how long
 ‘ dost thou bear with us poor frail Mortals ?
 ‘ In fine, having now at last given my Father
 ‘ Confessor some Insight into the matter,
 ‘ he touch’d my Conscience to the quick, and
 ‘ represented to me the dangerous Condition I
 ‘ was in, after so lively a manner, (refusing me
 ‘ Absolution, and telling me I was in a manner
 ‘ already in Hell ;) that I went home over-
 ‘ whelm’d

'whelm'd with Melancholy, and going into
 'my Closet, began to weep so bitterly that
 'my Woman perceiv'd it. She had been bred
 'up with me from my Infancy, and is the
 'same, (if you remember *Don Gaspar*) whom
 'you found in that miserable House, sitting in
 'the Gallery on a Chair, and leaning against
 'the Wall, run clear through the Body. She
 'earnestly intreated me to tell her the Cause of
 'my Sorrow ; and I soon acquainted her with
 'all my Love-Follies, and with what had late-
 'ly pass'd between my Confessor and my self.
 'The poor Wench stood amaz'd at what I told
 'her, and much more at my having been able
 'to conceal it so long, without being ever dis-
 'cover'd, and then seeing I ask'd her Advice,
 'spoke to me to this Effect :

' *Madam, the Affairs you have acquainted me*
 ' *with are of such Moment, that they seem to re-*
 ' *quire a much better Head than mine to bring*
 ' *them to a good Issue ; for to imagine you should*
 ' *continue in this Condition till Donna Madalena*
 ' *dies is such a thing, that the very Thoughts of*
 ' *it are enough to put you into Despair ; for how*
 ' *can we tell that she will die before Don Dennis*
 ' *and you ; to pretend to perswade you to keep*
 ' *from him, when you love him, is a Madness, for*
 ' *you will never do it, nor will he consent to it, if*
 ' *he is so much in love as you represent him to*
 ' *be. Your Honour is lost, and your Love continues*
 ' *waiting for Miracles, which commonly in these*
 ' *Cases fall out the wrong way ; because Heaven*
 ' *uses to punish those Designs, and generally they*

'who do the Wrong die before the Persons
 'wrong'd. The only Remedy I can think of is
 'bloody, I must confess; but it is still a Remedy;
 'for such dangerous Wounds require a bloody Cure.
 'I desir'd her to tell me what it was, and she
 'answer'd, Donna Madalena must die, for it is
 'better an innocent Person should suffer, and go
 'to Heaven like a Martyr, than that you should
 'perish for ever. Will not that be a greater Crime
 'than all the rest, Dear Girl, said I, to murder
 'an innocent Person? And will not God punish
 'me for it, since I do the Wrong, and at the same
 'time lay the Penalty on the Person that receives
 'it. David, answer'd the Maid, kill'd Uriah,
 'to save the Life and Reputation of Bathsheba;
 'and you, in my Opinion, are at this juncture un-
 'der the same Circumstances, for whensoever
 'Donna Madalena happens to find you out, she'll
 'do by you, as I advise you now to do by her. But,
 'said I, if my Father Confessor has put me into
 'such a Dread, for only wishing her Death, what
 'must I expect, if I Murder her? Do as David
 'did, answer'd the wicked Wench, first let us
 'kill Uriah, and then we will do Penance. When
 'you are marry'd to your Lover, atone for your
 'Crime, for Penance obtains Remission of Sin, and
 'the Holy King did so. In short, she said so
 'much, alledged so many Examples, and plead-
 'ed so much Law, that I whose Inclinati-
 'ons tended already too much to what she
 'said, was easily perswaded, and we both gave
 'Sentence against the innocent, and much in-
 'jur'd Donna Madalena; for it is an undoubt-

'ed Truth, that one Crime draws on another.
 'Having long debated about the Manner of
 'Execution, the bloody Wretch, doubtless
 'prompted by the Devil, said, *The best Way,*
 'in my Opinion, that we may be both out of
 'Danger, is to contrive Matters so, that her
 'Husband may kill her, and then no Body will
 'be blam'd for it. How can that be done, an-
 'swer'd I, seeing Donna Madalena lives so
 'virtuously, that her Husband will never find
 'any Pretence for Murdering her. There lies
 'the Difficulty, reply'd the Maid, but I must
 'contrive that Point; hold you your Peace, and
 'leave it to me, without taking any Notice, and
 'if in a Months time you are not rid of her,
 'call me Fool. She acquainted me with the
 'Method, and we parted, she to act the Part
 'of a Devil, and I to wait the Event; and
 'thus our Discourse ended for that Time.

'The mischievous Wench, prompted by the
 'Devil, watch'd her Opportunity, and told Don
 'Dennis, that his Wife impair'd his Honour,
 'and had Commerce with little *Ferdinand* in
 'his Absence: This was a Youth about eigh-
 'teen or twenty Years of Age, who was born
 'and bred in Don Dennis's Family, being the
 'Son of his Father's Steward; the Lad's Fa-
 'ther and Mother dying, he continued in the
 'House as a Servant, but was not rewarded as
 'his Parents had deserv'd of the Family, for
 'it was he you found dead at Donna Madale-
 'na's Bed-Chamber Door; he was handsome,
 'well qualifi'd, and very virtuous: However

Don

‘ Don Dennis easily believed what the Wench
 ‘ suggested to him ; yet ask’d, how she came
 ‘ to know it? To which she answer’d, *That*
 ‘ *nothing could be long conceal’d from a Spy in*
 ‘ *the House ; and that Mistresses thought their*
 ‘ *Maids were Fools.* Don Dennis ask’d fur-
 ‘ ther, How he should do to be assur’d of the
 ‘ Truth? Do you pretend to go out of Town,
 ‘ said she, and be here again by break of Day,
 ‘ or presently after Midnight, then make a
 ‘ Sign whereby I may know you are in the
 ‘ Street, at which I will open the Door, and
 ‘ you may catch them together. They agreed
 ‘ it should be executed two Days after, which
 ‘ my Maid acquainted me with, and I receiv’d
 ‘ it with a Mixture of Fear, Joy and Trouble ;
 ‘ but seeing it was past retrieving, rested sa-
 ‘ tisfied, expecting the Event.

‘ When the Day came, Don Dennis said,
 ‘ he was going with some Friends to see a Bull
 ‘ Feast some few Leagues from *Lisbon*, and
 ‘ tho’ *Ferdinand* us’d always to go along with
 ‘ him, he would not take him now, nor any
 ‘ other Servant, alledging for his Reason, that
 ‘ being to stay but two Days, his Friends Ser-
 ‘ vants would wait on him. Thus he fet out
 ‘ on that unhappy Day before the Night you
 ‘ found me. After Midnight he return’d
 ‘ alone, made the Signal, my Maid, who was
 ‘ ready, bid him stay a little ; then taking a
 ‘ Light, she went to the unfortunate Youth’s
 ‘ Chamber, and entering it in much Disorder,
 ‘ said to him *Ferdinand, My Lady calls you, run*
 quickly,

' quickly. *What would my Lady have with me*
 ' *at this time ?* Answer'd Ferdinand: *I know*
 ' *not what she wants,* reply'd the Maid, *but*
 ' *she sent me in great Haste to call you.* He got
 ' up, and would have put on his Cloaths, but
 ' she said, *Do not stay to dress you, but throw*
 ' *your Cloak about you, put on your Slippers,*
 ' *and go see what she wants, for you may dress*
 ' *your self afterwards if there be need.* Fer-
 ' dinand did so, and whilst he was going to his
 ' Lady, the mischievous Wench let her Master
 ' in. Ferdinand came to the Bed-side, where
 ' Donna Madalena lay, and waking her, said,
 ' *Madam, What do you want with me ?* Donna
 ' Madalena waking in a Consternation to see
 ' him there, answer'd, *Be gone, be gone, Lad,*
 ' *What do you do here ? I don't call you.* Fer-
 ' dinand hearing what she said was going out
 ' of the Room, but his Master met him just
 ' coming out, and seeing him naked in his
 ' Wife's Bed-Chamber, concluded he had been
 ' in Bed with her : Hereupon, without making
 ' any further Reflection, he run him through
 ' with his Sword twice ; the Youth fell down
 ' dead, and all he could say was, *Sweet Jesus*
 ' *have Mercy on me.* I heard him in my
 ' Chamber, being, as you may guess, full of
 ' Dread and Consternation, as well I might,
 ' knowing my self to have been the Cause of
 ' so much Mischief, and fell into a cold Sweat,
 ' so that being about to get up to hinder any
 ' further Harm, I found I could not, for either
 ' my Strength actually fail'd me, or the Devil,
 ' who

' who was then let lose in the House, with-
 ' held me. In the mean while *Don Dennis*
 ' enrag'd with his conceited Dishonour, went
 ' into his innocent Wife's Bed-Chamber, who
 ' was again fallen asleep, with her Arms over
 ' her Head, and coming to her chaste Bed,
 ' which he look'd upon as defil'd, cry'd, *False*
 ' *Woman how can you sleep when you, but this*
 ' *very Moment, wrong'd me.* This said, he
 ' drew his Dagger, and stabb'd her as of-
 ' ten as his Fury suggested, so that her
 ' virtuous Soul left her beautiful Body be-
 ' fore she could make the least Complaint.
 ' By this time I was got out of my Apartment,
 ' and in a Place where I could see all that was
 ' done, tho' full of Dread and Tears, and tho'
 ' I durst not go any further, yet saw *Don Den-*
 ' *nis* pass into a little back Room behind his
 ' Wife's Bed-Chamber, where he murder'd
 ' two of her Women that lay fast asleep, say-
 ' ing, *This is the Reward due to your Negli-*
 ' *gence, for your Business was to watch and*
 ' *guard my Honour, and you are asleep whilst*
 ' *your false Mistress wakes to rob me of it.*
 ' Then going down the back Stairs that led
 ' into a base Court, he call'd out two Pages
 ' who lay in a low Room close by, and they
 ' running out at his Call, he rewarded their
 ' Readiness by killing them: This done, he
 ' run up the great Stairs, like a raging Fury,
 ' and going into the Kitchen, butcher'd the
 ' three Women Slaves that lay there, for a
 ' fourth was gone to call me, hearing the
 ' Noise

' Noise and Cries my Servant made, that was
 ' sitting in the Gallery ; either repenting the
 ' Mischief she had done, when it was too late,
 ' or because Providence order'd it so, that she
 ' should suffer for it, or else that the Honour
 ' of *Donna Madalena* might be clear'd, and
 ' all those who had been murder'd justifi'd,
 ' and the World know that only she and I
 ' were to blame. She had set up a Flambeau,
 ' she lighted when she went to open the Door
 ' for her Master, as if a Candle had not been
 ' sufficient to perform so much Villany by;
 ' and sitting her down full of Confusion
 ' began to Weep and Cry out, *Alas ! What a*
 ' *wretched Creature am I ! What have I done ?*
 ' *I cannot hope for Mercy in Heaven or on*
 ' *Earth, since I have forg'd so great a Scan-*
 ' *dal, to support another's Offence, and been*
 ' *the Cause of so much Bloodshed.* At the same
 ' time her Master was coming out of the Kitch-
 ' in, and I another Way, follow'd by the Slave
 ' that went to call me, with a Candle in her
 ' Hand ; I hearing what she said, made a
 ' Stand, and saw *Don Dennis* go up to her and
 ' ask, *What is this you say, Wench, of a forg'd*
 ' *Scandal and Bloodshed ?* *Alas, dear Sir, an-*
 ' *swer'd she, What can I say, but that I am*
 ' *the vilest Wretch that ever was born ? for*
 ' *Donna Madalena and Ferdinand are innocent,*
 ' *as all the Rest you have murder'd. I alone*
 ' *am to blame, and do not deserve to live, for*
 ' *contriving this Villany, calling poor Ferdi-*
 ' *nand, who was fast asleep in his Chamber,*
 ' telling

'telling him, my Lady wanted him, that when
 'you should see him coming out as you did, you
 'might believe what I had told you, and so kill
 'Donna Madalena, to be at Liberty to marry
 'my Mistress Donna Florentina, to restore the
 'Honour you owe her. Infamous false Wretch,
 'cry'd Don Dennis, if what you say is true,
 'your Life is too small an Attonement by far for
 'your Crime, for had you a thousand Lives to
 'lose, they would all fall short of what is due.
 'This is the very Truth, Sir, said she, nothing
 'so certain; I am the wicked Person, my Lady is
 'innocent, I deserve Death and Hell too. I
 'will give you both, answer'd Don Dennis, let
 'one Monster's Death make amends for so many
 'innocent Persons murder'd. This said, he
 'stuck her to the Wall with his Sword, the
 'miserable Creature crying out, Now Hell re-
 'ceive the Soul of the most abominable Woman
 'Heaven e'er made; and I doubt whether
 'there be a Place bad enough for it there: So
 'saying, she gave up the Ghost to him she of-
 'fer'd it to. Just at this Time, I came forward
 'with the black Woman Slave, relying on the
 'Love he bore me, and hoping to pacify and
 'calm him, said, What is the Meaning of this,
 'Don Dennis? What is all this Slaughter for?
 'How long will your Cruelty last? He being
 'by this time stark Mad with Fury and Grief,
 'ran at me, crying, Till I have kill'd my self
 'and you, false, treacherous, lewd Woman, that
 'you may receive the Reward of so much Mis-
 'chief; since not satisfi'd with the Wrong you
 'did

'did her you reckon'd as a Sister, by Lust,
 'you have never given over till you have
 'robb'd her of her Life. Having spoke these
 'Words, he gave me the Wounds you saw,
 'and had quite kill'd me, but that the Black
 'interpos'd, and Don Dennis laying hold of
 'her, I had Time to slip into another Room,
 'and shut the Door after me, all covered
 'with my own Blood. When Don Dennis
 'had kill'd that Slave, and there was no li-
 'ving Creature left in the House but himself,
 '(for he concluded I could not survive) he
 'clapp'd the Hilt of his Sword to the Ground,
 'and the Point to his Breast, saying, *I will*
 '*not stay behind to have humane Justice punish*
 '*my Crimes, it is better I should my self be the*
 '*Executioner of Divine Vengeance;* and so
 'he fell upon his Sword, which run quite
 'throughout at his Back, calling upon the
 'Devil to receive his Soul. When I saw him
 'dead, and that I was like to bleed to Death
 'my self; in that dreadful Confusion I open-
 'ed the Door, I took up a Candle, went down
 'into the Street, intending to seek out some
 'Priest to make my Peace with God, that
 'tho' I lost my Life, I might at least save my
 'Soul. I had just so much Strength left as
 'to draw the Street-Door after me, latching
 'it as you found it, and going faintly along
 'the Street, without knowing whether, my
 'Strength fail'd me, thro' Loss of Blood, and
 'I fell, where you, Don Gaspar, found me,
 'that your Charity might save my Life, and

'I

‘ I might spend it in bewailing and doing Pen-
 ‘ nance for so many Evils I have been guilty
 ‘ of, and praying to God to preserve you for
 ‘ your Goodness to me.

Here the beautiful *Florentina* ended her Re-
 lation, but tho’ her Tongue ceas’d, her Eyes
 continu’d shedding Showers of Tears, that ran
 down her lovely Cheeks, which sufficiently
 express’d the Sorrow of her Soul, which was
 such, that immediately after she drop’d down
 in a Swoon. *Don Gaspar* was amaz’d at
 what he had heard, and almost beside himself
 to think *Florentina*’s Lewdness had been the
 Cause of so many Murders, which made him
 soon sacrifice his Love to more serious Consi-
 derations ; for now *Florentina* was not fit for
 his Wife, nor could he entertain any
 Thoughts of endeavouring to make her a
 Mistress, since he saw she was inclin’d to
 follow a better Course of Life, that might
 secure her for the Future against any such like
 Misfortunes ; and he could not forbear at this
 Time to applaud his own Conduct in not mak-
 ing known his Love to her, till he had heard
 this Account. Then using all possible Means
 to recover her out of her Swoon, when she
 came to her self, he comforted her, and with
 a grave Air, and moving Words, told her,
*That as soon as she was better recover’d, her
 best way would be to betake her self to a Reli-
 gious Life, where she might be secure against
 any future Troubles of this Nature ; and that
 if there should be any Danger from Justice, he*
would

would undertake to remove it, tho' he were forced to acquaint his Majesty with the whole Affair. The Lady return'd abundance of Thanks for the Favours already received at his Hands, and the Continuance of Kindness he promised, assuring him it was her Design so to do, being sensible that her Misfortunes would admit of no other Expedient. *Don Gaspar* wholly laying aside all Thoughts of Love in respect to her Person, took Care of her Affairs, and whilst things were disposing for her Reception into a Monastery, he procur'd his Majesty's Pardon, having acquainted him with the whole Affair. To Conclude, she became a Nun in one of the most famous Monasteries in *Lisbon*, which she considerably enrich'd with her great Fortune, and there liv'd many Years a most penitent and exemplar Life, which at last ended in a pious and happy Death. *Don Gaspar*, who delivered this Account to the Person that committed it to Writing, return'd with his Majesty to *Madrid*, and soon after marry'd into a great Family.

H

Wednesday.

Wednesday.

NOT many Years ago, in the Noble City of *Jaen*, in the Province of *Andaluzia*, liv'd a Gentleman equally famous for his Quality and great Estate; his Name was *Don Pedro*, a Man excessively proud, and of a cruel Temper. This Man had only a Son and a Daughter; the Son's Name was *Alonso*, and the Daughter's, *Mencia*; she was Beautiful, and being Nobly Born, Rich, Virtuous, and of an excellent Disposition, she could not want for Pretenders. Many Men of Quality and Estates had made their Addresses to her Father to become his Son-in-law, but he refused them all, designing to make a Nun of her, that *Don Alonso*, her Brother, might inherit all his Estate. The Person on whom the Love of *Donna Mencia* most prevail'd was a Gentleman of *Granada*, whose Parents were some Years before come to settle there, when he was as yet very young; the Cause of their Remove was not known, but certain it is they were so Rich, that none in that City could vie with them, insomuch that tho' *Don Henry* (for so he was call'd) had not

not been Master of all those great Qualifications, as actually he was, scarce any of the Nobility there, but would have been glad, for the sake of his Estate, to contract an Affinity with him. Besides that, there were very few but what thought themselves very happy in his Friendship, because his Generosity was ever ready to succour and support them at a Pinch : *Don Pedro* and his Son, were among the Number of those that pretended Friendship to him, tho' *Don Pedro's* Pride, would not permit him to put that Value on *Don Henry*, which he really deserv'd, so as to desire an Alliance betwixt the two Families, as others did, because he had been inform'd that *Don Henry's* Predecessors were no better than rich Farmers ; which Defect might very well have been pass'd by, considering his Family was free from any intermixture of *Jews* or *Moors*, and so vastly rich. *Don Henry* being in Love with *Donna Mencia's* Beauty, her Virtue and good Reputation, took the Liberty to ask her in Marriage of her Father, and Brother, who answer'd him, That she design'd to be a *Nun*. This was a great Disappointment, sufficient to put him almost beside all Hopes ; but as Lovers are apt to flatter themselves, he resolv'd not to give over the Pursuit ; concluding that if he could but obtain the Lady's Consent, her Father's signify'd not much to him, considering that if she would agree to have him, the worst that could happen, would amount

to no more than to take her without any Portion, which he did not value, as having enough of his own to supply the Defect of her Fortune. Pursuant to this Resolution, he was contriving all Means to gain *Donna Mencia's* Favour, and compass'd his Design. To effect this, he engag'd in his Interest, a Servant that us'd always to attend *Donna Mencia* when she went Abroad, which was but seldom, by Reason of her Father and Brother's jealous Temper, who were resolved to shut her up in a Nunnery, for fear she should get her self a Husband; they very well perceiv'd she had no Inclination to be a Nun, and therefore endeavour'd by keeping of her mew'd up, and this harsh Usage, to compel her to consent to embrace that course of Life they design'd her for. *Don Henry* was not ignorant that *Donna Mencia* had other Pretenders, who aim'd at the same Thing that he did, but relying on his own Personal Merits, his Wealth, and the Assistance the Servant had promis'd him, he began his Suit with this following Letter.

The LETTER.

Madam,

M^R Presumption, 'tis true, is great, yet not greater than your Beauty, with which nothing can be compar'd but my Love, which has oblig'd me to ask you in Marriage of your Father, but have been so unfortunate

as to be deny'd this Happiness, for he tells me, he designs you for a Monastery. Seeing 'tis impossible for me to live without you, I have concluded, that if I could but gain your Consent, his would signify but little, since it has pleased Heaven to give me so much Wealth, that I do not stand in need of his Fortune ; if that be the Motive that induces him to put you into the perpetual Thralldom of a Religious Life, depriving the World of your Transcendent Beauty, and me of the Happiness of Enjoying it, I am resolved to be wholly yours, tho' against his Will. I have told you all I am able to say ; if you think it too bold a Step, pray consult your Looking-Glass, and view your own Beauty, and you will forgive me. I beseech you, Madam, be not cruel to your self, in being hard-hearted to me ; and do not stay till your Father deprives you of your Liberty, and me of my Life.

The Messenger took care to deliver this Billet to his Lady, who having read it, and considering how inhumanly her Father and Brother design'd to rob her of her Liberty, only to save their Estate ; she resolv'd under these desperate Circumstances to comply with her Lover, to take her Servant's Advice, or rather, to speak in plain Terms, to follow the Dictates of her own Inclination, as concluding, that the Fault of Marrying without her Father's Consent was not so great, but it would soon be wip'd off. The Servant, on

his Part, made use of all his Rhetorick to persuade her to it ; telling her how Advantageous it would be to marry *Don Henry* for his own Merit and Wealth, advising her not to let slip the Happiness which Heaven threw into her Hands ; and putting her in Mind, that if she did not marry her self, she must never expect it from her Father, who he knew had resolv'd to get her out of the Way, that her Brother might be Master of his whole Estate. The Lady her self had already taken such an Affection to *Don Henry* (whom she had seen several Times) that, as it seems, it was not in her Power to avoid her Destiny which hurry'd her away without reflecting on the Dangers that threatned them both, from an inhuman Father, and no less barbarous Brother. Thus Love finding a sufficient Disposition in her Breast, took full Possession of it, so that she immediately began to love *Don Henry*, and to wish he might be her Husband. Accordingly she return'd such a pleasing Answer to his Letter, that he concluded himself as good as possesst of the Happiness he so much desir'd and wish'd for, and so in good earnest began to court *Donna Mencía*, tho' very privately, for fear of giving the Alarm to her Father and Brother. He sent her rich Presents to shew both his Love and his Wealth, and keeping a settled Correspondence by Letters, all thro' the Means of *Gonzalo*, the Servant that was, as we told you before, their Confident. At certain Times of the Night they had their Inter-

Interviews, and discoursed together at a low grated Window, which was at the back side of the House, where her Apartment was, and she kept by her Father, because it was a By-Street. Thus the two Lovers proceeded with all possible Caution, and the better to secure their Affections, they one Night reciprocally gave each other a solemn Promise of Marriage at the aforesaid grated Window, in the Presence of *Gonzalo*, and a Maid, *Donna Mencia* had made privy to her Love, so that *Don Henry* thought his Happiness secure, and *Donna Mencia* herself safe against her Father's forcible Endeavours to make her embrace that Course of Life he design'd. However fearing her Father's Displeasure, she desired her Lover not to proceed any further for the present, to see whether the old Man might alter his Mind; which *Don Henry* consented to much against his Will, because being really in Love, he would willingly have been in possession of his Lady; but this could not be done without carrying her away, by reason her Father and Brother kept her so close. Neither could their Nocturnal Correspondence be kept so private, but that the Neighbours took Notice of it, yet they durst not say any Thing, for fear of the Father and Brother, whose Pride and Ill-Nature they were well acquainted with; besides that they could not blame the young Lady, considering under what Confinement she liv'd; insomuch that they scarce allow'd her to go to Church, and

when she did, her Father or Brother were sure to go along with her.

When *Don Henry* first fell in Love with *Donna Mencia*, he had a Mistress who was a marry'd Woman, (and true Love admitting of no Rival when it takes Possession of a Heart,) as soon as ever he fell in Love with *Donna Mencia*, upon an honourable Account, he forgot *Donna Clavela*, his late Mistress, to such a Degree, that he never visited, nor scarce so much as pass'd thro' the Street where she liv'd. *Clavela* resenting this Slight, and missing the Presents *Don Henry* us'd to send her, made it her Business to find out the Reason, guessing that some new Amour drew him away from her, and therefore employ'd a Maid to sift it out, who soon brought her the Information she desir'd; for the Wench dogging him by Day and Night, at Length discover'd that he talk'd with *Donna Mencia*, at the grated Window. *Clavela* being acquainted with the Worth of the Lady, was sensible that this Familiarity tended to Matrimony, as being satisfy'd she would not entertain a Lover on any other Terms, and therefore resolv'd to obstruct it, tho' at the Hazard of her own Life and both the Lovers. There is no Villany so great, but what a leud Woman, prompted by Jealousy, will undertake: As such she found out *Don Henry*, since he would not come to her, and perceiving she could not regain him for herself, either by Tears, Threats, or Intreaties, she resolv'd to take a
more

more violent Course ; for, tho' *Don Henry* deny'd his Intrigue with *Donna Mencia*, yet she being fully satisfi'd in the Matter, thought of nothing but Revenge. She happen'd to be familiarly acquainted with two Ladies, Mother and Daughter, who tho' of the best Quality in the City, their Manner of Living was not answerable to their Birth, for they receiv'd all Manner of Visitors, which much fuly'd their Reputation ; among the rest *Don Alonso* had free access to them, because they sometimes visited his Sister ; for tho' the principal Ladies would not be seen in their House, yet they could not forbid them their own. *Don Alonso* had seen *Clavela* in their House, and was so far from misliking her, that he offer'd her his Service ; and desir'd the other two Ladies to speak to her in his behalf. *Clavela* knew *Don Alonso* to be *Donna Mencia*'s Brother, tho' at first she had refus'd him Admittance, whilst as yet she entertain'd any Hopes that *Don Henry* might be reclaim'd ; but at last finding him quite lost beyond retrieving, she admitted of *Don Alonso*, not so much out of any Kindness she had for his Person, as to manage her Revenge. She us'd to meet him at those two Ladies House, because of her Husband, and being all together one Day, she ask'd him, Why he did not marry his Sister ? Whether he would stay till she marry'd herself, without his or his Father's Consent ? *My Sister*, answer'd *Don Alonso*, will do no such Thing, for besides her Vertue and Obedience,

which

which will prevent it ; she is too young, and has no such Thoughts, and had she been something older than she is, she had been in a Monastery before this Time. You would not talk at that Rate, reply'd Clavela, if you knew as much as I do ; but it is a true saying, That he who is wrong'd is the last that knows it ; therefore, pray Sir, take Notice, that if she is not marry'd already, she is very near it ; I say so, because it is not to be suppos'd that a Lady of her Vertue and Quality, would presume to expose her own, her Father's and Brother's Reputation so far, as to talk with Don Henry every Night at a grated Window, unless it were with a Design to marry him. Take heed what you say, Clavela, rejoyn'd Don Alonso, for if you are jealous of Don Henry, because he is sometimes at our House, you may entertain that Passion, and give me my Share of it, by remembring you have not laid aside all Kindness for him, but do no Injury to my Sister's Honour ; for my Apartment is remote from hers, and I dare swear that when ever he comes to me, he has not the least Opportunity to see my Sister, nor is she so slightly observ'd that she can see him, for my Father watches her too narrowly. Clavela laugh'd out, and so did the rest of them, (for they had combin'd to do Donna Mencía a Mischief) and then she continued thus: It is no Jealousy, nor do I value Don Henry, but I am concern'd that the Lady's Honour should be reflected on in the Neighbourhood, and elsewhere ; his walking there, and conversing with her is
so

So publickly known, that People say, Don Alonso and his Father connive at it, that they may marry her off without a Portion, to a Man of such a great Estate as Don Henry is. These two Ladies know it to be true, and it is a pleasant way for you to pretend I am Jealous, when I am so far from it, that if my Vote would carry the Point, I would give it to have them marry'd immediately to stop scandalous Mouths. Don Alonso was so enrag'd at what he hear'd, that he was not in a Condition to return any Answer; all his Thoughts being taken up with his Sister's Liberty, and Don Henry's Presumption, so he took his Leave and went Home, where immediately taking his Father aside, he acquainted him with all he had heard. After a long Consultation they resolv'd to take no Notice of the Matter, till they had an Opportunity of taking Revenge; for they look'd upon it as a Disgrace to their Family, that Don Henry should presume to mix his Blood with theirs.

Above a Month past before any Thing was put in Execution towards their Revenge, because Don Pedro, being an elderly Man, was too cautious to expose himself to the Dangers of an Enterprize of that Nature; and therefore when the *Flota* arriv'd in Spain from the *West-Indies* (in which he had considerable Returns) he set out from *Jaen* to *Sevil*, under Pretence that his Presence was necessary there to clear his Plate at the Custom-House, taking *Gonzalo*, and all other Men Servants that

that belonged to the Family with him, and leaving *Don Alonso* only a Page to wait on him. *Don Alonso* in the mean time had secretly got full Knowledge of his Sister's Courtship, and seen her himself talking with *Don Henry*, who, tho' apprehensive of *Clavela's* Threats, yet Love surpassing all Difficulties, in spite of all Dangers, continu'd to see *Donna Mencia*, thinking that in Case *Clavela* should go about to contrive any Mischief, let the worst come to the worst he could but own all, and declare that *Donna Mencia* was his Wife; which he would have done before, had she not hindred him, for fear of her Father's Displeasure. As soon as *Don Alonso* receiv'd Advice, that his Father was at *Sevil*, he presently went to put in Execution what had been concerted between them. *Donna Mencia* did not think herself safe by this time, because she saw her Brother shew'd her an ill Countenance; and thinking it her safest Way to prevent any future Misfortune, one Day after Dinner, when her Brother was gone into his Apartment, she withdrew into the same Room where she us'd to talk to *Don Henry* at the Window, and sat down to write to her Lover, desiring he would see her that Night, to order their Affairs. *Don Alonso* observing her very narrowly all the while, sent his Page Abroad, and lock'd up the Women Servants into a Room, threatening to kill them if they made the least Noise. This done he went into his Sister's Room, just as she had done writing

writing the Letter, so softly that he surpriz'd her just as she was going to seal it. He took and read it, and refusing to give Ear to any Thing the poor Lady could offer in her own Vindication, he went out locking the Door fast after him, into the Street; here he stay'd till he saw a Priest pass by, whom he call'd, desiring him to go in and prepare a Woman who was like to dye; the Priest did so, and going in with *Don Alonso*, was not a little surpriz'd to see no Body appear about the House. At last he came to the back Room, which *Don Alonso* open'd, and bid him go in and prepare that Woman, for she must dye immediately: The Priest started at so barbarous and unexpected a Proposal; and ask'd, why he would be guilty of such an inhumane Act? *Father*, answer'd *Don Alonso*, *that is no Business of yours, nor will I give you an Account why I design to kill her; all I desire of you is, that you will prepare her, and if you will not do it, go about your Business, for I will kill her without it.* The Priest, finding *Don Alonso* resolute, went in and prepared *Donna Mencía*, who did it with abundance of Tears, keeping him somewhat the longer to gain so much Life, as he afterwards told it. When the Priest had done his Office he went out, and endeavour'd, like a Christian, to divert *Don Alonso* from his Design, representing to him, he ought to consider that the Lady no way deserv'd Death, as being guilty of no Crime, for all she aim'd at was

Wedlock,

Wedlock, without any Thoughts of dishonouring their Family, and therefore bid him think on God and fear his Judgments. *That is all very well Father,* answer'd the enraged Madman, *I know what I have to do, and pray never pretend to give Advice to those that do not ask it. What I desire of you is, that you do not speak one Word of what you have seen here for these eight Days to come, and if you happen to do the contrary, I will cut you into Atoms.* The poor Priest was so frightened at these Expressions, that by this time thinking himself in no less Danger than the poor young Lady herself, he promis'd Obedience, and made all the Haste he could out of the House, not believing himself safe till he was at a good Distance; and it was on Account of this Fear of his Life that he durst not speak a Word of it till all the Business was known Abroad. When the Priest was gone, *Don Alonso* went into the Room where the unfortunate Lady was, and stabb'd her to Death, and then went away, locking the Door, and leaving the Key in it; his Page returning soon after, he gave him the Letter *Donna Mencia* had writ, ordering him to carry it to *Don Henry*, and tell him his Lady had order'd him to deliver it to him, which done, he should go to those two Ladies, before mention'd, where he us'd to visit, and stay there till he came.

Matters being thus order'd, he lock'd the Street Door, and went to a Friend's House (who was doubtless of the same Stamp with himself)

himself) Him he desir'd to bear him Company at Night, because he had Occasion for his Assistance, and he complying with his Request, he stay'd with him till it was time to put in Execution what he had in his Mind. The Page deliver'd *Donna Mencia's* Letter to *Don Henry*, who gave him for Answer, by Word of Mouth, that he would do as his Lady directed, and so the Page went away to the Place where his Master had appointed him. *Don Henry* was much surpriz'd to see *Don Alonso's* Page bring him the Letter; because ever since *Gonzalo* was gone with his Master to *Sevil*, *Donna Mencia* always sent to him by a certain Maid; so that had he not known his Mistresses Hand, he could not but have suspected some Fraud; but he concluded there must be something extraordinary in it, since she made use of another Messenger, and consequently was very impatient till the appointed Hour came, to put him out of Pain; as soon as ever the Clock struck Twelve (this being the Hour the Lady us'd to talk with him) he went away to her Street alone, as he used to do, and coming to the Grate, made the usual Signal which having repeated several Times, without any Answer, he thrust against the Shutters, which not being barr'd, flew open, and the Candle the unhappy Lady had lighted to seal her Letter, still burning, he spy'd her stretch'd out in an undecent Manner on the Ground, and wallowing in her own Blood.

This

This Sight struck such a Terror into his Heart, that he had not Power to stir, but stood trembling like one seiz'd with a sudden Fit of an Ague. By this Time *Don Alonso* and his Friend, were come into the Street, but could not see any Thing of what had happen'd to *Don Henry*, because the Candle was just burnt out, yet perceiving *Don Henry* at the Window, they divided themselves to secure him, beyond all probability of making his Escape, so that before he could recover himself of the Consternation he was in, they both run him through at once, and after he was down, gave him two and twenty Wounds more, leaving him for dead upon the Spot, and then betook them to Flight, because the Neighbours hearing the Noise began to come out with their Lights. *Don Alonso* went away to the two before mention'd Ladies, and his Friend took Sanctuary in a Monastery. The People that flock'd about, found *Don Henry* senseless, and as they were contriving to carry him Home, being well known to them all, the Magistrates came, and upon Examination could find nothing, but that the People ran out upon hearing the Noise, and found him as they saw; yet perceiving him to be not quite dead, they carry'd him Home, where being dress'd and put to Bed, he lay till Morning before he came to himself. By the Strength of some Cordials they gave him, he reviv'd, and then desir'd a Priest might be sent for to prepare him for Death, desiring
also

also to speak with the Governour of the City at the same Time; being both come, he declar'd what he had seen the Night before, desiring they would send to *Don Pedro's* and break open the Doors, to be satisfied whether what he had seen was actually True, or an Effect of his Fancy only, though he could not but think it was too certain, as well by Reason of the Letter deliver'd to him, and the Wounds he had receiv'd; and whilst the Governour went to search the House, he finding his present State very Dangerous, made his Preparation for another World. The Governour and his Officers went to *Don Pedro's*, and receiving no Answer, after much knocking at the Door, they broke it open, went in, found no Body in any of the Rooms, till they came to *Donna Mencia's* Closet, where, as has been said, the Key was in the Door, and having open'd it, discover'd the unfortunate Lady in the Posture *Don Henry* had describ'd; close to her was a little Table, with Pen, Ink and Paper, and on a Sheet of it was writ, *I kill'd her, that she might not defile my noble Blood with that of a Peasant.* Don Alonso.

They search'd all the House for more People, and in the farthest Chamber of another Apartment, which was opposite to that where the dead Lady lay, they heard some Cries, and opening the Door, found all the Female Servants there, of whom they could learn no more, than that *Don Alonso* having call'd them together the Day before, had shut them up
I there,

there, threatening them with immediate Death, if they cry'd out. The Body of *Donna Mencia* was deposited in the Parish Church till farther Order ; all the Goods were seiz'd, a Hue and Cry sent after *Don Alonso*, and Directions to *Sevil* at the same time for securing of *Don Pedro*, but he was soon acquitted by Reason of his Absence, and stay'd at *Sevil* on Pretence he would not see the Place where his dear Daughter had been Murder'd. The News being spread all about the City of *Jaen* ; the Priest who had prepar'd *Donna Mencia* for Death, appear'd and told what had happen'd to him. *Don Henry* was at Death's Door, but it pleas'd God he recover'd and became a Religious Man, and new built and adorn'd the Monastery of *St. Francis*, which before was very Poor, and a Chappel in it, with a curious Vault, unto which he remov'd the Body of his intended Bride.

Don Alonso, after having lain conceal'd with his Page eight Days in the House of those two Ladies we have before spoken of, with *Clavela*, and being well furnish'd with Money and Jewels he had secur'd for this Purpose, left his Page behind him asleep, and went away to *Sevil*, to take leave of his Father, and so to travel to *Barcelona*, where he purpos'd to imbarck for *Italy*. When the Page wak'd and hear'd his Master was gone, he went about the City, telling every Body that his Master had been eight Days in that House, and

and that he had heard them talk of his young Lady's Death, and the wounding of *Don Henry*; for which those Ladies were secur'd, and had certainly been put upon the Rack, had not their Money prevail'd before the Court of Justice. *Don Alonso's* Friend perceiving there was no Evidence against him, only they two being privy to the Matter; appear'd Abroad again, as soon as the Hurly-burly was a little over.

Don Alonso stay'd but two Days, with his Father in *Sevil*, as knowing there was a Proclamation out against him, and that he was condemn'd to forfeit his Head, and therefore he thought fit to lose no Time, but hasted away to *Barcelona*, where he embark'd, and had a good Voyage to *Naples*. There he took a Commission in the Army, that he might not be look'd upon as an idle Person without Employment, and being plentifully supply'd by his Father, liv'd a lewd Life in Gaming and all other Manner of Debaucheries. To help forward in his vicious Course of Life, he contracted Friendship with a certain Mungrel, the Son of a *Spaniard* and a *Neapolitan* Woman, a most debauch'd Wretch in all Respects, who flatter'd and humour'd *Don Alonso*, because he found him flush of Money; his Name was *Mark Antony*, and tho' never admitted into holy Orders, nor in the least fit for it, he wore a Priest's Habit, because he had got some small Church Revenue for his Subsistence. As soon as *Don Pedro* heard that

his Son was at *Naples*, and in the Army, he obtained for him Letters of Recommendation to the Viceroy, who bestow'd a better Commission upon him; so that finding himself easy, he had so far forgot Divine Justice, and his Sister's Innocent Blood he had shed, that he now began to think of making Love, which he had never done before, for tho' he had an Intrigue with *Clavela*, that was rather Lust than Gallantry. There was at this Time, a Gentleman at *Naples* in half Pay, whose Name was *Don Ferdinand de Annasco*, a *Spaniard*, Nobly Born, who had been Captain of Foot. This Gentleman had once a Son, who marry'd a Lady of Quality, by whom he left five Daughters at his Death. *Don Ferdinand* knowing his Daughter-in-law and Grandchildren to be unprovided, took them Home to him. The two Eldest became Nuns in the Monastery of the *Conception* in that City, because as they were sitting together one Night, a Thunderbolt fell betwixt them, without hurting either, which so terrify'd them, that they would not stay any longer in the World: Two others were marry'd to two Captains, only for their Beauty, without any Portions. There still remain'd the youngest and most Beautiful of them, call'd *Donna Ana*, being scarce Fifteen Years of Age; her Grandfather having spent what little he had in putting the other two into the Monastery, had nothing left for her, and was scarce able to keep her clean and neat

neat in Cloaths; notwithstanding which, such was her Beauty, that though there were many fine Women in the City, scarce any one would or durst compare with her in that Point. Her Hour was not yet come, but her ill Fate waited near at Hand. *Don Alonso* saw and fell in Love with her, courted her with all the Wiles Men make use of in such Cases; Unhappy those Women that believe them! And thrice unhappy *Donna Ana*, in being seen by *Don Alonso*! *Donna Ana* was well Born, Modest, Chaste and Beautiful, but what did it all avail her since she was born to be Unfortunate. She gave him some Countenance, in the first Place, because she knew who he was, and what a great Estate he was Heir to after his Father's Death; and in the next Place, because as to his Person, he was sufficiently deserving to be belov'd, and therefore she resolv'd to try her Fortune, to see if she could succeed as her Sisters had done; however she allow'd him no other Favour than to let him see her at a Window, and listen to the Musick he wou'd entertain her with in the Street, for in *Italy* this is much more practis'd than in any other Place.

Thus *Don Alonso* made use of all his Arts to Ensnare the poor innocent Creature, and to bring her to Slaughter, without reflecting how he had already Butcher'd his Beautiful Sister *Donna Mencia*. He pass'd many doleful Days in melancholly Thoughts of Love, being almost in Despair because he could gain no

I 3

farther

farther Favour than what has been already declar'd. His Friend *Mark Anthony* knew all this while nothing of this Affair, till finding him Melancholly and almost Desperate, he said, Tho' I might with just Reason complain of your Friendship, *Don Alonso*, which I have all the Reason in the World to suspect is not sincere, since you conceal your Love from me, till I discover it of my own Accord; yet I will take no Exceptions at it, but rather have Compassion of your present Condition, and offer my Service towards bringing you Relief; being satisfi'd there is no Man in the Kingdom of Naples that can sooner make you Master of what you Desire than my self; but I must first of all know what it is you aim at in courting of *Donna Ana de Annasco*, for if you design any thing less than to make her your Wife, I can assure you you will lose both your Time and Labour, by Reason that *Donna Ana* has much more in her, than what you admire in her Beauty; besides her Modesty and Vertue, she is nothing inferior to you in Birth, for her Father was a Knight of the Order of *Santiago*, which is a sufficient Testimony of his Quality. She is not Rich, for Fortune is often guilty of that Folly of bestowing Wealth where it is least deserv'd, and forgetting the more Worthy. So that if you intend her for a Mistress, I advise you to desist from that Madness, for when you have follow'd her never so long you'll get no more than what you have done already; but if you will take her for your Wife (as she well deserves)

leave

leave it to me, and before six Days are over you shall have her in your Arms. Do not take me to be so stupid, my Friend, Mark Antony, answer'd Don Alonso, as to think I should court Donna Ana, any otherwise than for a Wife ; for I am satisfi'd I shall not be admitted upon any other Terms ; and tho' her want of Fortune, which I am no Stranger to, might engage me to put away such Thoughts ; yet I do not value that, tho' my Father's covetous Temper might curb me, for, God be prais'd, I have enough for us both, and my Father has no other but me. I value Donna Ana for her Beauty, Birth and Virtue, and therefore desire, That, laying aside all Distaste you may have taken on Account of my concealing my Love from you, since you say it is in your Power, you will make me Master of her Perfections, which will render me a most happy Man. Mark Antony promis'd so to do, and manag'd it so well, by informing Don Ferdinand how Advantageous it would prove to his Family to have Don Alonso for his Son-in-law, of what Quality, and how Rich he was, that before a Month was over Don Alonso was Betrothed to Donna Ana, so much to her own, her Mother's, and Grandmother's Satisfaction, that they now thought they could wish for nothing more in this World. Don Pedro having lately sent his Son some considerable Supplies, he furnish'd his Apartment in the same House where Don Ferdinand liv'd, and only parted from his by a Gallery. Donna Ana improving in her Dress

set off her Beauty in its utmost Lustre, and *Don Alonso* by his Satisfaction the first Year, show'd what a good Choice he had made. Before that Term was well expir'd, they were blest'd with a Son, whom they call'd like his Grandfather *Don Pedro*, and *Donna Ana* suckled him herself. *Don Alonso* would not for the World that his Father should know he was marry'd, fearing he would be disgusted, and stop the great Remittances he constantly sent him; but as there never wants busy Persons, who will be meddling in what does not concern them, tho' they do never so much Mischief; some Body or other took Care to send his Father Word, who no sooner heard of it, but flying out into a Rage, he writ him a very haughty Letter, bidding him never to call himself any more his Son, or look upon him as a Father, since he had marry'd a poor Woman, such a one as was a Disgrace to his Family, when he expected he should have got him a Daughter-in-law that should add Honour to his House; that if he were near him, he would do by him as he had done by his Sister; but that since he was so well pleased with his beautiful Bride, he might well enough live without eating, or get it as he could, for he did not design to send him one Cross more, but would take Care so to dispatch his Estate, that when he came to dye there should be nothing left; for he would rather play it away at Cards, than that *Donna Ana de Annasco* should enjoy the least Share of it.

Don

Don Alonso being highly concern'd at his Father's Displeasure, began now every Day more and more to stifle his Love, in spite of all his former Fondness, and heartily repented his being marry'd, which plainly appear'd by his unkindness to his Wife. *Donna Ana* knew not the Reason of this sudden Change, and bitterly lamented her Husband's Inconstancy: But at length found out the Cause thereof; for *Don Alonso*, overcome by her Importunity show'd her his Father's Letter. The Mask being once off, and *Donna Ana* being made sensible of the Occasion, his Diskindness soon chang'd into a perfect Hatred; for he would at every Turn upbraid her with her Poverty, especially when the Money he had gather'd before, being spent, his Wife's Cloaths and Jewels began to go, some for Bread, and others to supply his Extravagancies. The poor Gentlewoman was at last reduc'd to such Extremities, that she was forc'd to dismiss her Servants, and do all the Work of the House her self, unless sometimes her Mother's Maid came to help her; and the worst of all was, that she would have even wanted a Meal many Times, had not her Mother and Grandmother sent it her. These Wants had such Effect on *Don Alonso*, that he now hated her more than ever he loved her before, and wish'd with all his Heart to be rid of her, believing that he might then be restor'd to his Father's Favour and Affection. At last, by the Advice and Encouragement of his Friend,

Friend, *Mark Antony*, he resolv'd to set himself free at once; and both being agreed upon the Manner of doing it, they however deferr'd the Execution till the Departure of the Count *de Lemos* the then Viceroy, who was about returning to *Spain*, leaving the Duke of *Taurisano* to govern in his Place, till the Duke of *Ossuna*, who was to succeed him, came out of *Sicily*. Wretched Youth! Whilst the innocent Blood of your Sister is still crying aloud for Vengeance against you, you are contriving how to shed that of your virtuous Wife. The Time of Embarkment being come, which was to be by Night, *Don Alonso* went Home with his wicked Friend, and told *Donna Ana*, who had just laid her Child to sleep upon the Bed, she should go along with him to see the Viceroy embark, and they would be back before the Child wak'd. *Donna Ana* took this as an extraordinary Favour amidst all the late Unkindness, and therefore shutting the Door of her Apartment, and putting the Key into her Pocket, that she might not disturb her Mother or Grandfather at her Return, call'd at their Door to desire them they would leave the Street Door open, because she was going with *Don Alonso* and *Mark Antony* to see the Viceroy embark, and so she went her Way. As soon as *Donna Ana* was gone, the Maid said to her Mother, *Madam, why do you let Donna Ana go Abroad at this Time of Night, when no other Women of Quality will appear in the Streets of this City?* The Mother answer'd,
She

She goes with her Husband, and who can find Fault with it ? This said, they went to Bed, little dreaming of the Mischief that was like to befall her.

Donna Ana came to the Shore attended by her two Enemies, and having staid there till Ten of the Clock, when the Viceroy was imbarc'd, and some of the Gallies gone off, (tho' some stay'd behind to take in the Rest of the Passengers) she was very pressing to go Home again, being in great Care for her Child; *Mark Antony* then desir'd her and *Don Alonso* to step to his Lodging and take a Collation, which she was forc'd to accept of, tho' *Donna Ana* would have excus'd herself with the Care of her Child, and *Don Alonso* falsely pretended to do the same, as afterwards they both confess'd. They went, and being let in by an old Woman that waited on *Mark Antony*, walk'd into a little Garden, where a Table was cover'd, and on it a Pye and some other Things. Being seated, *Mark Antony* carv'd about, and giving a Part to the old Woman, bid her leave them there, and go eat her Supper and to Bed, for he would lock the Door and take the Key with him, to come in when he had seen his Friends Home. *Donna Ana* eating some of the Pye, *Don Alonso* pretended to rise for something he wanted, and coming behind her, with a great Knife he had provided on purpose, chopp'd off her Head at one Stroke; this done they cast her Body into a Well that was in the Garden, and the Knife

Knife after her, and taking up the Head went their Way, locking the Door and leaving the Key under it. They made all the haste they could to the Shore, where they dug a Hole in a Cave and bury'd the Head, and then got Aboard a Galley that was hastning after the Viceroy. Let them go, for God's Vengeance is sure to pursue them.

After Midnight the Child, *Donna Ana* had left asleep, wak'd, being then a Year old, and missing his Mother began to cry, which wak'd the Grandmother, but not imagining his Mother to be still Abroad at that Time of the Night, and believing she was only in a sound Sleep, she took no more Notice for the present; the Child being tir'd gave over crying, and so the Grandmother fell asleep again; but wak'd in the Morning much frighted to hear the Child tearing its Throat with crying; so she got up, made haste to put on her Cloaths, and went out to see what ail'd the Infant; having knock'd very hard at the Camber-door for some Time, and no Body answering, she began to suspect some Disaster, call'd *Don Ferdinand* and a Servant, broke open the Door, and finding no Body but the little Babe, this was sufficient to heighten their Suspicion; the Grandmother took the Child, call'd a Neighbour to give it suck, and laid it to sleep, whilst *Don Ferdinand* dress'd himself and went Abroad to enquire after *Don Alonso*, but no Body could tell the least Tydings of him. Whilst this was doing at *Donna Ana's* House,

another

another Discovery was made at *Mark Antony's* ; for the old Woman getting up and going into her Master's Bed-Chamber found him not there, but this being no new Thing to her she was not much surprized thereat, because he us'd to stay Abroad at other Times ; all her Amazement was when she came into the Garden and found the Table and the Chair the Woman had sat in all cover'd with Blood ; for tho' she knew *Don Alonso*, as being her Master's Friend, she did not know he was marry'd, or if she did, she did not know his Wife ; being much startled at so unexpected a Sight, she put away the Table, and going to the Street Door, found the Key, and at last taking a Bucket, and letting it down into a Well to draw Water, she found the Bucket rested upon the murder'd Body, which stuck across the narrow Part of the Well, and was not come to the Water. Having labour'd in vain to get it down, she drew it out again, and fastning a lighted Candle to the Rope, put that down to see what it was that stopp'd the Bucket, and perceiv'd the Bulk, which tho' it seem'd a Humane Body, yet she could not discern who it was. In this Fright she let go the Rope, and ran out into the Street roaring and bellowing like one distracted with Fear, till all the Neighbours and People that were passing by gathering together, got some Body to go down into the Well, who brought up the Body without a Head. The old Woman, by the Cloaths, knew it to be the same Woman
 she

she had seen at Supper with her Master and *Don Alonso*, but could give no Account who she was. The Magistrates were no sooner acquainted with the Matter but they secur'd the old Woman, till they could get better Information, and seiz'd all *Mark Antony's* Moveables, which it is likely were of no great Value, and carry'd the Body to the great Square before the Palace, to see whether any Body knew it, after having first search'd for the Head in the Well, but found only the Knife. When the Body was plac'd in the Middle of the Square on a Bier, all the Soldiers flock'd to view it, and *Don Ferdinand de Anasco* among the rest, who presently knew his Daughter, and crying out aloud, said, *Alas, my dear Child, my Heart has long ago foreboded this Disaster, but I would not believe it*: and so he caus'd it to be carry'd Home, where we will not pretend to follow it, to represent to you what Reception the Mother gave it; every one may imagine her Sorrow, for it is above my Talent to describe it. She ran immediately to the Viceroy to demand Justice, who pitying her Tears, sent a large Boat, with some Files of Musqueteers under the Command of *Don Antonio de Lerma*, after the Gallies, with Letters to the Marquess de *Santa Cruz*, General of the Gallies, desiring him to deliver up the Criminals. However this took up some Days, during which search was made after the Head, but it could not be found

found; so that they were fain to bury the Body without it.

The Soldiers sent after the Galleys, among whom was a Nephew of *Don Ferdinand's*, could not overtake the Galleys, tho' they us'd all possible Means before they came to *Genoa*; where when they arriv'd, an Accident happen'd, which evidently shew'd that Divine Vengeance, provok'd by *Don Alonso's* repeated Crimes, would no longer defer bringing him to condign Punishment for the Innocent Blood of his Sister and Wife. The Thing fell out thus, When the Galleys came to an Anchor in the Harbour, all that could went a Shore to refresh themselves after the Fatigues of the Sea, knowing they were to continue there three or four Days; among the rest, *Don Alonso* and his wicked Friend *Mark Antony*, went out to a Hosiery's Shop, to buy some silk Stockings, and having a great Parcel of several Colours laid before them, to pick and chuse, the Devil put into *Don Alonso's* Head to fitch a Pair of blew Ones, and his Friend another Pair. The Hosier happening to miss them, before they went out of the Shop, call'd out Thieves, and his Neighbours and Servants coming to his Assistance, they were secur'd, the Stockings found upon them, and they committed to Goal to be prosecuted as Thieves. Here they were when those sent after them came and deliver'd their Letters to the Marquess *De Santa Cruz*. He order'd they should be found out and deliver'd to those that come for them, which

which was done accordingly, and they were carry'd back to *Naples*. Upon Examination, they Confess'd the whole Fact, *Don Alonso* adding, It was but just his Life should atone, not only for the Murder of his Wife, but also for that of his Sister; and that Providence had permitted him to commit that fresh Crime at *Genoa*, for no other End than to bring him to condign Punishment for all his Offences; but that as he hop'd for Mercy at the Divine Tribunal, he should never have had the Heart to have murder'd his Wife, had he not been perswaded to it by his Friend *Mark Antony*, who told him that was the only Way to appease his Father's Anger, and had contriv'd the whole Method of putting it in Execution, which it had pleas'd God to suffer him to perform, that his Life might pay for both. He farther added that for above two Months past, he never slept but he dreamt that he saw his Sister threatening him with a Knife. He was condemn'd to be beheaded, and *Mark Antony* to be hang'd, and the next Day they were both carry'd at once to Execution. *Don Alonso* was so dismay'd that he could scarce sit the Mule he went on, but they were forc'd to hold him up, but *Mark Antony* seeing him so faint-hearted, cry'd out to him, *What's the Matter, Don Alonso, had you Courage enough to kill, and now none left to dye?* He answer'd, *Alas! Mark Antony, had I known what it was to dye, I had never kill'd.* When he came to the Scaffold, he begg'd some small
 Respite

Respite of the Execution, and then declar'd where *Donna Ana's* Head was bury'd, desiring it might be brought, which being done, he took it into his Hands, and with a Flood of Tears, said, *Now Donna Ana my guilty Life is just upon the Point to atone for your innocent Death. I can make you no other Satisfaction than this.* Having so said, he fainted away, by which it appear'd he bore her no ill Will, but that his Father's Cruelty, and *Mark Antony's* Advice prevail'd with him to murder her. To Conclude *Don Alonso* gave up one Life in Satisfaction for two Murders. *Mark Antony* suffer'd Death also, but with so little Concern, that when *Don Alonso* sent for *Donna Ana's* Head, he ask'd, What they stay'd for? And being told the Reason; answer'd, *My Friend is well set to work, he had best send next for his Sister's Head also, to Jaen. Let us be done, Gentlemen, for I hate all Delays, and am in haste, tho' it be to dye.* The News of *Don Alonso's* Death being sent to *Sevil*, the Letter was just deliver'd to his Father as he was playing with some Friends. When he had read it, he took the Cards, shuffled and dealt about; then looking into his Hand, without the least concern, said, *I had rather have a Son beheaded, than ill Married,* and then fell to play again, as if he had receiv'd no such News. But God who sooner or later punishes Pride and Cruelty, suffer'd him not to escape unpunish'd; for before a Month was over, his Servants going one Morning into

K

his

his Chamber to dress him, found he was dead in his Bed, leaving a great Estate to his Grandson, whose Mother he so much hated. The Servants gave immediate Information thereof to the Magistrates, who put all his Estate into the Hands of Trustees, for the Use of his Grandson, and sent Word to *Don Ferdinand*, of *Don Pedro's* Death. Upon this News, *Don Ferdinand*, and his Daughter-in-law, left *Italy* and came away to *Sevil*, with the young Heir, where he liv'd many Years in full and quiet Possession of the said Estate, by the Name of *Don Pedro Portocarrero y Annasco*, and left it afterward to his Children. The Truth of this Relation is well known to many yet living in *Sevil*, *Jaen* and *Naples*.

Thursday.

Thursday.

DON *Lisardo* and *Don Felix*, two young Gentlemen of Quality, and very considerable Estates, were bred up together at the Famous University of *Salamanca* in *Spain*; where contracting a more than ordinary Friendship, the same was afterwards much improv'd by their serving together in the *Spanish* Armies in the *Low-Countries*. *Don Felix* was call'd home first by the Death of his Father, to take Possession of a most plentiful Fortune. His House was at *Ocanna*, a noted Town, about Nine Leagues from *Madrid*, containing Five Monasteries of Friars, and as many of Nuns, with about Two thousand other Inhabitants. *Aranjuez* a most delightful House of the Kings of *Spain*, on the River *Tagus*, which Beautifies and Waters its Gardens, is but Two Leagues from *Ocanna*. Thither *Don Felix* us'd to resort frequently for his Diversion, as is done by all the Gentlemen and Ladies of the Country thereabout. Walking from one delightful place to another, one day he at last went into an Island the River forms, near that Place; and coming to a

curious Fountain, Nobly adorn'd with abundance of Excellent Figures of several Beasts, cut in Marble, he discover'd a Lady lying on the Grass, and so much taken up in Contemplating her own Beauty in the Water, that it was hard to guess whether she were a living Creature or a Statue. The noise he made as he was drawing nearer, awak'd her out of that Rapture she seem'd to be in, and made her look up, not without some surprize. He courteously address'd himself to her with this advice, not to gaze so attentively at her own Beauty, lest she should happen to fall in love with her self; for the sight of so charming a Nymph, and the Chrystal Water could not but put him in mind of the Story of *Narcissus*. All the Answer she return'd to his pleasing Address, was a modest Blush, and gravely walking away, she soon overtook a Company of Ladies, who were diverting themselves in the Walks, and with whom she entred into Conversation; *Don Felix* knew them all, they being his Neighbours, in the Town of *Ocanna*, except only the Lady he follow'd, and who had already taken possession of his Heart. Some of the Company soon told, who she was, by whom he understood that her Birth was not inferior to her Beauty; and that the reason of her being unknown to him, was because she had been bred under her Father at *Madrid*, and was then newly come with him to *Ocanna*. From that very minute he let slip no Opportunity of making his Affection known to her,

her, and proved so successful in his Addresses, that she accepted of him for her Lover, and they spent many Nights together, at a low Window of her Father's House, which look'd into a Garden. They hitherto in every thing proved fortunate and successful in their Loves, without the least obstacle, when Jealousie raised such a storm of Discontent, as in all probability might have destroy'd their future Hopes, and actually disturb'd their present happiness: For *Don Felix* having made his Addresses before, to another Lady in *Ocanna*; she to revenge his present flight, told his new Mistress, whose Name was *Laura*, all that had pass'd between them, extolling his Declarations of Love to her, and magnifying the Obligations and Engagements they had made to one another. This Relation had such an effect upon *Laura*, that she for several days shut her self up, utterly forbearing to be seen by *Don Felix*, or to give Ear to what ever he could alledge in his own behalf.

This was the posture of his Affairs, when his Old Friend *Don Lisardo* return'd from *Flanders*, and being then soliciting to be admitted to the Honour of a Knight of *Santiago*, as a reward of his Services, follow'd the Court, to the above mention'd Noble Palace of *Aranjuez*. There *Don Felix* met, and finding him but indifferently accommodated in an Inn, invited him over to his House at *Ocanna*, the nearness whereof would well allow of lying there, and going over daily to *Aranjuez*, to fol-

low his Business at Court. In the way between these two places is a Monastery, and by it a pleasant Walk planted on both sides with Shady Poplars. One Morning early, as he was passing by this pleasant Place, he spy'd a Lady close veil'd, and saluting her courteously, but with a design to go on his way, without giving her any Interruption, she return'd an obliging Answer, calling him by his Name, at which he could not but be much surpriz'd, being so great a Stranger in that place. She kept him some time in Discourse, but all the Intreaties he could make were not sufficient to prevail with her, to shew her Face, or permit him to see her home; but she promis'd to meet him there the next Day. They met accordingly, not only that Day, but at several other times, till he growing impatient to be kept so long in Ignorance, resolv'd to follow her and discover where she liv'd. His Resolution was so fixt, that all she could say did not dissuade him, that so she saw her self necessitated, to satisfy his Curiosity in some measure, to unveil and give him a Sight of her Face, upon Condition that he would not urge her any further to know where she liv'd. The View of such an Incomparable Beauty as discover'd it self to his sight, had been sufficient to draw him after her, rather than make him desist, but that being a Man of Honour, he would not even for his own Satisfaction disoblige a fair Lady, besides that he had her Promise to see him again, and that he should know

know who she was, as soon as possibly it might be done to avoid certain Inconveniences.

The Lady, who thus held *Don Lisardo* in suspense, was *Marcella*, Sister to *Don Felix*, whom he kept in an Apartment of the House, remote from his own ; so that his Friend had never had the opportunity of seeing her, tho' at the same time, being told by her Brother, that he expected such a Guest, had taken care to see him, and liking his Person, carry'd on the Intrigue we have mention'd with such Caution, for Fear of her Brother. *Don Lisardo* returning home from his last Interview with the unknown Lady, was giving *Don Felix* an Account of his Adventure, little dreaming that his Friend's Sister was the very Person he was engag'd with. She in the mean while having been abroad so early without her Brothers Knowledge, the better to keep him in Ignorance, was coming to his Apartment ; but perceiving his Guest was with him stopt, behind the Hanging which cover'd the Door, to listen to their Discourse. Her Curiosity prov'd advantageous, for she heard the Stranger telling *Don Felix* all that had pass'd between them, which put her into no small Fright lest by some token, her Brother might come to guess or surmise that she was the party concern'd in that or some other Intrigue; but as Fortune would have it, just as he was upon the point of describing her, there came into the Room a Woman veiled, who desir'd to

speak in private with *Don Felix*. This broke off *Don Lisardo's* Discourse, who like a well-bred Man, left his Friend with the Woman that had interrupted him. This Woman proved to be a Maid to *Laura*, *Don Felix's* Mistress, actually sent by her, but with Orders to pretend she came of her self, without her Lady's knowledge, who would never forgive her should she know she had been with him. The cunning Wench play'd her part to the life, conjuring him never to discover, that he had any Intelligence or Information from her, and promising to bring him to her Mistresses Presence immediately, by giving him a Sign when her old Master was gone out, and then the Doors being left open on purpose, he might slip in, as if he had intruded of his own accord. They went away together and all things being thus concerted, there was no Difficulty in his coming to *Laura's* Chamber, where *Celia* seem'd to oppose his Entrance, and *Laura* did all she could to seem angry at the Maid for consenting, and at him for thrusting in so rudely a without leave. You need not question but that his Importunity prevail'd above her counterfeit Displeasure; he would be heard, and howsoever she disguis'd her Inclinations, there was nothing more earnestly desir'd. In fine, they compos'd that Difference, he was allow'd to justify himself, own'd his former Love to *Nise*, but with such solemn Protestations of its being wholly blotted out by the first Sight of her, that she, who really wish'd

with'd for a Reconciliation, could not but give Credit to his Words, and hearing that her Father was returning, she appointed him another meeting that Night at the low Window, where they us'd to have their Rendezvouz before, and so put him out at a Back-door the House had into another Street, which prov'd afterwards a great Conveniency as Affairs were manag'd.

Marcella fearing lest her Brother at his next meeting with *Don Lisardo* should discover she was the Person he had told him of, contriv'd with her self how to prevent his further Information. In order to it she went to visit her Friend *Laura*, whom she acquainted with all that had happen'd, telling her that to obviate the Danger of *Lisardo's* Ignorantly betraying her to *Don Felix*, she had sent her Maid *Silvia* to find out, and conduct him to the Back-door of her House, that coming in that way he might not know to whom it belong'd, and she would there see him as if it were her own. *Laura* was not at all pleas'd with the Proposal, alledging, That her Father might come and find a Man there, which would be her utter undoing, tho' at the same time, what she fear'd most of all was, lest *Don Felix* might make bold to come in, as he had done before, and have just cause to blame her, for managing his Sisters Intrigue. But no Excuses could divert *Marcella*, she had fixt her Resolution, and *Silvia* coming in, at that very Juncture of time, put an end to the Dispute, telling them,
she

she had found *Lisardo*, and left him waiting for Admittance. *Laura*, perceiving it was too late to obstruct their Meeting, withdrew, *Marcella* laid aside her Veil, as if she were at home, and *Lisardo* came in. The first Thing *Marcella* represented to him was the Fault he had committed in acquainting *Don Felix* with what had past between them, but yet so as not to own him to be her Brother. This presently made *Lisardo* conclude she was his Mistress, and therefore looking upon it as an Injustice to his Friend to be concern'd with a Woman he was engag'd to, he signify'd as much to her, and would have instantly been gone. She being soon sensible of his Mistake, assur'd him, she neither was, nor could be Mistress to *Don Felix*, but that she had her Intelligence from one that was so, and her particular Friend. It was no easie matter to perswade him to it, but whilst they were arguing the Case, *Celia* hastily inform'd them that *Laura's* Father was coming in at the Back-door, which was the Way *Lisardo* had been brought in. What Course to take in this Exigency they could not tell, it being impossible to put *Lisardo* out that Way, and to dismiss him at the Fore-door she would not, for Fear of making him too well acquainted with the House. The only Expedient left, was to put him into *Laura's* Bed-Chamber, till her Father was gone, which he with some difficulty consented to.

Laura then appear'd and met *Fabio* her Father, who began to chide because the Back-door

door was open, which his Daughter readily excus'd; telling him, that *Marcella* was come in that Way. *Fabio* Complemented *Marcella*, and her Servants being come for her, she took leave, and accepted of his Offer to see her Home, at the Instigation of *Laura*, that in the mean while she might have the Opportunity of sending out *Lisardo*, who, as we told you before, was left in her Bed-Chamber. *Laura* seeing herself eas'd of this Fright, call'd *Celia* to conduct *Lisardo* out of the House; but before they could effect it, *Don Felix*, who had been waiting this Opportunity to visit his Mistress, enter'd the Room congratulating the Happiness of his Reconciliation, and telling her, that he had seen *Fabio* conducting *Marcella* Home, which emboldened him to come in. *Laura*, whose whole Thoughts were taken up how to get out *Lisardo*, grew still more uneasy, and pleading her Father would immediately Return, endeavour'd to perswade her Lover to absent himself, telling him at the same Time, that he had carry'd the Key of the Back-door along with him, for fear he should offer to go out that Way. He was about to be gone, when *Don Fabio* call'd for a Light, and *Don Felix* believing the Back-door had been secur'd, as he was told, attempted to hide himself in the Bed-Chamber. *Laura* interpos'd to hinder him, but this could not be done so nimbly, but that he discern'd some Body within, which rais'd his Jealousy to such a Pitch,

Pitch, that he was for breaking thro' all Difficulties to be satisfi'd, had not the Consideration of not offending *Don Fabio*, who was then entring the Room, prevail'd above all the rest ; and having laid the Storm in his Breast the best he could, he told the old Gentleman, he came to conduct his Sister Home, having been inform'd she was there a visiting ; *Fabio* telling him he had been to attend her, they took leave. *Don Felix* instead of leaving the House, hid himself in a Corner under the Stairs, to be ready to return so soon as the old Man was retir'd to his Chamber. During that Moment *Celia* brought *Lisardo* out of the Bed-Chamber, and led him the Back Way into the By-Street, and *Don Felix* returning at the same Time, made directly to the Bed-Chamber, calling to the Person that had been there to come out ; but no Body answering, went in ; *Laura* whose Care was how to get rid of *Lisardo*, not knowing what *Celia* had done, brought a Light to put him out, and coming to the Door, found *Don Felix* there. He charg'd her with Falshood, and she not daring to discover the Truth, because his Sister was concern'd, every Thing appeared so ill on her Side, that he flew away in a Rage, and left her full of Confusion.

Lisardo, as soon as he got out of the House by *Celia*'s Help, hasted to his Lodging, absolutely concluding, the Lady he had been with to be a Mistress of *Don Felix*, and what confirm'd him in this Opinion, was the having
seen

seen so much Disorder in her House, without Understanding any Thing of the Reason of it ; so he order'd his Man to make all ready to be gone before Day, for fear of offending his Friend, if he proceeded any further in that Amour. His Servant happening to acquaint one of the Maids with his Master's Intention, that he might not go away without taking leave of *Don Felix* ; the Maid gave Notice thereof to *Marcella*, who dressing and veiling her self in a Moment, appear'd before *Lisardo*, when he least expected it. She upbraided him with having intended to leave the Town, without as much as taking his leave of her ; and he wondring how she should so soon know his Resolution, declar'd she was the only Cause of it. As she was about to make some farther Discovery, in comes the Servant, to give Notice that her Brother was at the Door ; so that *Lisardo* had only Time to put her into a Closet. *Don Felix* told *Lisardo* all that had happened to him at *Laura's* House, at which he stood quite amaz'd, perceiving it was his own Adventure, which confirm'd him in his former Opinion, that the Lady conceal'd was his Friend's Mistress. But whilst they were in this Conference, *Laura* appear'd her self, being not able to rest till she had endeavour'd to pacify her Lover. Upon her coming, *Lisardo* withdrew, leaving *Marcella* in his Closet. *Laura* left nothing unattempted to pacify her Lover, without discovering his Sister's Secret ; but finding

finding all her Endeavours prov'd fruitless, was near the Point of disclosing the whole Matter, when *Marcella*, who heard all that pass'd between them, coming out of the Closet, with her Veil over her Face, made Signs to *Don Felix*, as if she threatned him. Thus the whole Scene was chang'd in a Minute; for *Laura* believing her to be plac'd there on purpose by her Lover, instead of giving him any further Satisfaction, began now to upbraid him with Falshood, and would not suffer him to follow *Marcella*, as he would have done, to know who she was. In Conclusion, after much upbraiding of one another, they parted in Anger, neither of them being able to unravel the Mistake.

Don Felix quite overcome with Jealousy, had Recourse to his Sister, desiring her, under Pretence of a falling-out with him, to go to *Laura's* House, and stay with her a few Days, where she might serve him as a Spy upon her Actions, and observe what Man it was she admitted to court her. *Marcella* who desired nothing more, that she might have the better Opportunity of seeing *Lisardo*, readily embrac'd the Proposal (as it were to serve him) offering to go that Moment, but he told her it could not be till the next Day, by reason that *Laura* was just then gone to divert herself at *Aranjuez*. No sooner had they concerted the Point, and *Don Felix* was gone, but in comes *Laura*, to desire *Marcella* to give her Leave to stay in her Apartment that Night,

to observe whether he was not visited by *Nise*, which she could the better do, because *Fabio*, her Father, was gone out of Town, and would not return in four Days. Their Designs proved so very futable to one another's Interest, that neither of them had any Objection to make, and accordingly they agreed to change Lodgings, and Maids for that Time, which was immediately put in Execution, *Laura* staying in *Marcella's* Apartment, with *Silvia*, and *Marcella* going to *Laura's* with *Celia*. *Silvia* by her Mistress's Order found *Lisardo*, and desired him to see her that Night at the same House, where he had been before, which he promised to do, being now satisfied she was none of his Friend's Mistress, and meeting with *Don Felix*, who had then no Assignment, invited him to bear him Company that Night to the Place appointed. By the Way he related to him all the Circumstances of his Intrigue, till coming to the House, *Don Felix* was not a little surprized to see it was the same where his *Laura* liv'd, and where, the Night before, he had found the Man hid in her Bed-Chamber. *Lisardo* made a Sign at the Window, was answer'd and went in, and *Don Felix* in a Rage, striving to thrust in after him, he threw the Door in his Face, and made it fast upon him. It made him storm to be thus left in the Street, and be himself instrumental in conducting his Friend to his Mistress. But what Remedy? There was no getting in to disturb them, and

to be gone, was removing farther from what his whole Heart was bent upon.

It happened that *Fabio*, *Laura's* Father, who, as has been said, was gone out of Town for four Days, fell with his Horse before he had travell'd far, and finding his Leg much hurt, resolv'd not to proceed on his Journey, but to return Home, where he might be better look'd after than in the Country. Pain and Uneasiness kept him long on the Way, so that he got not to his House till after *Lisardo* was let in. He knock'd hard at the Door, not at the same where *Don Felix* waited, but at the other, and no Body answering, with the Help of his Servant, at length broke it open. They within knew not what to do at so sudden a Surprise, but putting out the Candles, *Lisardo* conducted *Marcella* down to the other Door, where her Brother was, committig her to him to conduct her Home, whilst he stay'd to make good his Retreat. *Don Felix* did so, believing he had his Mistress *Laura* in his own Custody, and convey'd her to his Apartment. Whilst he there call'd for Light, *Laura*, who, as has been said, staid in *Marcella's* Lodgings to watch him, came out at the private Door, and observing him to talk with a Woman, the Room being quite dark, she gently stole up to him, and slipping his Sister's Hand out of his, clapp'd in her own, as believing her to be his Mistress. *Marcella* finding her self at Liberty, and being well acquainted with the Place, made to the private Door, which *Laura* had

had left open, and so got off clear into her own Lodgings. When Light was brought, *Laura*, who knew he had been talking to another Woman, expected he should be much surpriz'd to see her ; but instead of that, he believing her to be *Laura*, whom he had brought along with him, began now to upbraid her, alledging he was the first Lover that had ever carry'd off his own Mistress to serve his Friend. She told him, the Woman he brought had made her Escape, and that she herself, had been that Night in his Sister's Apartment. To decide this Controversy *Marcella* was call'd, who having extricated herself so well, resolv'd now to sacrifice her Friend to her own Safety, and therefore deny'd that *Laura* had been there, or she herself Abroad, which *Don Felix* easily believing, all the Fault was lay'd upon *Laura*.

Thus the Controversy remain'd undecided, whilst *Lisardo*, who had stay'd behind, stopp'd *Fabio* and his Servants, till he thought his Friend might be got Home in Safety, and then made the best of his Way after him. But his Man being hurt, taken by *Fabio*, and threatened with Death unless he discover'd his Master, and where he might be found, plainly told his Name, and that he was *Don Felix's* Guest. However *Lisardo* got Home, and demanding of his Friend the Lady he had entrusted him with, he show'd him *Laura*, which highly provok'd *Lisardo*, as believing that *Don Felix* put upon him, till *Laura*, who

L

well

well knew the Mistake, pointed to *Marcella*, asking him, whether that was not the Lady he enquir'd for : He own'd she was, and complain'd of their endeavouring to conceal her from him, whereas her Brother took Offence, believing his Honour lay at Stake ; but *Lisardo* interposing, and offering to take her for his Wife, he was soon appeas'd. At this Time *Fabio* came in with his Servants, enquiring for *Lisardo*, who presently owning his Name, was charg'd with stealing of *Laura* ; but *Don Felix* being now convinc'd of her Integrity, and his own Mistake, told her Father his Friend was in no Fault, and that his Daughter being now his Wife, he was obliged to protect her. The old Gentleman, who could not have propos'd a more advantageous Match, readily gave his Consent, so that all Parties were reconciled, and the Nuptials celebrated the next Day, with mutual Satisfaction.

Friday.

Friday.

AT the Time that King *Philip* the III^d. of *Spain* kept his Court in the Noble City of *Valladolid*, a Gentleman of the best Quality of *Madrid*, happen'd to come out of a Gaming-House after Midnight, where he had been to divert the long Winter Night. Passing through one of the most noted Streets in the Town, to go to his Lodging, just as he turn'd the Corner where the Streets met, he perceiv'd the Door of a House open, and a white Bulk thrust out of it ; and being on the other Side of the Street, which was very broad, he could not distinguish exactly what it was, but guess'd it to be some humane Body, which fell down with much Violence from a Step there was at the Door, upon the Stones, the said Step being then frozen, and as Slippery as Glass. Then he saw the Door clap too, and the Body lying on the Ground, without stirring ; he heard it utter these Words in a doleful Tone, *O Heavens ! Why are you deaf to my Sorrows, and show no Pity to my Tears ?* Then it struggled to get up, but being bruiz'd with the Fall it could not.

Don Garcia, for that was the Gentleman's Name, was mov'd to Compassion and drawing near, ask'd what ail'd it, offering his Assistance. *Alas! Sir*, answer'd the Person lying on the Ground, *for the Love of God*, if you have any more Compassion than those who put me into this Condition, help me up, and convey me to some Place where my Life may be safe. *Don Garcia* stood amazed at these Words, as believing it, by the Voice, to be a Woman that spoke, and by the small Light the Moon afforded, discover'd he had guess'd right, for it was a Woman, and naked to her very Smock, which amaz'd him the more. Being desirous to be inform'd concerning the whole Matter; he gave her his Hand, and taking off his Cloak threw it about her, but the Lady was so fore that she could scarce stand; he yet made shift to lead her out of that Street, and then the Lady perceiving he halted, to desire her, as she thought, to bestow herself somewhere else, with Tears in her Eyes, said to him, *Worthy Sir*, you are too far engag'd to desist from that Kindness you have begun to show me; my Life is in very great Danger if I should be found out, and there are by this time many looking out for me; if you have any private Place to conceal me, but this Night, to Morrow I will contrive to get into a Monastery. *Madam*, answer'd *Don Garcia*; I am but newly come to this City, for I assure you, it is not yet a full Fortnight since I came, and consequently I know no Body to trust

you

you with, besides my self; if you please to accept of my Lodging, I may serve you there, and be not afraid to put your self into the Hands of a young Man and a Stranger. Let us go to your Lodging, Sir, reply'd the Lady, for all Places I can go to are dangerous to me; but let it be quick, before we are found out, and suffer for the Crimes I design'd to commit, and the Revenge I have taken. When she had so said, they went on to Don Garcia's Lodging, with much ado, because the Lady was scarce able to stir. However, with Don Garcia's Help, they got to it, and going in, he had the Opportunity to see what he had found; for looking upon his new Comrade at the Light, he thought her more like an Angel than a Woman. She seem'd to be about four and twenty Years of Age, and so charming that she made an immediate Conquest of his Heart, and had he not reflected on the Faith he ow'd to one that had put herself into his Hands, he could hardly have forbore making as bold with her as Tarquin did with Lucretia; but suffering himself rather to be guided by his Honour than his Love, and by the Dictates of his Reason, than by his Sensuality, he used all his Endeavours to compose and get her to rest, desiring she would go into his Bed, since he had no Cloaths to furnish her with at present, and it was then high time to sleep; the Lady comply'd, because there was no other Remedy, and Don Garcia, that he might not hinder her Repose, ask'd no further

Questions, but went his Way, (locking the Door on the Out-side) to another Lodger in the same House, with whom he had contracted some Friendship, pretending he had lost the Key of his Room, and could not get in till it was broke open the next Day.

Thus he past away the rest of the Night, which to him seem'd an Age, his Heart being full of the Ladies Beauty, and desirous to know how she came by that Misfortune. As soon as ever it was Day, he got up, and pretending he had found the Key, went into his own Room, where he saw by his Guest's Looks, that she had slept but little and wept much. He sat down by the Beds-side, and enquiring about her Health ; she, after having return'd him Thanks for the Kindness receiv'd at his Hands, ask'd him, whether he had been Abroad, and what News he had heard about the Town. *No Madam, answer'd Don Garcia, for to tell you the Truth, I was too eager to see you, and be inform'd of your Misfortunes, from your own Mouth, and therefore I intreat you to hold me no longer in Suspence, for I am in much Confusion, as you may imagine, by such an Accident.*

' I do not wonder at it, *Don Garcia*, answer'd the Lady, for she had learn'd his Name, ' that you should be surprized at the present ' Posture of my Affairs, and you'll be so ' much more, when you shall hear my Story ' from the Beginning ; for it is so strange, that ' you will rather look upon it as a Romance, ' than a true Relation ; and therefore I will
' begin

' begin with it from my very Infancy, that
 ' you may have something to talk of, when
 ' it shall please God to carry you Home to your
 ' own Country. My Name, Sir, is *Hippolita*,
 ' I was born in this City, of wealthy and
 ' noble Parents, and with me came into the
 ' World my ill Fate, which ever pursues beau-
 ' tiful Persons, for I presume to give my self
 ' this Name, because all the Country looks
 ' upon me as such. I was scarce come to
 ' those Years when a Woman's Beauty, Air
 ' and Wit begin to flourish and appear, before
 ' my Parents had very many Pretenders, who
 ' were desirous to be receiv'd into their Fa-
 ' mily, by marrying me, and this rather in
 ' regard to my Beauty than my Wealth,
 ' though this last also was not inconsiderable.
 ' Among the great Number that aspir'd to
 ' me, the most considerable were two Gen-
 ' tlemen, our Neighbours, whose House was
 ' only parted from ours by a Wall; they
 ' were Brothers, and both Knights of the Or-
 ' der of *Alcantara*; a sufficient Testimony of
 ' their Quality. I being then an absolute
 ' Stranger to Love, or its fatal Power, had no
 ' Inclination to either of them, but wholly
 ' submitted my self to the Will and Disposal
 ' of my Parents; who being satisfi'd that
 ' either of the Brothers was an Advantageous
 ' Match, made Choice of *Don Pedro* the El-
 ' der, rejecting *Don Luis* the Younger, who
 ' perhaps lov'd me the best, since he prov'd
 ' the most unfortunate. *Don Pedro* thought

' himself happy to the highest Degree, and al-
 ' ways declar'd as much to me by his Kindness
 ' and most obliging Deportment. Would to
 ' God I had been wiser, and requited his
 ' Love as I ought to have done ; which would
 ' have prevented those Misfortunes I now
 ' groan under, and those that are like to fol-
 ' low. I enjoy'd my Husband's Affection
 ' eight Years, and repaid him with a sincere
 ' Love ; for my Brother-in-law's Importuni-
 ' ty taught me to love, he never giving over,
 ' tho' he saw me Marry'd ; but still, when
 ' Opportunity offer'd, would talk to me of his
 ' Passion, which I never gave any Encourage-
 ' ment to, but to take him off it, offer'd him
 ' for a Wife a Cousin of my own, who was
 ' Richer and more Beautiful than my self. I
 ' manag'd this difficult Point with the greatest
 ' Discretion I could, sometimes taking no No-
 ' tice that I understood what he aim'd at ;
 ' other times checking and reproving him,
 ' and as occasion offer'd, giving him the most
 ' Virtuous and Wisest Advice I was capable of ;
 ' and sometimes I down right fell out with
 ' him for his Boldness, protesting I would
 ' make it known to his Brother, if he did
 ' not refrain from that Folly. Thus *Don*
 ' *Luis* liv'd at this Time, sometimes easy,
 ' and sometimes sad, but always in Love, con-
 ' tenting himself with only seeing and con-
 ' versing with me, for our Houses joyning,
 ' his Visits were frequent, and his Passion
 ' grew higher every Day.

It

' It happen'd, at last, that the Court remov'd
 ' to this City, would to God the Prayers and
 ' Crys of those who were against it had been
 ' heard, that so my Misfortune might have
 ' been prevented, since that Removal was the
 ' only occasion of them ; for among that
 ' multitude which follow'd the Court, there
 ' came one *Don Gaspar*, a *Portuguese* by Birth,
 ' and by Profession a Soldier, who seeking
 ' the Reward of the Services he had done the
 ' King in the *Low-Countries* and other Parts,
 ' attended the Councils, and his Affairs going
 ' on but slowly, as is usual at Court, he began
 ' to lay out how to divert himself. To this
 ' purpose, being young, he thought fit to
 ' Gallant some Ladies, and as ill Fate
 ' decreed, unfortunately pitch'd upon me ;
 ' for, having seen me one day at Church, he
 ' said, I captivated his Soul, and so, what he
 ' sought at Court, only as a Pastime, became
 ' an Affair of Love, and he gain'd my Affe-
 ' ction, and depriv'd me of my Peace and Ho-
 ' nour, which are both quite fled. He was
 ' so gay, witty and handsome, besides his o-
 ' ther Gifts of Nature, that any Lady might
 ' have loved him as well, as my self, at
 ' sight, much more I who was follow'd, com-
 ' mended, and passionately Court'd by him.
 ' I was inform'd of his Love by a Maid, the
 ' subtle subverter of my Honour ; and by her
 ' he learnt how kindly I receiv'd it ; for we
 ' often writ to one another by her means,
 ' thus feeding our forbidden flames, as having
 ' no

‘ no opportunity of coming together, because
 ‘ of my Husband’s Watchfulness.

‘ *Don Gaspar* was much concern’d that I
 ‘ was Marry’d, and it afflicted me no less ; for
 ‘ the greatest Misfortune that can befall one
 ‘ that Loves is to belong to another ; when he
 ‘ happen’d to talk to me at Church, he had so
 ‘ many tender Expressions, that as they in-
 ‘ flam’d my Love, so they sunk my Honour,
 ‘ till it quite vanish’d. But his Letters were
 ‘ still much more Engaging than his Words,
 ‘ for in these, to be short, all Bashfulness be-
 ‘ ing remov’d, the heart lays it self more
 ‘ open. I was lost, and could no longer with-
 ‘ stand the Temptation, but wanted an
 ‘ opportunity to entertain my Lover, because
 ‘ my Husband, tho’ he did not suspect me,
 ‘ was seldom from home, and always kept a
 ‘ strict Guard upon his House. But Love, or I
 ‘ may rather say the Devil, so order’d it, that
 ‘ a Friend of my Husband’s invited him to a
 ‘ Hunting Match, which Diversion was to
 ‘ last them two or three Days. *Don Pedro*
 ‘ consented, and tho’ it rejoyc’d me, I pretend-
 ‘ ed to be disgusted, because it was an unusual
 ‘ thing. The Day came, and he went to his
 ‘ Hunting, and my Confident gave *Don Gaspar*
 ‘ advice of our good Fortune, as we call’d it,
 ‘ bidding him to come at Night to the Back-
 ‘ door of a Garden, that belong’d to our House,
 ‘ where he should find me, and the Door
 ‘ open, for I durst not bring him into the
 ‘ House, for Fear my Parents, with whom I
 ‘ liv’d

' liv'd, should discover us. It was then the
 ' Summer Season, and therefore I order'd a
 ' Bed to be made for me in an Arbour in the
 ' Garden, pretending I did it on account of the
 ' Heat of the Weather; but the true reason
 ' was, that I might get away from the other
 ' Servants, who would not have gone to Bed
 ' before they had seen me Undrest; and my
 ' Business was to be left alone, desiring no o-
 ' ther Company but my Lovers. At length
 ' the Servants having left me a Bed, and as
 ' they thought asleep, withdrew, none stay-
 ' ing with me but my Confident, who was to
 ' follow them, leaving me alone to Sacrifice
 ' my Honour to my Love, or Leudness. But
 ' before she was gone, the other Maids re-
 ' turn'd to tell me their Master was come
 ' home, because the Friend he went with had
 ' hurt himself by a Fall, and so the Sport
 ' ceas'd. When I perceiv'd *Don Pedro* was
 ' come, I order'd my Confident to lock the
 ' Door my Gallant was to come in at, think-
 ' ing that when he came and found it fast he
 ' would be gone, and in the Morning I might
 ' acquaint him with what had happen'd, which
 ' would be a sufficient Satisfaction to him, since
 ' there is no contending with the right Owner.
 ' *Don Pedro* came to me with open Armes,
 ' and I saw my self obliged to receive him in
 ' the same manner, tho' sorely against my Will
 ' and Inclinations; and he commending the
 ' Bed and the Place I had made choice of a-
 ' gainst the Heat, told me the reason of his
 ' speedy

' speedy return, and went to Bed, filling the
 ' Place design'd for my Lover. *Don Gaspar*
 ' soon after coming to the Door and finding it
 ' lock'd, contrary to our Agreement, grew
 ' jealous, concluding that some other Intrigue
 ' was the cause of it, whereupon, with the
 ' help of a Servant, he got over the Wall;
 ' which was not very high, and crept gently
 ' along, (for fear of a Discovery) to find me
 ' out. The *Moon* was then down, and conse-
 ' quently all in darkness, we were fast asleep,
 ' so that he had leisure to range the Garden
 ' till he came to the Bed's side where my Hus-
 ' band and I lay. By what glimmering of
 ' Light still remain'd, he discern'd there
 ' were two Persons in the Bed, and con-
 ' cluding *Don Pedro* was not there, thought
 ' he had not been jealous without cause, so
 ' that he drew his Dagger, and was just going
 ' to stab my innocent Husband. But Heaven
 ' was pleas'd so to order it, that at that very
 ' nick of time *Don Pedro* turn'd himself in the
 ' Bed with a Sigh, by which *Don Gaspar*
 ' guess'd he might be mistaken, and rejoicing
 ' that he had not perpetrated the Fact, as he
 ' intended, came to my side and wak'd me,
 ' *Don Pedro* still lying fast asleep. I soon
 ' was sensible of his rashness, and made Signs
 ' to him to be gone, which he consented to
 ' after having obtained a Kiss and an Embrace
 ' of me. Then getting over the Wall again,
 ' which was lower on the inside, he went
 ' home to his Lodging highly lamenting his
 ' Disappointment.

After

After having prov'd so unfortunate in my
 first attempt, I was sorely afraid to venture
 upon a second; but my Lover being very
 pressing and earnest at last I consented, and
 advising with that Maid, who was privy to
 all my Amours, she told me, That she won-
 der'd a Woman who pretended to love should
 have so little courage, and hazard so little
 for it; that *Don Gaspar* might come at Night
 and get in before the Doors were shut, that
 she would hide him in her Chamber, and
 when *Don Pedro* was in Bed I might get up
 from him under pretence of some necessary
 occasion. I agreed to it, sent *Don Gaspar*
 word, directing how he was to order it. At
 Night *Don Gaspar* and my Husband came in
 much about the same time, my Maid hid him
 in her Chamber, and I pretending to be in-
 dispos'd, caus'd the Family to go to Bed, as
 did my Husband, much concern'd that I was
 not well. As I lay waiting for him to fall asleep
 I heard a great noise in the Street, and imme-
 diately after a most furious Knocking at the
 Door, and crying, *Fire, Fire, Don Pedro*
Your House is a Fire, save your self, or else
you'll be burnt in your Beds, the top of the
House is all in a flame. I got up in a fright,
 and going out into an open Gallery, saw
 Flames blaze out, up to the very Skys. Be-
 ing sensible of the danger I cry'd out, calling
Don Pedro, and he the Servants for help. The
 Case was that a Woman Black, who was our
 Cook-maid, had set a Candle so near her Bed
 that

' that it took Fire, and burnt her in it, and so
 ' set the top of the House in a Flame. This
 ' Disaster, and the danger of my Lovers being
 ' found, distracted me to such a degree, that I
 ' fell into a Swoon, and came not to my self
 ' till the next Morning, when I found my
 ' self in my Brother-in-law's *Don Luis's* House,
 ' whether I was carry'd to save my Life. The
 ' Fire being extinguish'd, tho' not without
 ' great loss on our side, I began to enquire
 ' whether my Maid had escaped the danger, to
 ' be inform'd what share *Don Gaspar* had in
 ' that misfortune. She came to me, and I un-
 ' derstood by her, that he got away among those
 ' that came to help to put out the Fire, with-
 ' out being observ'd, or taken notice of by any
 ' Body. When the Disorder was over, I sent
 ' to know how *Don Gaspar* did, who sent me a
 ' Letter full of most tender Expressions, la-
 ' menting his Misfortune, and condoling my
 ' Indisposition. I return'd an Answer fill'd
 ' up with a thousand Extravagancies, promi-
 ' sing the first Opportunity to make him a-
 ' mends for all these Disappointments. Some
 ' Days were spent in repairing the Damages
 ' the House had sustained during the Fire, all
 ' which time I continu'd at my Brother-in-
 ' Law's; my Lover and I in the mean while
 ' keeping a constant Correspondence by Let-
 ' ters, till I return'd to my own House, where,
 ' yielding to his pressing Intreaties, and soon
 ' forgetting past dangers, I contriv'd to put in
 ' execution our former Agreement, and gave
 ' *Don*

‘ *Don Gaspar* notice to come in by the same way as he had done before.

‘ This Night Fortune order’d it so that *Don Pedro* came home before *Don Gaspar* was let in, because Search was made after a Friend of his for killing a Man, and he brought him home to conceal him, ordering the Doors to be Lock’d up, and taking the Keys into his own Custody, bidding the Servants not to answer if any Body knockt, so that when *Don Gaspar* came, all was fast and every Body a Bed. Finding himself thus disappointed, he made the known Signal, at which my Maid went into a Balcony, and blaming his Delay, told him how Matters stood, and that there was no opening the Door, but he might get in at a little Window there was to a lower Room. *Don Gaspar* thank’d her for the Contrivance, and desir’d she would go down and open the Window which had no Bars, because it was small and look’d into a By-street. My Confident did so, but told him it was so little that he could never get thro’ it; however his Passion prevailing above all other Considerations, he attempted it, thrusting in his Head and Shoulders, where he stuck fast in the Frame, so that he could neither get forwards nor backwards. My Maid finding her self at this Plunge, and that there was no way left but to loosen the Frame, call’d a Companion of hers to her, pretending it was an Intrigue of her own. These two and *Don Gaspar*’s Man, with their
‘ Daggers

‘ Daggers loosen’d the Frame, so that it slip’d
 ‘ out from the Wall, but could not do it with-
 ‘ out making so much noise as wak’d the Ser-
 ‘ vants of the House, who thinking there had
 ‘ been Thieves, cry’d out, so that the poor
 ‘ *Don Gaspar* was fain to run away with the
 ‘ Frame about his Middle ; after which the
 ‘ Servants return’d to their Beds. I little
 ‘ dream’d my Lover had been the Thief
 ‘ that alarm’d the House ; for being told they
 ‘ had found a Man taking out the Frame
 ‘ of the Window, I enquir’d no farther into
 ‘ the matter, till when my Husband was gone
 ‘ out in the Morning, my Maid came to dress
 ‘ me, and told me the whole Story.

‘ But one Misfortune seldom comes alone,
 ‘ for I believing that *Don Pedro* would not
 ‘ return in haste, resolv’d to bestow upon *Don*
Gaspar *Pedro* the Reward of all his Sufferings, and
 ‘ accordingly sent my Maid to call him imme-
 ‘ diately. He living near at hand came pre-
 ‘ sently, and I receiv’d him with open Arms,
 ‘ this being the second time I bestow’d any
 ‘ Favour on him in a Year our Intrigue had last-
 ‘ ed ; for that he had in the Garden when he
 ‘ would have kill’d my Husband, was the first.
 ‘ Whilst we were Laughing at his sticking in the
 ‘ Window, my Maid, who stood Centinel at
 ‘ another, came running, and cry’d, *Madam,*
 ‘ *we are all undone, my Master is coming, and*
 ‘ *so fast that he is in the House by this time.*
 ‘ This was enough to have put me besides my
 ‘ self,

' self, but still I had presence of mind to open
 ' a great Chest that stood in a Back-room, and
 ' throwing out all that was in it, put in *Don*
 ' *Gaspar*. By this time *Don Pedro* was come
 ' to ease himself, because a sudden Looseness
 ' had been the occasion of his returning home.
 ' This and his taking something for his Break-
 ' fast, kept him an Hour and a half in play,
 ' I believe he had not gone out then, but that
 ' he heard the Bell Ring to Mass. As soon as
 ' he was gone, I went with the greatest satis-
 ' faction imaginable to enjoy my Lover, think-
 ' ing there was nothing now that could ob-
 ' struct it, but when I open'd the Chest, I
 ' found to my great amazement, *Don Gaspar*
 ' dead. Perceiving not the least Signs of any
 ' Sense or motion in him, I clapt my Hand to
 ' his Mouth, and feeling no Breath, but a
 ' coldness all over his Body, so that I conclu-
 ' ded he was stifled. My Maid coming
 ' in immediately, we both full of sor-
 ' row and affliction, began to consult how to
 ' get rid of him, a thousand difficulties
 ' occurring every way we could think of.
 ' Whilst we were thus bewailing the unfortu-
 ' nate *Don Gaspar's* Death, in came my Brother-
 ' in-Law *Don Lewis*, who finding me in such
 ' affliction, began to ask the Cause of it; and
 ' I relying on that excessive Kindness he always
 ' had for me, even before I was his Brother's
 ' Wife, told him the whole Truth after the
 ' following manner: *The greatest Misfortune*
 ' *is befallen me, Don Lewis, that ever Woman*

' was involved in, and it being not in my power
 ' to retrieve it, I am therefore oblig'd to ac-
 ' quaint you with it. Then I told him all you
 ' have heard, concluding with these words :
 ' You are a Gentleman, and if you as such will
 ' relieve me, do it in compassion to my Disaster,
 ' for I take God to witness that I have not
 ' wrong'd my Husband in Fact, tho' as for
 ' thought I cannot deny it, and if you are so ill
 ' natur'd as not to believe me, but will go about
 ' to discover it, do as you think fit, for I am at
 ' your mercy, and have but one Life, and that
 ' will atone for all. My Brother-in-Law stood
 ' amazed at this Relation, but bid me rest sa-
 ' tisfy'd ; and calling a Porter, made him take
 ' up the Chest, and carry it to a Friends House
 ' of his, whom he acquainted with the whole
 ' matter. They open'd the Chest, and taking
 ' Don Gaspar out, laid him on a Bed, and feel-
 ' ing his Pulse, found he was not dead. They laid
 ' him in the Bed, and after applying several Re-
 ' medies discovered some motion and hopes of
 ' recovering. This done they Lock'd him up and
 ' went their ways, as I was afterwards inform'd.
 ' Don Gaspar came to himself towards the Eve-
 ' ning, and looking about him, found he was
 ' in a Bed, but not in my House, remembering
 ' that I had put him into the Chest, so that
 ' let him think which way he would he could
 ' not guess at the meaning of it. Whilst he
 ' continued in this Confusion, he heard the Door
 ' open, and looking who it was that came in,
 ' knew Don Lewis to be the Man, which put
 ' him

' him into such a Consternation, that he was
 ' like to have dy'd in good earnest, especially
 ' when *Don Lewis* drawing near, and sitting
 ' down on the Bed, said, *Do you know me, Don*
 ' *Gaspar? Are you ignorant that I am the Bro-*
 ' *ther of Don Pedro, and Brother-in-Law to*
 ' *Hippolita. I know it,* answer'd *Don Gaspar,*
 ' *And don't you know our Quality,* reply'd *Don*
 ' *Lewis? Do you remember what has befallen*
 ' *you to day? Now I swear to you by this Holy*
 ' *Cross,* (laying his Hand on that of his Order
 ' of Knighthood, which hung at his Breast)
 ' *that whensoever I have but the least surmise*
 ' *that you renew this Intrigue, or so much as*
 ' *appear in that Street, I will take the Revenge*
 ' *I now pass by, because that wretched base*
 ' *Woman has put so much Confidence in me, and*
 ' *I am satisfy'd that my Brather is not injur'd in*
 ' *Fact, tho' the Design deserves no Mercy. Don*
 ' *Gaspar* promis'd to do as he was order'd with
 ' a thousand Protestations, and returning Abun-
 ' dance of Thanks for sparing his Life, which
 ' he might have so justly taken away! He
 ' dress'd himself and went away with a resolu-
 ' tion never to see me more, which he most
 ' punctually kept, for my very Name became
 ' most odious to him, as you will perceive by
 ' the Sequel of my Relation.

' I was very curious to know what had
 ' been the Conclusion of that Affair, yet durst
 ' not ask *Don Lewis*, what he had done
 ' with the Body; and perceiving he in-
 ' tended to say nothing to me of it, I bid my

' Confident enquire as cunningly as she could
 ' at *Don Gaspar's* Lodging, what was become of
 ' him. She happen'd to do so just as he
 ' was removing his Luggage to another Lodg-
 ' ing very remote from those Parts, in pursu-
 ' ance of his word given to *Don Lewis*. As soon
 ' as he espy'd *Ellenor* (that was the Name of
 ' my Confident) he bid her be gone about her
 ' Business, for he had enough of my Intrigues,
 ' and his own Misfortunes. Then telling her
 ' in a few words all that had happened to him,
 ' and the solemn Engagements he had made to
 ' *Don Lewis*, he concluded, That since I had
 ' proved such a base perfidious Woman, I might
 ' depend upon it, I should never see him any
 ' more; for he was satisfy'd this last, and the
 ' others before, were Contrivances of mine to de-
 ' stroy him, had not Heaven taken pity on his
 ' Disasters. This said, he went his way, lea-
 ' ving *Ellenor* in Confusion; who neverthe-
 ' less follow'd him at some distance, to know
 ' the House he remov'd to. She return'd soon
 ' after with this News, allaying the Joy of his
 ' being alive and well, with the concern of
 ' being charg'd with a Crime I was not guilt-
 ' ty of, and hated by a Man I doated on, and
 ' for whose sake I had so often brought my self
 ' to the brink of destruction; this made me so
 ' Melancholly that it much troubled my Hus-
 ' band, he being concern'd to see me so unea-
 ' sy. Besides I was continually pester'd by *Don*
 ' *Lewis's* Addresses, who encourag'd by the
 ' discovery of my frailty, began to speak to me
 ' in

in very plain Terms, demanding the Reward
 ' of his Love. These Troubles went so near
 ' to my heart, that I fell dangerously sick, and
 ' kept my Bed for above a Month, being almost
 ' given over ; but Heaven would not permit
 ' me to die at that time, that I might have
 ' more to endure. My Brother-in-Law *Don*
 ' *Lewis* made me frequent Visits all this while,
 ' endeavouring to bring me to his Will, some-
 ' times by his tender Expressions, and some-
 ' times by Threats. Do but consider, Sir,
 ' under what wretched Circumstances I lived
 ' at this time ; for on the one hand I knew
 ' *Don Gaspar* despis'd me, which served only
 ' to make me love him more than ever, tho'
 ' at the same time I durst scarce expose my self
 ' to fresh dangers, I was so terrify'd with the
 ' very remembrance of those that were past ;
 ' and on the other side, was Belov'd and
 ' Threatened by my Brother-in-Law ; who,
 ' whensoever I did but open my Mouth to re-
 ' prove him, would tell me, that since I had
 ' lov'd *Don Gaspar*, I must and should love
 ' him. Sometimes I almost resolv'd to com-
 ' ply with him, but presently repented again,
 ' so that I knew not what course to take.

' I told you before that our Houses joyn'd,
 ' only a Wall parting them, but some of the
 ' Back-Garrets had only a Wainscot betwixt
 ' them, so that he open'd a Passage from his
 ' side to one of mine, that was scarce ever us'd,
 ' the Hole being just big enough for a Man to
 ' creep through. The same Night after he

' had done this, when we were all a Bed, he
 ' crept through that Gap into my House,
 ' and being so well acquainted with it as he
 ' was, took the Keys, and opening the Gate
 ' that led into the Street, turn'd eight or ten
 ' Horses that were in the Stable out. The
 ' Horses, made a mighty noise, which wak'd
 ' the Grooms, who cry'd out for help to catch
 ' them, for they were all got loose about the
 ' Street. My Husband hearing the noise got
 ' up in his Night-Gown, call'd up the Ser-
 ' vants, and chid the Grooms for their careles-
 ' ness. *Don Lewis* all this while lying con-
 ' ceal'd in his Gown till he saw he was gone
 ' down into the Street, came directly to Bed
 ' to me, as if he had been my Husband, and
 ' Caress'd me with much tenderness. The Wea-
 ' ther being as cold as you see, (for this Acci-
 ' dent happened but two Nights ago) he was
 ' so Cold that I said to him, *Good God, Sir,*
 ' *how Cold you are. It is Frosty Weather,* an-
 ' swer'd *Don Lewis*, with a low Voice, for
 ' fear of being discovered. *Have you got in*
 ' *the Horses*, said I? *They are about it*, reply'd
 ' he, and so saying catch'd me in his Armes,
 ' and had his full Will. When he thought
 ' his Brother might be near coming back, he
 ' pretended to go to see whether the Servants
 ' had catch'd the Horses, and so got up again
 ' and return'd to his House the same way he
 ' came, without the least suspicion on my side,
 ' Presently after *Don Pedro*, having seen the
 ' Horses secur'd and sent the Servants to Bed,

' return'd, and being very Cold crept close to
 ' me, at which I check'd him, saying, *Lord,*
 ' *what ails you to be so waggish to Night, it is*
 ' *but a moment since you were here, and now*
 ' *you are for the same sport again. Do you dream,*
 ' Hippolita, said he, *have I been here since I*
 ' *went to see the Horses secur'd.* This answer
 ' surpriz'd me, being very well satisfy'd it was
 ' no Dream; and therefore considering seriously
 ' upon the matter, began to give a shrowd guess
 ' at the meaning of it, and could not sleep for
 ' thinking all that Night; tho' I durst not
 ' say one word more of it. When Morning
 ' came I dress'd my self, and went a-
 ' way to Church, where I found *Don Lewis*
 ' standing near the Holy Water, and approach-
 ' ing with a joyful Countenance, reach'd me
 ' the Water, and as I took it, squeez'd me by
 ' the Hand, saying with a smile, *Good God,*
 ' *Sir, how Cold you are.* These words fully
 ' convinc'd me of the whole Truth. After
 ' Prayers I return'd home very uneasie, and as
 ' soon as *Don Pedro* was gone out after Dinner,
 ' I search'd every corner of the House,
 ' try'd every Door and Window, and find-
 ' ing all fast, concluded he had been assisted
 ' by some Servant or other to surprize me, and
 ' therefore went up into the Garrets, in one
 ' of which I found that small opening, which
 ' he had not made up again, designing perhaps
 ' to make use of it another time.

' Having thus found all I sought for, I re-
 ' turn'd to my Chamber without taking the

' least notice of what had happened to any
 ' Body, but spent my time in meditating Re-
 ' venge till *Don Pedro* came home to Supper.
 ' He went to Bed, and so did I, but this was
 ' only in expectation till the Family was well
 ' asleep. When my Husband was fast, I got
 ' up, and taking his Dagger and a Candle,
 ' went up to the Garret, pass'd through the
 ' little Opening, and thence directly to *Don*
 ' *Lewis's* Chamber, whom finding asleep, as I
 ' desir'd, I struck the fatal Dagger to his Heart,
 ' with such a fury, that he had not time to
 ' wake, but pass'd from the sleep of Life to
 ' that of Death. However I stabb'd him five
 ' times more, with as much rage as if every
 ' Wound were to take away his Life. I re-
 ' turn'd to my Chamber, quite distracted with
 ' Rage, and without reflecting upon my inno-
 ' cent Husband's danger, put the Dagger into
 ' the Scabbard again without wiping it, and
 ' then open'd an *Escritoire*, and taking out a-
 ' bove Two thousand Crowns worth of Jew-
 ' els, got out of the House, without being per-
 ' ceived by any Body, and so went away to
 ' *Don Gaspar's* Lodging, my Maid having be-
 ' fore given me sufficient Directions how to
 ' find it. I knock'd, and the Door being open-
 ' ed by a Servant, who was acquainted with
 ' our Intrigues, and not a little surprized to
 ' see me there, said his Master was not yet
 ' come home, being abroad at Play. *No matter,*
 ' said I, *I'll stay for him.* So I did : *Don Ga-*
 ' *spar* came at last, and seeing me, stood quite
 ' amazed,

' amazed, and all in a rage said, *What Impu-*
 ' *dence is this, Donna Hippolita? What Busi-*
 ' *ness have you in my Lodging? Are not you sa-*
 ' *tisfy'd with the trouble you have given me,*
 ' *and the dangers you have exposed me to?*
 ' *especially the last time, when you sent for me*
 ' *with no other design than to deliver me up to*
 ' *your Brother and Lover: I had acquainted*
 ' *this base Man with Don Lewis's Amorous*
 ' *Addresses to me, and it was this that made*
 ' *him suspect me guilty of that Treachery,*
 ' *and therefore interrupting him with a flood*
 ' *of Tears, I said, Alas! my dear Don Gaspar,*
 ' *how much you are mistaken in your Notions, I*
 ' *am sensible it was a great Error in me, occa-*
 ' *sioned by my disorder, to deliver you up to my*
 ' *Brother-in-Law; but what could a Woman*
 ' *do with a dead Man, for such I took you to be,*
 ' *and expected my Husband every moment? It*
 ' *is a sign you do not know what has happened*
 ' *since; know therefore I have kill'd Don Lew-*
 ' *is with my own Hands, for having surreptiti-*
 ' *ously, and by surprize, obtain'd what I always*
 ' *deny'd him. What danger my Family is in by*
 ' *this fatal attempt, will appear in the Morning,*
 ' *and I am not safe my self. What remains to*
 ' *be done is that you immediately carry me off out*
 ' *of Valladolid, and Conduct me to Lisbon,*
 ' *for I have Jewels enough with me to carry us*
 ' *away. Base leud Woman, answer'd Don Ga-*
 ' *spar, now I am fully convinc'd I was in the*
 ' *right to think you intended to deliver me up to*
 ' *your Gallant, to be Murdered by him, you be-*
 ' *ing.*

'ing weary of my Love and Importunities; and
 'now you have taken a surfeit of him, like a
 'lustful Messaline, you have taken away his
 'Life, and would involve me in your ruin, but
 'I will make you sensible of your Treachery, for
 'as I lov'd so I can hate; and since you jilted,
 'you shall receive the punishment. Having so
 'said, he stripp'd me to my Smock, and with
 'a Leather Belt put me into this Condition
 'you see me (showing *Don Garcia* at the same
 'time the Marks of the Lashes on her Flesh)
 'his Servant being unable to prevail with him
 'to desist, till I dropt down. When he saw
 'me in that Condition, he opened the Door,
 'and thrust me into the Street. Telling me,
 'he did not kill me, because he would not
 'defile his Sword with my vile Blood. There
 'I must have perish'd had not you generously
 'come to my relief, or at best must have fal-
 'len into the Hands of those who doubtless
 'are now in search after me. This is the true
 'account of my Misfortunes; it now remains
 'that you advise me what is to be done for me
 'in this Labyrinth of Confusion.

Don Garcia quite astonish'd at the Woman's
 Leudness and Cruelty, scarce knew what An-
 swer to give her, but considering her Sex, re-
 solv'd to do the best he could for her, and
 said, Truly, Madam, I can scarce believe *Don*
Gaspar to be a Gentleman, since he treated you
 'so basely, for he ought to have respected you as
 a Woman, and perhaps he may not yet go unre-
 warded.

warded. Do you take your rest at present, whilst I step to your House to hear what has been the consequence of the Murder of Don Lewis, and your flight, and then we shall the better know what course to take. She return'd Thanks, and Don Garcia went away to learn what he could of this fatal Disaster. When he came to the House, he saw Don Pedro brought out in Custody, on suspicion of having Murder'd his Brother, there being strong Presumptions against him, from the Passage found in the Garret, and his own Bloody Dagger in the Scabbard; besides that the Maids declar'd Don Lewis had a Kindness for their Mistress; all which the Magistrates took care to sift out by Questioning all the Servants in the House. The innocent Gentleman was amaz'd at these unaccountable Transactions, and much more at his Wife's flight: The miss of the Jewels, and the Street-Door being open, gave further cause of foul suspicion; so that he was conducted to Prison without offering one word in his own Vindication, and Guards were set upon both the Houses, without sparing any of the Servants, or Hippolita's Father and Mother. Don Garcia much concern'd at so dismal a Spectacle, went away to Don Gaspar's Lodging, to call him to an account for Robbing and abusing of Hippolita, but the Landlady told him he was gone away Post that very Morning for Lisbon, as his Servant had told her. Having learn'd all he could expect, and considering with himself that it was requisite

sute to put the Lady into some place of Safety, because Proclamation was already made, promising an Hundred Crowns reward to any Person that should discover *Hippolita*, and forbidding any one to conceal her upon pain of Death: He went away to the Brokers and bought all Things necessary to Cloath her from Head to Foot, which he carry'd home himself, being resolv'd to trust no Body. This done he Lock'd himself up with *Hippolita*, and having told her all he had learn'd, and the danger *Don Pedro* was in, this put her into such a Consternation that she offer'd to go and deliver her self up to clear him and all the Family. *Don Garcia* advis'd her to proceed with more Caution, made her Dress and Eat something, and then calling a Chair, conducted her to a Monastery of Nuns, where he advis'd her to sollicite her Husbands discharge, since she knew him to be innocent. She did so, in a Letter she wrote to the President of the Council, that if he would know who had Murder'd *Don Lewis*, he might be pleas'd to come to her and she would inform him.

The President, who desir'd nothing more, because they were all Persons of Great Quality, and she his Kinswoman, came with some other Lords of the Council to the Monastery, where *Donna Hippolita* told them all that had past between her and *Don Gaspar*, and *Don Lewis* owning her self to be the Murderer of her Brother-in-Law, and clearing her Husband and all the Servants of both Houses. The President
gave

gave the King an account of what he had heard, who in consideration of her Husband's Quality and Innocence pardon'd *Hippolita*, ordering her Husband and all the Servants to be set at liberty. *Hippolita*, tho' her Husband seem'd to desire it, would not return to live with him, being satisfy'd he could never love her, after so many attempts to dishonour him, and suspecting he only endeavour'd to bring her home to punish her intended Leudness ; for what Confidence could a Man of Honour be supposed to have in a Woman who had contrived so many ways to injure his Bed, and Murder'd his Brother for compassing what she was so willing to act with another. There could certainly be no Safety either for Life or Honour with a Person who had been guilty of such Crimes, and therefore she chose the wisest course to secure her self from his just revenge. The Unfortunate Gentleman was so afflicted at this Disgrace, that he never enjoy'd a minutes Ease, but pin'd away and dy'd within a Year after, leaving all his Estate to a Daughter. *Hippolita* had a Maintenance allow'd her in the Monastery, not sutable to her Birth, but much better than her Leudness deserv'd ; where she ended her Days slighted and scorn'd by all that knew her Story. *Don Garcia* marry'd a Great Fortune, that made him happy ; for tho' Nobly born he had but a small Estate of his own. Some time after a Man was brought Prisoner to *Valladolid* for Robbing on the Highway, who at the Gallows confess'd,

confess'd; he well deserv'd that Unfortunate End, for besides the Crime for which he was then to suffer death, he had on the Road to *Lisbon*, Murder his Master *Don Gaspar* to rob him of a great Parcel of Jewels he had taken from a Lady that came to be protected by him; telling, in few words, all that had pass'd between him and *Hippolita*; by which it appear'd that *Don Gaspar* had receiv'd his Reward for seducing of *Hippolita*, and afterwards Robbing of her. *Don Garcia* being the Person that best knew it, told this Relation to his Friends, and at their request left it in Writing, as it is here deliver'd.

Saturday.

Saturday.

THE City of *Valencia*, Capital of the Kingdom of the same Name, extending along the Shore of the *Mediterranean*, is seated in a most fertile Plain, and producing all things necessary, both for the support and delight of Humane kind, excepting only Wheat ; which, by reason all that Rich Soil is taken up with Vineyards, Orchards, Delightful Gardens, and Curious Meadows, is brought from some Distance in such Plenty, that the City abounds in that, as well as all other things. It is resorted to by Merchants from all Parts, and consequently flows in Wealth ; but its greatest Blessing is the happy Temperature of its Climate, which is such, that there is scarce any Winter ; and the Heat of the Summer is moderated by the fresh Breezes blowing off the Sea upon its Walls and Gardens, of which there is a great number, most plentifully stored with all sorts of most delicious Fruits. On one side of it runs the River *Guadalaviar*, betwixt its Walls and the Palace, from which Abundance of Trenches are drawn to Water the adjacent Gardens and
Orchards,

Orchards, and supply the City. On the other side, toward the Sea, is the *Albufera*, about three Miles distant, being a large Lake abounding in most exquisite Fish of several sorts; the Fifth whereof is paid to the King, besides an infinite quantity of Water-Fowl that continually covers the surface of the said Lake. The Walls are strengthened by many Towers, and of a great Extent, containing about Fifteen thousand Families, and among them many Gentlemen of Note, with Fourteen Parishes, Forty eight Monasteries of Friars and Nuns, Four of the Military Orders, six Chappels, and as many Hospitals, and Five Colledges belonging to the Univerfity.

In this City was born *Don Vincent Fox*, a most Accomplish'd Gentleman, not only for his Wit and Discretion, but above all for Noble Behaviour, and being free from Censoriousness, and so used to speak well of all Persons, but more especially the Ladies, that they in return for his Civilities, gave him the Title of the Honourer. His Parents dy'd when he was about Twenty Years of Age, leaving him a plentiful Estate. His usual Diversions were such as became his Quality, without running into Leudness, or Extravagancy. This Gentleman being one Morning in the Walk before the Cathedral, among several other young Gentlemen of the same Quality, discoursing of Youthful Affairs, there thrust himself into the Company another Gentleman, so very free in his Railleries and

and merry Conceits, that no Body^r went into the Church but what he had a Lash at, finding a thousand faults with them, and those sometimes gross enough. *Don Vincent* began to be uneasie at that sort of Buffoonry; because to make some laugh at the expence of the Reputation of others, if it may be call'd Wit, is at the best very ungenerous. It happened at the same time that *Don Vincent* saw a Lady go into the Church, whom he knew at first sight, because she was his Mistress, and a Lover by the least Glimpse (even through a Veil) discovers what he admires. All the Company courteously bow'd to her, and *Camilla*, (for that was her Name) made a most obliging Return; for Civility is no way inconsistent with Modesty, when it does not exceed the Bounds of Decency. *Camilla* was so Beautiful in her Person, of such High Birth, and so Virtuously reserv'd, that tho' *Don Vincent* was as well Qualify'd as we have describ'd him, yet he lov'd with little Hopes to gain her by his Merits, and therefore believing no otherwise, than that the other Gentleman above mention'd could not but make her an exception from the lavishness of his Tongue; he began to extol her Mien, her Beauty, her Discretion and her Modesty; fixing his Eye all the while on *Don Claudio*, (for that was the Name of the Railer) hoping to put him into a good natured Fit of speaking Honourably of some one Person that Morning. All the Company in General own'd he was in the right,

none of them imagining that he had any other motive for what he said, but the truth of the Fact ; for he was so prudent as to keep conceal'd his Love, even from his most intimate Friends, knowing no impossibility for Friends to prove Enemies, and that sometimes the greatest Confident is the first that Plays a foul Game. There are Abundance of Men, who speak of others without any ill Design or Provocation, but only by way of Diversion and Pastime ; as if it were a commendable quality to entertain the Company in Discourse by wronging the Absent. *Don Claudio* was one of these, he knew all that was done in the City, and much more, gave foul Hints, carry'd Tales, set Friends together by the Ears, and took it so heinously to hear any Body well spoken of, that as if *Don Vincent* had done him some great Injury, he address'd himself thus to him :

‘ It is to no purpose, *Don Vincent*, to magnifie things to such a pitch among us Men of
 ‘ the Town, who are every where, and know
 ‘ all things that pass ; for if the Original is not
 ‘ answerable to the Description given, it only
 ‘ serves to provoke him that hears it. That
 ‘ Lady is very handsome, well born, and discreet ; but yet not so very nice or reserv'd
 ‘ as you would fain make us believe she is ;
 ‘ for I know the Man who has receiv'd some
 ‘ Favours from her Mouth, which are beyond
 ‘ the common Strain and Allowance. No
 ‘ doubt but you are that self-same happy Man,
 ‘ who

' who has deserv'd them, answer'd *Don Vin-*
 ' cent, or else you could never take the Free-
 ' dom to blurt it out in such plain and express
 ' Terms. I do not say I am that happy Man,
 ' reply'd *Don Claudio*, but that I know him,
 ' and have seen him with her very often. *Don*
 ' *Vincent*, whose Passion now swell'd high,
 ' rather out of Disdain than Jealousie, said to
 ' him, I do not so much admire, *Don Claudio*,
 ' at your being so highly favour'd by this
 ' Lady, as you tell us, as at your being so open
 ' in making it known, because the first may
 ' be the Effect of your Merit or Good Fortune,
 ' and you may perhaps have both ; but the
 ' other is a Disrespect to the Lady, and want
 ' of regard to her Honour, a Fault which Men
 ' of your Rank ought not to be guilty of.
 ' However, I believe that neither I nor these
 ' Gentlemen will entertain the worse Opinion
 ' of the Lady ; for as a Man is not oblig'd to
 ' perform a Promise made to the Prejudice of
 ' a third Person, tho' he have confirm'd it by
 ' Oath ; so in like manner, I am of Opinion
 ' there is no Necessity of believing any thing
 ' that is said in Dishonour of the Ladies, whose
 ' Reputation ought always to take place. Be-
 ' sides, with your good leave, Sir, the great-
 ' est reason which ought to induce us not to
 ' believe it, is because you say it ; for, they
 ' that are belov'd always conceal the Favour,
 ' and generally those Persons only that are
 ' despis'd make the most noise ; there being a
 ' certain sort of Men who take the liberty to
 ' boast,

' boast, not of what they did, but of what they
 ' would have done if they could, taking grea-
 ' ter pleasure in telling what they do not act,
 ' than ever they would do in acting what they
 ' say. I do not say you are of that Temper,
 ' but that your Discourse is not sutable to the
 ' secrecy Affairs of that high nature re-
 ' quire, tho' it were only for fear of doing a
 ' Mischief with one word, which afterwards is
 ' not to be recall'd or rectify'd by many. There
 ' is scarce any restitution to be made of Ho-
 ' nour *Don Claudio*, as there is of Goods; for
 ' tho' the Truth appear as clear as the Day,
 ' yet our Malice is so full of Cavil, that it
 ' ever retains a mistrust of what it heard; and
 ' it is an innate ill Disposition in Man, rather
 ' to take up with a doubtful Reproach than
 ' give ear to an avouch'd Commendation. Yet
 ' after all, this does not hold good, in the pre-
 ' sent Case before us, because we have all so
 ' well grounded an Opinion of that Ladies
 ' Modesty, that tho' as a Woman she may be
 ' suppos'd liable to failings, yet being the Per-
 ' son we know her to be, that very Considera-
 ' tion takes away all Cause of Mistrust on that
 ' Account; but that you may be reduced to say
 ' as I do, tho' you seem to inculcate the con-
 ' trary, pray hear what I am going to tell you.
 ' The Lady *Camilla* has a great deal of Discre-
 ' tion, and being discreet there is no doubt
 ' but she must know how to make a good
 ' Choice. Taking this for granted, I must
 ' tell you in the next place, that I have Court-
 ' ed

' ed her these two Years, and there is no Que-
 ' stion but I am a genteeler Person than you,
 ' tho' perhaps inferior to all the rest. I am
 ' much Richer, as having Four thousand Du-
 ' cats a Year, Land of Inheritance, and I much
 ' question whether you have that Sum in all
 ' the World. I am the better Schollar ; (tho'
 ' it does not become me to say it) because as yet
 ' you have given no Proof of your Wit, and I
 ' have perform'd several Publick Acts in this
 ' Famous University, which have given me
 ' some Place among the many Professors of
 ' Learning. As for my Birth every one knows
 ' I am inferior to none ; and as for Valour,
 ' which generally gains the Hearts of the La-
 ' dies ; it is certain, I am as far from envying
 ' any Man in that particular, as you have been
 ' from ever drawing your Sword. Now all
 ' these things being really so, and I having the
 ' Reputation of keeping a Secret ; if with all
 ' this I have not merited so much Favour as a
 ' Hearing ; how would you have me or any
 ' Body else believe , that you have van-
 ' quish'd so modest and reserv'd a Lady, who
 ' is scarce acquainted with the Name of any
 ' one of us : Be pleas'd therefore to govern
 ' your Tongue, especially in things of this
 ' Nature ; for that Liberty you take is rather
 ' offensive than pleasing to any of the Compa-
 ' ny, at least I think so ; for it is certain that
 ' he who speaks ill of the Absent, does them
 ' no Injury, because they are not in Place to
 ' answer for themselves, and therefore it reflects

' upon the Judgment of the Standers by, as
 ' making such mean Account of them, as to be-
 ' lieve they can be taken with, and imposed
 ' upon by the hearing of such like scandalous
 ' Reflections ; and here are, I assure you, too
 ' many Gentlemen of Worth for you to enter-
 ' tain such a mean notion of them.

' There are a certain Set of Men who refer
 ' all their Answers to their Tongues, and none
 ' to their Hands, who always go abroad with
 ' a firm Resolution not to take any thing as an
 ' Affront, tho' it be never so plain against them.
 ' *Don Claudio* was one of this Stamp, and so
 ' provoking in this way, that were he to have
 ' made good all he said, and to have fought
 ' with all he injured, he must never have kept
 ' his Sword in the Scabbard, and therefore
 ' making a Jest of what another would have
 ' taken for an Affront, the Answer he return'd
 ' *Don Vincent*, was asking him, Where he
 ' was to Preach next, for he had an excellent
 ' Knack at it, and had done it to Admiration ;
 ' but that the Lady could in Honour do no less
 ' than send him a Present of Handkerchers and
 ' Sweet-meats ; if it were only for his having
 ' taken upon him like a Knight Errant to right
 ' the wrong done to the Lady *Camilla*. He fur-
 ' ther added, That, as to his being more Gen-
 ' teel, Discreet and Learned, there were
 ' Judges enough to decide that matter ; and in
 ' the mean while it were better that any in-
 ' different Person had said so much, tho' for
 ' his part he submitted, because he was not in

‘ a Passion at that time, and had taken an Oath
 ‘ never to fight for any Woman living.

Don Claudio spoke many more insipid things, all tending to the same purpose, without taking the least notice that *Don Vincent* was very much in earnest, that so he might not be oblig’d to answer him like a Gentleman. In short, he made so many Jest, that the whole Company could not but burst out a Laughing at him. But *Don Vincent* highly incens’d at his taking so little notice of the true meaning of his words, to leave him not the least room
 ‘ to plead ignorance; told him further; If making a Jest of all that is said to you be a contrivance to keep out of harms way, and palliate Cowardice, the best way will be to Padlock up your Mouth lest some Body think
 ‘ himself oblig’d to cut you over the Head; for it is rather dangerous than safe to make so much use of your Tongue, and so little of your Hands. What I said but now was meant
 ‘ in earnest, and with a design to make you take it as an affront as I had done; but since
 ‘ I perceive you are so dispos’d as not to make any account of all I have or can say, I advise
 ‘ you not to come to talk where I am, for should I grow out of patience with your Follies,
 ‘ you may chance to feel my Actions to your Cost, tho’ you will not understand my words.
 ‘ I may talk in any Company, answer’d *Don Claudio*, and no Man can with reason think
 ‘ it any lessening to him to Discourse with me.
 ‘ That is very true, Sir, reply’d *Don Vincent*;

‘ but you are too well born to make a Buffoon;
 ‘ and will prove but a dangerous Friend to one
 ‘ that has the Reputation of honouring the
 ‘ Ladies. *Don Claudio* thinking these Ex-
 pressions requir’d a bolder Answer, and being
 satisfy’d that the Company would not suffer
Don Vincent to do him any Harm, boldly gave
 him the Lye, drawing his Sword at the same
 time, as did also *Don Vincent* and all the rest;
Don Vincent to revenge that Affront, and the
 Company, to prevent any Mischief at that
 time, as actually they did, for they interpos’d
 so effectually, and such Abundance of People
 flock’d in betwixt them, that in Spight of his
 Passion they carry’d him Home, so much be-
 sides himself with Fury and Rage, that he could
 have found in his Heart to revenge on himself
 the Wrong done him by *Don Claudio*, who
 kept up close for several Days, not daring to
 appear where *Don Vincent* might meet him, as
 being sensible that wheresoever he saw him he
 would infallibly be his Death.

Don Claudio was Brother-in-Law to the
 Governour of the City of *Valencia*, and tho’
 of no Account as to his Person, had very great
 Relations, who being sensible of the Danger
 his Life was in, made their Addresses to the
 Viceroy, desiring he would interpose his Au-
 thority for composing that Affair, lest *Don*
Vincent should commit some Extravagancy,
 against *Don Claudio*. The Viceroy was oblig’d
 to make up this Quarrel, both as Chief Mini-
 ster of Justice, and as a Friend to those who

interceded in behalf of *Don Claudio* ; and therefore having made an Enquiry into the Merits of the Cause, tho' not rightly inform'd, (because all that gave him the Account were the Offender's Kindred) he sent for them, and order'd them both to be secur'd in two Castles, till such time as the Matter could be further examined, and they brought to a Reconciliation. *Don Vincent* refus'd at first to be reconcil'd to his Adversary ; but the Viceroy leaving no stone unturn'd, as well by Threats, as fair Promises, to bring him to a Compliance ; *Don Vincent* perceiving he must either submit, or remain a perpetual Prisoner, and so be depriv'd of all Possibility of Revenge, promis'd to be reconcil'd to *Don Claudio*, and to put up the Affront in compliance with his Excellency, and so many Gentlemen, as urged him so to do. *Don Vincent* was no sooner set at Liberty, but he bent all his Thoughts how to take Revenge either in publick, or in private, yet could not effect it for some time, because *Don Claudio* being jealous of his Temper, was always at Home in the Evening earlier than is usual with young Men ; and when ever he happen'd to be Abroad was still so well attended by his Friends and Servants, that it was impossible to make any Attempt upon him.

Camilla's Parents and Kindred being by this time inform'd, that the Quarrel had been upon her Account, and thinking it would be no small Blemish to her Reputation, if that was not vindicated

cated among those who knew the Original of the Controversie; they all propos'd to Marry her to *Don Claudio*, the Viceroy to this effect promising to bestow on him such Preferments as might make him an equal Match for *Camilla's* Portion and Merits. *Don Vincent* knew nothing of this Design, because being quite over-run with Melancholy, as well for the affront receiv'd, as by the Thoughts he entertained, whether what *Don Claudio* had said in relation to his Mistress's Reservedness might not be true, (for sometimes a Man will believe Impossibilities when they are to his own Prejudice) he had not seen her for some Days or Nights at a low Grated Window, where they used to talk to one another; *Camilla* observing how negligent *Don Vincent* was, at that very Juncture of time when her Father and the Viceroy were contriving to Marry her to *Don Claudio*, not to be wanting to her Love, writ a Billet to him in a more Complimental Stile than she was wont to do at other times, and sent it by *Fenisa*, a Maid of hers, whom she had made her Confident, to inform him of the desperate Condition of her Love. *Fenisa* watch'd the first Opportunity that her Master and Mistress might not know she was abroad, and then went away to *Don Vincent's*, who receiv'd her with so much Coldness, that by his very Countenance she soon discover'd either his Anger, or his want of Affection; for the Face seldom fails to express the Sentiments of the Soul. She deliver'd the

the Letter, which he receiv'd without those Expressions of Joy he was wont to make use of at other times. He read the Supercription, as if he had been a Stranger to what it contained, and broke open the Seal with such Deliberation, as if he were indifferent, and only read it by way of Complaisance; for when Men are jealous they affect to let the World know that they can live without their Mistress's Favours. At length stepping aside, and leaving *Fenisa* to divert her self by looking upon some Pictures and Landskips that cover'd the Marble-Walls of a stately Galery, he kiss'd the Paper, and read the following Lines.

The LETTER.

Sir, Being so well acquainted with Don Claudio's ill Tongue as you are, and knowing me so well as you do, you must give me leave to complain against your anger, since you seem to believe what you know my Modesty cannot possibly be guilty of, being such a Person as I am, or my Inclination, being so much in Love with you. That you have believ'd what he told you is certain, else you would never have kept from me so long; and if you have not believ'd, (as I have reason to hope from a Man of your sense) I have still the more cause of Complaint, because you are ungrateful without any Provocation. Such is my Grief at this time, that I suppose it will soon put an end to my miserable Days; for besides the miss of seeing you, my Parents have taken

taken a Resolution to Marry me to Don Claudio. That my Honour may be clear from any blemish, if you love me as you pretended you did, there is Time enough to prevent it, and in what Manner you shall think fit, for Women that are really in love will not stick at any Extravagancies. You are no less Discreet than I am Unfortunate, and by what I say, may guess how much I endure. God preserve you as I wish, that you may defend me against ill Tongues, but not that you may forget me; for the one is a Favour, and the other Ingratitude.

Only he who is well acquainted with the Affairs of Love, can be able to conceive with how much Ardour *Don Vincent* concluded the reading of this Letter; considering that his Enemy had not only wrong'd him in his Honour, but that he endeavour'd also by such vile Means to deprive him of what he had merited by his Extraordinary Services; however he made shift to take Pen and Ink, and to answer *Camilla*, declaring his Love, and blaming his hard Fortune, yet promising himself a Prosperous Event, if it pleas'd God to spare his Life, and preserve her Love. He seal'd up the Paper, writ the Superscription, deliver'd it to *Fenisa*, and requited her Trouble, desiring her to lose no Time, but to make haste to her Beautiful Mistress. The trusty Servant did as she was order'd, and coming into her Mistress's Apartment, without being observ'd, deliver'd the Letter, which was so great a Satisfaction

tisfaction to her, that she took Comfort upon the very Sight of it, and when it was opened, found in it these following words :

The A N S W E R.

Madam, The Concern I shew'd when Don Claudio boasted that he enjoy'd your Favour, was not because I believ'd it, but because those who heard might credit it ; for any thing is easily believ'd that is to the Disreputation of a third Person. I have not forbore or desisted from seeing you for want of Love, but for fear of being despis'd ; because I fancy'd that as I am uneasie at my self until I am reveng'd, so you, Madam, who are the same with my self, would not like to see me affronted and no Satisfaction given me. Honour can find out several ways to set me righted for the word Don Claudio, said to me, without Bloodshed ; but I can find no better way to prevent his robbing me of my Life, by Marrying you, than by removing the Cause ; and I know little more or less how this is to be done, and you shall know it too, if you have Courage enough to let me see you, as you used to do at other times. The Hour shall be at Midnight, the Place your Grated Window, where you will please to meet me without any other Weapons, but your Eyes and your Sincerity, to which I submit my self before hand, tho' it be an ill Omen for one that has a Quarrel upon his hands. But when a Man is upon this sort of Duty, Submission is the greatest Victory, since
there

there is so much Odds in the Weapons, I mean the Eyes; for as to Sincerity I believe my self no way inferior to you, to whom Heavens give a long Life, tho' you belong to another, because I have that value for you, that whatsoever happens I still wish to see you alive.

It is easy to be imagined that both the Lovers thought it a long Time till Midnight, she to contrive how to make *Don Vincent* happy, and he to do the Duty of a Gentleman, without losing any Thing of his Love. It was just about Ten of the Clock when *Don Vincent* came into his Mistress's Street, but found every Thing was not yet as clear as he could have wish'd, for he heard some Noise of Swords and Targets, and some Instruments tuning, which shew'd there was Musick to follow, and who should this be but *Don Claudio*, who reckoning himself now in a Manner a Bridegroom, design'd to entertain *Camilla*. By this Consort of Musick *Don Vincent* made a halt, and considering that to embroil himself with all those People, was not the Way to compass what he aim'd at, he resolv'd to act the Dissembler for the present, and to wait among the rest of the Company. Here, with little satisfaction to himself, he heard a most excellent Consort contriv'd on purpose by the ablest Musicians of the City. When it was ended it being observ'd that *Camilla* had not open'd her Window, they tun'd again, and after a short respite play'd

play'd several of the best compositions then in
 vogue, but with as little Success as before.
Don Claudio being sensible by this time how
 little *Camilla* countenanc'd his Addresses, since
 she had not once open'd the Window ; he was
 much offended at this her scornful Depart-
 ment, dismiss'd the Musicians, but stay'd be-
 hind himself, with only two Friends he con-
 sider'd in, and two Bullies more, who make a
 Trade of cutting of Throats. *Don Vincent*
 laying hold of this Opportunity, since he could
 not at that time speak with *Camilla*, because
 abundance of the Neighbours appear'd at their
 Windows to hear the Musick, follow'd *Don*
Claudio and his Company into a narrow Street,
 here he stopt, and then drawing his Sword,
 and taking hold of a Target that hung by his
 Girdle, call'd *Don Claudio* by name, told him
 who he was, and that he was come thither, not
 to quarrel with him, on account of the former
 Affront, because he was not capable of giving
 any, who durst not stand to make it good ;
 but to warn him never to look after *Camilla*,
 or hope she could ever be his, because she al-
 ready belong'd to another Person, who deserv'd
 better, tho' he talk'd Less ; and therefore, be-
 fore he went one step farther, he must give him
 his word, that he would absolutely desist from
 his Pretensions that way, which if he refus'd
 he might be assur'd it would prove more dan-
 gerous than he imagin'd. *Don Vincent* was sa-
 tisfy'd he would answer neither of his Demands,
 both, because all his Relations were engag'd
 in.

in promoting the Match, and in regard he had so great odds at that time on his side, but he spoke after this manner, that the Occasion of the Quarrel being fresh, the Viceroy might not be offended at his taking this way of Revenging himself by another Contest. Your boldness, answer'd *Don Claudio*, deserves no Answer, but turning my Back upon, and leaving you like a Mad-man as you are that you may find me out when I am not so well attended; for it is certain that these Gentlemen who are with me, will not leave us to our selves, tho' I should desire it, and I would not willingly have it said to Morrow that you engag'd with five, when any one of us is enough for you and several others. *Don Claudio* spoke after this manner with a design to put *Don Vincent* into a Passion, who being alone, and they so many could not escape being either kill'd or wounded in the Fray; besides that if he were assaulted this would prove his Justification with the Viceroy, that he did not give the first Provocation, but was compell'd to quarrel by *Don Vincent's* Attempt upon him. But *Don Vincent* understanding the Writings were to be sign'd the next Day, for their Marriage, fell upon them all five, with such Fury, that they had all enough to defend themselves against his just Resentment, especially *Don Claudio*, who concluded himself now quite undone; for the two Bullies he had to guard him, forsook their Charge, and made off as fast

as

as they could, either because they were in cold Blood, or because he did not pay them generously, or what is most likely, because that sort of People have neither Honour to stand, nor Courage to offend. Of the three that remain'd, one was so much Hurt, that he was fain to make use of the other to carry him off to be taken Care of ; so that *Don Vincent* did not in the least question but that *Don Claudio* being left alone, he should soon dispatch him, if he did not make as much use of his Heels now, as he did of his Tongue of late, but as soon as ever he found himself forsaken by all his Company, he began first to Retire, and at last resolv'd to run outright, taking the advice of those who say, *That one pair of Heels is worth two pair of Hands*. But this old Proverb did not prove true with *Don Claudio*, for as soon as ever he turn'd his Back, his Enemy was in with him at two Strides, and without any Opposition gave him two Mortal Stabs, which made him drop to the Ground. *Don Vincent* fearing to be taken up by the Rounds, if he stay'd, left that Street with all possible speed, and went away to *Camilla's*, whom he found at the place appointed, in no small Fright, as not knowing what might be the occasion of *Don Vincent's* staying so long beyond the appointed time. He acquainted her in a few Words with the Death of his Adversary *Don Claudio*, the Danger he was in himself, and the Hazard she ran, if her Parents should chance to know that her Beauty had

been the Occasion of *Don Claudio's* unhappy Death, and therefore desir'd her to sacrifice every thing to her Love, and to leave the House immediately, and he would carry her where she might lie conceal'd, and more to her Satisfaction, till her Parents could be appeas'd, and the Viceroy's Rage allay'd, which he had Reason to fear would not be soon, because he seem'd to be a Party concern'd in that Affair.

A Woman in Love is soon perswaded to any thing, provided it tends to the accomplishment of her Desires. Accordingly *Camilla* lik'd her Lover's Advice so well, that, without any farther Consideration, she comply'd with his Will, and got out at a Garden Door, which led into another Street, attended only by *Fenisa*, who would not leave her upon this Occasion. They took a Resolution not to depart the City that Night, nor for some Time after: For the best Way to disappoint the Search of Justice in such Cases is to stay long in the same Place, where the Crime is committed, especially if it be in a populous and large Town or City. Being thus agreed they took their Way thro' several Streets towards the House of an old Servant of *Don Vincent's*, who being out of the Way, and little known, could not easily be suspected to conceal them.

They were now come very near the House, when at the turning of a Corner they were met by eight Men, who observing them to be in great haste, one of them step'd up boldly to them,

them, and ask'd *Don Vincent* the usual questions, Who he was? And whether he was going, at that unseasonable Hour of the Night? *Don Vincent* was surpriz'd, and the Fearful Lady dismay'd, especially when they perceiv'd that the Person who ask'd the Questions was *Don Claudio's* Brother-in-law; who being as we told you before, Governor of the City, tho' Ignorant as yet, of what had happen'd, was taking his Rounds in those most remote Parts of the Town, to rid them of a parcel of Thieves, who, under the Notion of poor Soldiers, were said to rob all they met, that way. *Don Vincent* altering his Voice, as much as he could, as believing no otherwise than that the Governor knew what had happen'd, answer'd, That he was a Gentleman of the best Quality in *Valencia*, and that Lady very well known, and therefore, since it appear'd that the whole Offence was but a slip of Youth, he begg'd the Favour that he would not insist upon knowing them; and this he did with abundance of Courtesie, and more Submission than would have agreed with his Temper at another Time; but he knew that upon some Occasions a Man is a Gainer by humbling himself. The Governor answer'd in an obliging manner, He well knew the Respect that was due to Gentlemen; but that the Duty of his Office hinder'd him, at that Time, from using that Sort of Courtesie, tho' that should not obstruct his practicing of it, when he knew who they were, because it was a Duty incumbent on his Post

to know who he was, and the Lady he had with him, and a Consequence of his Birth and Quality to serve them to the utmost of his Power, after he had seen who they were. *Don Vincent* excus'd himself again; and the Governor still persisted, imagining that backwardness in discovering himself to be an infallible Sign of some private Guilt, and therefore drew nearer *Don Vincent* in a rough and imperious manner, to force his Cloak from before his Face. He seeing the Governor's Resolution, turn'd to *Camilla*, and said, *Madam, This is an unavoidable Exigency, make your Escape the best you can, for I must leave nothing unattempted to save my self:* Then drawing his Sword, like a desperate Man, he began to lay about him furiously, and remembering there was a Monastery of Fryars close by, press'd on upon their Swords, and made his way clear thro' the Eight Men. As soon as ever he saw himself out of the Reach of their Swords, he ran towards the Church, and came to the Monastery Gate, at that very lucky Minute when two of the Religious were just going out, to assist a Dying Person, and the Porter seeing a single Man, with his naked Sword, eagerly pursu'd by so many, and soon guessing at the Meaning of it, without any Surprise open'd the Door wide for him, that he might not be hinder'd, and as soon as he was in clap'd it too upon those that pursu'd him.

The Governor by this Time knew *Don Vincent*, because he was fain to let go his
Cloak

Cloak to lay hold of his Sword and Target, and the brightness of the Night contributed much to his being discover'd: However, considering there was no apprehending of him at that time, because the meeting of him with a Woman was no Offence that would justify the breaking open of the Doors of the Monastery, he return'd to the place where the Fray began, and where he had left *Camilla* and *Fenisa*, with two of his Men, both of them Pale, and almost Speechless with Fear. When *Camilla* saw the Governor return, fuming, and in a Passion, because he had not been able to secure *Don Vincent*, it was no small Comfort to her, judging rightly, that her Lover was out of Danger; for those who truly Love are generally least troubled at their own Misfortunes. She step'd to him, veild as she was, and desir'd he would not uncover her, till she was at his House, or where else he pleas'd to carry her, she being a Woman of so high a Rank, that he would repent it, should he do otherwise. This she said to avoid being uncover'd before so many Men, and, at the same time, to gain the more Time for her Lover to secure himself. The Governor granted her Request, and went away towards his own House, designing to leave her there with his Wife, and then go to acquaint the Viceroy with *Don Vincent's* Offence. But he was scarce come to the great Square, when he receiv'd the News of his Brother-in-Law's Death, and that he was kill'd by the very Person he might so easily have

secur'd but just before. He then presently went up to the Lady and removing her Veil from her Face, in a very rough Manner, found it was *Camilla*, whom he carry'd before the Viceroy, telling him all that happen'd. The Viceroy having heard of it before, and looking upon himself as a Party concern'd in this Quarrel because he made the Reconciliation, had already sent abroad a Number of his Men to lie in wait upon the Roads, and put out a Proclamation, forbidding any body to conceal him under severe Penalties. But the Governor now telling how he had left him in the Monastery, he sent him back with fifty Men, and his Orders to the Superior to permit him to Search All the House, which he immediately comply'd with, opening all the Doors, and commanding the Religious Men not to offer the least thing that might look like obstructing the civil Magistrate in their Search. The Governor and all his Followers being admitted within the Monastery, left no Cell, Vault, Chappel, or Corner in the whole House unsearch'd, (such was his desire of Revenge) but not meeting with what he look'd for, return'd, much out of Countenance, to acquaint his Excellency with his ill Success, who expected him, making no Question of his bringing the Prisoner along with him. But *Don Vincent* had more Wit, than to stay for their coming, for as soon as ever those who pursu'd him were gone from the Gate, considering with himself that they would certainly

come

come again to secure him, without any Regard to the Immunities of the holy Place, which provok'd Justice does not always observe, he got out over the Garden Walls, and went away to the House of an intimate Friend he had, whose Name was *Don Valerio*, who, like a Gentleman and true Friend, in Spight of all the Threats mention'd in the Proclamation, conceal'd him in his House, in so private a Place, that tho' they had known he was shelter'd there, they could never have found him; and this they did without acquainting either Man or Woman Servant with the Matter, as knowing them, in such like Cases, often to prove the most dangerous Enemies.

The Magistrates by this Time left no Place unsearch'd, and took particular Care to secure all the Roads, believing his only way to escape them, was to get into another Kingdom, where all Crimes are stifled. Their Notion, it's true, was right, but they did not consider that such things must be done with Caution, for to fly out of a City as soon as the Crime is committed, is more like endeavouring to run with Fetters on a Man's Legs, to betray him, than a safe Means to secure himself; and therefore, as I have hinted before, the surest way to disappoint all Search, is to depart the Place when they believe a Man is in *France*, or in the *West-Indies*. To help this Contrivance there is every where a sort of Newsmongers, who are so fond of telling a fresh Lye every day,

that they will pretend they have Letters that the Person sought after has been seen publicly in *Germany*, or landing on the Coast of *Barbary*, and this they do, not out of any design to favour the Party that lies conceal'd, but to be thought Men of Intelligence, and to find talk for the Day; and these pretended Intelligences may easily be improv'd to the Advantage of the Distressed Party, by having it spread abroad by his private Friends, that he is at a great Distance from the Place where the Fact was committed.

A Report being thus spread abroad, that *Don Vincent* was many Leagues from the Kingdom of *Valencia*, the Viceroy gave over his Search, as well in Regard he had no Hopes of compassing his Design, as because being better inform'd of the Truth of the Fact, and understanding by this Time, by the unanimous Consent of all unbyass'd Persons, that the beginning of the Quarrel had been so honourable, as standing up for the Reputation of the Ladies, and that no Man gave *Don Claudio* a good Word, tho' he was Dead, which is the Time when Commendations are most freely bestow'd; for a Person departed is always honour'd, tho' he never deserv'd it whilst Living. I say the Viceroy considering all these Things grew calm, and resolv'd to be more favourable to *Don Vincent*, in case he should be found in *Valencia*, before his Viceroyship was expir'd.

Don Vincent thinking himself somewhat safer by the Intelligence his Friend *Don Valerio* brought him concerning the Viceroy, resolv'd

solv'd to get away into *Castile*, that he might there, with more Security, sollicite his Freedom by such Means as should be found most conducing to make up that Breach. But his Love continuing still to prevail in his Heart, he took a firm Resolution, that since he was oblig'd to quit *Valencia*, he could not do it, without seeing his Beloved *Camilla*, who was in great Anguish of Mind, at the House of a Gentleman of the first Quality in *Valencia*, where she had been lodg'd by the Viceroy's Order, partly to spite *Don Vincent*, and partly at the Lady's own Request, and for her Safety; because her Father was of so merciless a Temper, and so much provok'd by the Fault she had committed, that there was great Reason to fear he would do her some fatal Mischief, should she happen to fall into his Hands, and therefore she thought it more convenient to stay at that Gentleman's, with two Beautiful Daughters he had, who took such a liking to her, that had it not been for her Melancholy, occasioned by her Troubles, they would have thought themselves oblig'd to Fortune for this Mishap, they being Charm'd to Admiration with her extraordinary Courtesy, Wit and Beauty. *Don Valerio* was somewhat related to these Ladies, which, as it intitled him to the Liberty of visiting them sometimes, without asking leave, so their Kindred was not so near as to deprive him of the Hopes of Marrying *Donna Maria*, the Eldest of the Two Sisters, unto which she gave no small Encouragement

as well by her Eyes, as sometimes also by some tender Expressions, because *Don Valerio* was a Person deserving that Favour, and the only Man she had the freedom to converse with; for a constant and pleasing Familiarity is the most powerful Spell to engage a Lady's heart. *Don Valerio* was a Person of singular Discretion, and had once resolv'd never to Devote himself to any Lady, till seeing *Donna Maria*, he could no longer withstand the Power of her Charms, but after having concealed his Love for some time, and often declared it by the dumb, but most eloquent Language of his Eyes, he one Night took the Liberty to give her an Excellent Consort of Musick under her Window, and at the same time sung the following Verses :

The S O N G.

I.

*Once harden'd, now relenting Heart,
Still subject to Extreams :
Once proof against Love's Golden Dart,
Now lull'd in am'rous Dreams.
Dwell not on vain fantastick Joys,
That never make true bliss,
All other Pleasures are but Toys,
Love only's Paradise.*

II.

*Too long fond Heart you wildly stray'd
In search of false Delight,
Pleas'd with the Shadows, which you made
Regardless of the Light.*

Unhappy

*Unhappy that you've lost much Time
In Toil you took for Rest.
Thrice happy that you see your Crime,
And loving much art blest.*

III.

*Forgive this wand'ring Heart, bright Saint,
Tho' long 't have been astray,
Repenting now, begs leave you'll grant
Vows due to you 't may pay.
To you alone it shall aspire,
To you its off'rings bring,
Only on you gaze and admire,
Only your Praises sing.*

Don Valerio had not acquainted his Friend hitherto with this Love, for tho' he did not mistrust his Discretion, yet he thought it no Breach of Friendship to conceal from him such a private Amour; because he reckoned it a Piece of Vanity to declare to him he was belov'd, and to say he was not would be unjust; and therefore he chose rather to love on in Silence, for Fear of offending his Mistress's Honour, which ought, at all Times, to be managed with great Caution, being of the nature of Glafs, which if roughly handled, is at least in danger of being damaged, if not broken. He now finding *Don Vincent* so eager to contrive how he might see his *Camilla*, made known to him his Love for *Donna Maria*, and how Instrumental she might prove in assisting of him. It is needless to tell any Lover what a satisfaction

tion this was to *Don Vincent*, for he that ever loved will easily conceive much more than I am able to exprefs. The next Day *Don Valerio* went to Vifit his Coufin, whom he acquainted with his Project, under the Caution of Secrecy, tho' this was altogether needlefs, becaufe, tho' a Woman, ſhe was of great Birth and Difcretion. She exprefs'd ſo much Satisfaction at it, that he was deliver'd of the Apprehenſion he had of offending by ſuch a Propoſal. The Reaſon was, that *Donna Maria* being ſtrangely fond of *Camilla*, ſhe concluded, not without good Reaſon, that ſhe at once obliged *Don Vincent* by granting his Requeſt, and *Camilla* in being the Meſſenger of ſuch good News; which was ſo pleaſing to her, that the Satisfaction ſhe conceived for a while ſtruck her quite dumb, and ſhe ſtood like a Statue without Senſe or Motion. For our Condition is ſuch that not only Sorrow diſturbs Our Mind, but even Joy often puts us out of Order. In ſhort, after having debated the whole Buſineſs at Leiſure, they agreed that *Don Vincent* ſhould be hid till Midnight in a Servant's Room in the Houſe, when he ſhould go out into a Garden, which being next to *Camilla's* Chamber, he might there talk to her at Pleaſure till Morning. *Don Ualerio* and *Donna Maria* having made uſe of that ſame Place to entertain one another,

Don Uincent was no leſs over-joy'd than *Camilla*, when his Friend told him what had been agreed on. And tho' there ſeem'd to be

no Danger in the thing as the Plot was laid, yet *Don Valerio* thought it convenient he should go in some sort of Disguise, that in case he should be seen by any of his Acquaintance, they might not know him. Accordingly *Don Vincent* was clad in a Greenish Sute of Cloaths, (being *Don Ualerio's* Livery) with a Pair of False Whiskers, and a Patch on his Left-Eye : In this manner he ventur'd out in the Evening, through the Streets of *Ualencia*, and went along with his Friend up into his Mistress's Apartment, where he saw, and might have Discours'd her at Pleasure, had they not been prevented by an unseasonable Visit; which oblig'd him to put it off till a more convenient time. *D. Valerio* took leave of his Mistress and the other Ladies, and went his ways, designing to stay with his Friend; both to stand by him upon Occasion, and to see his Kinswoman, as he us'd to do at other times. But it fell out otherwise, for *Donna Maria's* Brother meeting him, as he was going down the Stairs, desir'd he would keep him Company that Night, because an Accident had fallen out that would require the Assistance of his Sword, which *Don Ualerio* could not refuse, and therefore desired him to wait at his House, and he would be there within two Hours. During that time he had the Opportunity of putting *Don Vincent* into *Martinez's* Room, this being the Name of the Servant, who was intrusted with both their Loves.

It is impossible to express with how much Eagerness as well as Satisfaction, the Amorous *Don Vincent* expected the time appointed when he was to see his dearly beloved *Camilla* ; little dreaming what a Disaster his ill Fate was just preparing for him, which was like to have proved the most dangerous of his Life ; and happen'd in this manner. *Donna Maria's* Father had the Reputation of being excessive Rich, and very Covetous, (for these two things often go together) and some of his Family having inform'd him that his Servant *Martinez* had Abundance of Pieces of Eight (which in effect he had got by *Don Valerio*) and there being some Plate and other Things missing in the House at that very time, the Old Gentleman fancy'd that *Martinez* could not have so much Money by saving his Wages ; which were inconsiderable, and as Covetous Men commonly set up for being very long sighted, concluded that *Martinez* had certainly rob'd him. He was the more confirm'd in this Notion by another of his Servants, who, rather out of Malice than any honest Design, told him, that *Martinez* did use to bring several of his Friends into his Chamber, (because perhaps he had seen *Don Valerio* there) and that they had great Suppers together. Upon this Information the Old Gentleman being become exceeding jealous of *Martinez's* Pieces of Eight, resolv'd to catch him unawares, the better to dive into the Bottom of that Affair. For this purpose he came down out of his Chamber at Eleven
of

of the Clock at Night, attended by two Servants, and went into the Room, where *Don Vincent* was with *Martinez*, Consulting, whether it was time to go out into the Garden or no. *Donna Maria's* Father happening to overhear some of their Words through the Key-hole, and concluding by them that the Man who was with his Servant did certainly assist him in the Robberies he thought him Guilty of, because he heard him say, *It was now near the time to put their Design in Execution*; he sent for four Servants more, bidding them as soon as they could get into the Room to secure that Man, who look'd very Suspicious by his Mein and Garb, and tye him Neck and Heels, which done, they should serve *Martinez* in the same manner, to prevent their wicked Design of Robbing him, till in the Morning they could commit them to Prison, and Extort a Confession from them by the Rack. Thus instructed they knock'd at the Door, at which *Martinez* was not a little surpriz'd, because of the Unseasonableness of the Hour; but recollecting himself and thinking it might perhaps be *Don Valerio*, or some of his Lady's Maids, he took heart, and call'd out aloud, *Who was there?* and *What they wanted?* But when he heard his Master's Voice, he appear'd like one thunder-struck. *Don Vincent* not knowing the Cause of that unexpected Accident, and wanting Time to ask what it meant, stood still, believing in the Habit he was, no Body could know him, and imagin-

imagining that since they did not come to look for him, he had no Reason to be disturb'd. *Martinez*, tho' in a great Consternation, yet for Fear of giving greater Cause of Suspition, by seeming too backward, and considering *Don Vincent* was so much disguiz'd, open'd the Door to his Master, who came in, not much concern'd in outward Appearance, with the others that attended him, and only ask'd, Why he was not a Bed at that time of Night? He answer'd with so much disorder, as gave Ground to suspect much more than he was Guilty of. His Master still pretending to take little notice, ask'd again, Why he brought any Friends of his into the House at Night, without his Leave? Bidding him never do so again, for he would not allow of it. All this was done to secure *Don Vincent*, who, when he least suspected it, was surrounded by four Men, and disabled from standing upon his Guard, not being at liberty to draw his Sword, which they took away, and bound his Hands and Feet, giving him very scurvy Language besides: The same was done with *Martinez*, and so they were both left together, and a Servant with them to observe all their Actions.

It would prove a very hard Task to express the Confusion the poor Gentleman was in, considering his present dangerous Circumstances, when the best he could expect was to be known and remain a Prisoner all the Days of his Life, by which means he must also for
ever

ever lose *Camilla*. This put him a thousand times upon telling the Servant that watch'd them, who he was, that he might acquaint his Master, who as a Gentleman, was bound in Honour to protect him. But then again considering, that perhaps he might be the more incens'd for his having carry'd on that Intrigue in his House, and that, if he must be discover'd, it was better *Don Valerio* should do it, who they had agreed should come for him at Four in the Morning, he resolv'd to stay till Day, and then acquaint him with all that had happened.

About an Hour was past, when the Servant that was left to watch them, considering with himself that they were fast Bound both Hands and Feet, and therefore in no possibility of making their Escape, besides that he had the Key of the Room in his Pocket, laid himself down on a Great Chest, which to one that wants Sleep is as good as the softest Feather-Bed in the World; and began to snore so heartily, that he gave *Don Vincent* Time and Opportunity to study some Way or other to make his Escape, and if possible to see his *Dear Spouse* (for so he always call'd her) to make his Excuses for his Delay. Every way there appear'd almost insurmountable Difficulties; because he wanted Hands to unbind his Feet, and had not the help of his Feet to relieve his Hands; so that he saw no way of attempting his Deliverance. But Necessity being ever ingenious, beyond what can be conceived by
P others;

others; and brave Minds in Distress sticking at nothing, he bethought himself of a most notable Expedient, which was, that he dragg'd himself along the Floor to a little Table, on which stood a Candle Burning in a Candlestick, and not regarding the Pain he was likely to endure, (for in such Cases a Man must use himself roughly) he held his Hands to the Flame, till he burnt the Cord that held them in two, not without most severely scorching his Hands. This done, with his Teeth he loos'd that part which was wound about his Wrists, and now seeing his Hands at liberty, unbound *Martinez*. They both laid hold of their Swords, and thus provided, awak'd the Man that was to have watch'd them, who pretending to cry out, and refusing to deliver the Key, to prevent the dangerous consequences of his making a Noise, *Don Vincent* stabb'd him, tho' with much Regret, being loth to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of that Innocent Man; but sometimes the worst of Cruelties is justify'd by Necessity, and many Crimes are committed to avoid the Punishment of the first. Having thus stopt his Mouth, *Martinez* took the Key from the Deceased, and opening the Door, they both went down into the Garden, without any further Trouble. Here *Donna Maria* and *Camilla* were each of them expecting her Lover, with much impatience, by reason of their Delay, and consequently both about to complain of that backwardness, when *Don Vincent* prevented them, giving

ving an Account in great haste of all the Misfortunes of that Night, in as few Words as he could. Then taking leave of *Camilla*, more with his Thoughts than Words, he left her, without staying to be a Witness of her Affliction, which was as great as may be imagin'd, since she was to lose what she loved so much. The Garden Walls were so high that it was very difficult getting over; but that they had the Conveniency of a Tree which stood near them, and so climb'd over, yet not without much trouble and hazard. They went directly to *Don Valerio's* House, who was just then come home, and consulting about what had happen'd, they all concluded, that *Donna Maria's* Father had got some Information of her Love, and her Talking at the Window by Night; and therefore supposing it would be discover'd the next Day, and they would infallibly come to *Don Valerio's* House, where they might possibly find *Don Vincent*, it was agreed he should immediately depart the City. Accordingly they mounted two Horses, and *Don Vincent* went away attended by *Martinez*, who, tho' but of mean Extraction, was a Person of Courage, and took with him Four thousand Crowns he had provided for such an Exigency, ever since his first Quarrel with *Don Claudio*. They struck away clear from the great Road, and before it was well Day were eight Leagues from *Valencia*, in a Wood of Pine-Trees, so thick and Mountainous that it plainly appear'd there was

no Road from thence to any adjacent place. They knew not which Way to take, when towards their Left-hand they heard the Bleating of some Sheep at a small Distance, and presently after some Human Voices, towards which they made, and by their Direction came to a Parcel of Poor Cottages, Inhabited by Shepherds and Colliers. *Don Vincent* alighting, ask'd one of them, Whether there was any Country-Town or Village near at Hand? and being told there was none; because that Part of the Country was so much Infested with Highway Men and Out-laws, that no Man durst so much as keep an Inn thereabouts, he resolv'd to stay in the same Place till Night, because the Horses were so tir'd with Climbing the Rocks, and other uncouth Ways, that it was absolutely requisite to give them some Rest. *Martinez* took off their Saddles and Bridles, and turn'd them loose to Graze till the Evening, when one of the Shepherds, upon Promise of a good Reward had engaged to conduct them to a Village, that was four Leagues off, where they might lye, and be supply'd with what Conveniencies they wanted. The Poor Men gave *Don Vincent* and his Servant part of what coarse Fare they had, and their Guests were very well pleas'd with it; for Hunger refuses nothing that is fit for the Preservation of Life. They were preparing to be gone with a Shepherd that was to be their Guide; when on a sudden they heard a Noise, which they found to be of six Men, who came towards them as
fast

fast as their Horses could carry them along those rough and uneven Ways. *Don Vincent* drew back, and shrewdly suspecting they might be some of those Highway-Men he had been told of, drew one of his Pistols and stood in the Door of the Cottage. He guess'd right, for the Neighing of his Horses as they were Grazing thereabouts, had alarm'd a Company of the Outlaws that were in those Quarters, who supposing the Owners of them were not far off, came to take their Horses, Money, and what else they had of Value, and their Lives at the same time, if they pretended to make any Resistance, for so they had serv'd many others before. When they came up to *Don Vincent*, and had told him their Errand, he was not much mov'd, but answer'd them to this effect :

‘ Gentlemen, I am a Man of Quality, who
 ‘ have had the Misfortune to be now obliged
 ‘ to seek some Place to shelter me from the
 ‘ Pursuit of Justice, which I suppose follows
 ‘ me every where ; and the better to do so,
 ‘ I have but one Servant to bear me Company,
 ‘ designing to get away into some other King-
 ‘ dom, where I may be out of Danger. This
 ‘ you are sensible cannot be done without Mo-
 ‘ ney ; and what I have about me, tho’ not
 ‘ much, is just enough to bear my Charges on
 ‘ the Road. If I had any to spare, or were go-
 ‘ ing home, you need not question but I would
 ‘ very freely share it among you, to relieve
 ‘ your Wants, for I know there are some so

' great in this World, that they oblige Men
 ' to take such desperate Courses. But
 ' having none to spare, as I have told you,
 ' I am resolv'd not to part with any,
 ' and therefore pray observe two Things; the
 ' first that I am positively set upon defending
 ' my self, and tho' I am satisfy'd it will cost
 ' me my Life, I am sure several of you
 ' will drop before me: And the next is,
 ' that I am in a manner well pleas'd
 ' with this Opportunity you offer me, to put
 ' an end to a Life, that is so full of Calamities;
 ' for as a Run-away Horse, never stops at, or
 ' values a Precipice, so a Man of Quality and
 ' Valour when under an Insurmouutable Affli-
 ' ction, looks upon it as a singular Favour be-
 ' stow'd upon him by Fortune, when he meets
 ' with that Death he seeks for. So that, Gen-
 ' tlemen, you may consider of it, and assure
 ' your selves that unless there be more of you
 ' than I see at present, I shall make Havock of
 ' you all, before you will be able to overcome
 ' me.

The six High-way Men stood amaz'd at the
 Extraordinary Resolution of a single Man;
 and as Fortune would have it, that which was
 most likely to enrage and incense them, now
 quell'd their Fury, and made them take such
 a Fancy to him, that looking upon one another
 like Men amazed, they highly commended
 the Gentleman's Valour, and one who seem'd
 to be the Chief of the rest, reply'd thus:

' You

' You are doubtless sensible enough, that
 ' what you propose to do is absolutely impra-
 ' cticable ; for tho' it were possible you could
 ' deal with us Six, as you imagin you can, yet
 ' it is impossible to escape with Life, for
 ' there are Two hundred more of us scatter'd a-
 ' bout this Mountain, all of them within a
 ' Musket-shot, who would soon take our part,
 ' and the least Wound you should give to any
 ' one of us must infallibly cost you your Life.
 ' However in respect to your Valour (for tho'
 ' you see me follow this Course, I am perhaps
 ' as well born as your self) I will propose
 ' such an Expedient that your Rashness may
 ' meet with a Reward instead of Punishment,
 ' which, if you please, must be Accomplish'd
 ' thus : We are about Two hundred Men that
 ' ply in this Place, getting our Bread by what
 ' we take from Travellers ; dividing what
 ' we steal equally among us all, as being a-
 ' like concern'd in every Crime. But being
 ' so numerous, and every one fond of his own
 ' Merits, we are daily in great Danger of fall-
 ' ing into disorder among our selves ; and
 ' therefore it has been agreed among us, to
 ' chuse One of our Number, whom the rest
 ' shall obey as our Superior and Chief in all
 ' Things that relate to our Profession, and that
 ' all the Booty we take shall be brought to
 ' him, that he, as our Sovereign Arbitrator, may
 ' give what Share he thinks fit to the Persons
 ' that took it, and the rest to be laid up to sup-
 ' ply our general Wants; for as the World goes

' now, the time will soon come when no Body
 ' will Travel this Way. But this Business of
 ' Commanding is so bewitching a thing, that
 ' every Man is for having this Post ; and
 ' pleads Services and Merit to carry it, especi-
 ' ally this Gentleman (pointing to one of the
 ' Six) and I, and our Deserts being equal, the
 ' Case is still doubtful, and the Company
 ' knows not whom to chose ; for as I tell you
 ' each of us makes an Interest, and has Friends
 ' to support him. Hereupon this very Mor-
 ' ning, to prevent our utter Ruin, it has been
 ' resolv'd, that since neither of us can be
 ' Chief, because many are so positive, that they
 ' would make a Quarrel rather than depart
 ' from their Opinion, that we Two should ap-
 ' point One to be Chief, and we to attend and
 ' assist him, as his Council and Deputies. I
 ' have given you this Account, to the Intent
 ' that since you say you fly from Justice, you
 ' may be our Chief, if you please to accept of
 ' it, for I have taken such a Kindness to you,
 ' that I here give you my Vote, and I do as-
 ' sure my self that under such a Captain as
 ' you are, we shall live secure from all our
 ' Enemies, who continually seek after us, tho'
 ' to little purpose ; for there are so many and
 ' such hidden Caves in these Mountains, that
 ' it is no small Difficulty even for us, who re-
 ' side here, to find them out. This is all the
 ' Answer I can return to your brave Resoluti-
 ' on ; 'tis your part now to consider what you
 ' think of it, for tho' I have not yet consult-
 ' all

' ed all my Companions, I have so much Inter-
 ' rest in them, that I do not question but I
 ' shall prevail with them to carry this Point,
 ' as well because it is for their own good, as
 ' because I will make it my Request to them ;
 ' and there is no doubt but this Compliance
 ' with my Desire is a Favour to you, and a
 ' Service to them.

When the Robber had declar'd his Mind,
 and confirm'd what he said with an Oath, and
 the rest agreed to it, *Don Vincent* considering,
 in the first place, that the Viceroy being pro-
 vok'd to the highest Pitch, and desirous of Re-
 venge, had writ to all the other Kingdoms of
Spain, to acquaint them with his Crimes, so
 that he could not hope to be safe in any Place :
 Secondly, that tho' he were out of Danger,
 he could not follow his Business without ap-
 pearing, which would retard his Liberty very
 much. And lastly, that there was no other
 Way at present left him to save his Life and
 his Gold, but by agreeing to what they de-
 sir'd ; he resolv'd to comply, considering with
 himself at the same time, that his being a Cap-
 tain of Robbers should be so far from dishon-
 ouring his Family, or incensing the Viceroy, in
 such a manner as to make his Pardon the more
 difficult, that it should rather be an Honour to
 him, and an infallible means to be restor'd to
 his Quiet, and to the Enjoyment of his dearest
Camilla, whom he lov'd the more, the farther
 he was removed from her. Having thus con-
 cluded with himself, he directed his Discourse

to the same Man who had made him the Offer, and with much Shew of Thankfulness and Submission, told him, ‘ He had consulted his ‘ Honour, and the Danger he was in, and his ‘ Resolution was: That since the Crime he had ‘ committed at *Valencia* was of such a high Nature, that Justice would pursue him where-soever he went, in regard it was against the ‘ Viceroy himself, and since he had been so ‘ Fortunate as to find Safety where he expected Death, he was fully resolv’d to venture ‘ his Life for the future, in Defence of any of ‘ his Companions, in return for the Favour they ‘ had done him.

His Answer was very pleasing to them all ; and therefore having embrac’d him in a most obliging manner, they conducted him, to the rest of their Gang, extolling his Valour to the highest Degree, and telling them what they design’d. He was immediately confirm’d by them all in his Government , and they took an Oath to be subject and obedient to him as their Chief and Sovereign ; and having made Extraordinary Rejoycings and Bonfires for the Election of their new Captain, they led him to the most convenient and most hidden Cave in the Mountain, where they had great store of Money, Plate, Pieces of Silk, Rich Goods and Cloaths they had taken from Travellers, all which they deliver’d up into his Hands, to dispose of their Wealth as well as their Persons. They also provided him a Bed in the best manner they could, and then left him to
take

take his rest with *Martinez* and twelve Men to *Patrouille* about, and give notice if any thing happen'd to their Advantage. The next Morning he call'd all his Men together, and when they were met, inform'd them, that he had the last Night drawn up a certain Form of Government, which he expected should be inviolably observ'd, under severe Penalties to the Infringers of it, because he judg'd it necessary for their common Safety, which they all approv'd of, as conducing to their own Benefit, and was to this effect:

First, That no Wrong should be done to Women, because the Law of Nature so far requir'd it, that even the very brute Beasts had regard to it, and much more ought those, who, though unfortunate in the World, were endu'd with Reason.

Secondly, That nothing should be taken from, nor no Hardship put upon the poor; because what could be got by them was inconsiderable, and the Mischief that might ensue prove very great, in Regard that as they come by what they have very hardly, so their Complaints being always the loudest, this obliges the Magistrates to endeavour to prevent those Robberies, so that they should never be in any Safety upon an inconsiderable Account.

Thirdly, That no Person should be kill'd on Account of taking away his Money, since it was
Natural

Natural for every body to defend what they have, and their Design was only to get Wealth, which would by no Means be increas'd by killing of Travellers, but was rather a Provocation to their Enemies to rise with joint Consent in Arms against them, for as much as the Murder of a Man was much more unpardonable than the taking of his Money.

Fourthly, That whatsoever Persons did fall into their Hands should be brought before him, that he might order, according to their several Circumstances and Condition, what was to be taken from them, which must never be all they had, because that would oblige them to stay at the next Town they came to, tho' never so much against their Inclination, and use all their Endeavours to retrieve their Loss; and therefore they should take only one half, that being out of Want, they might rather proceed on their Journey, than stay near the Place, to do them Harm.

Fifthly, That they should use the Country People, who supply'd them with Necessaries, very kindly and honestly, because, if they once took away what they had by force, they would for ever after avoid selling them what they wanted, and therefore it was convenient to be kind to them, paying to the full for all they had from them, that they might always live in Plenty.

These and several other Laws Don Vincent propos'd to his Gang, all which being approv'd of, he began to take Possession of all their Caves,

Caves, and particularly of all the Arms they had; always designing to do God and the King what Service he could in this Station, as he actually did, for from the Time he took upon him the supream Command of those Robbers, none of them ever durst kill any Man, for fear of incurring the Penalties impos'd on such a Crime. They always carry'd the Travellers before him, and he being inform'd of what they had, to satisfy his Men, took no more than the one half, and then sent *Martinez* after them, or if it were at Night went himself, and restor'd as much as he had taken, writing down their Names, Quality, and Country in a little Pocket-Book, and charging them to keep it private till a seasonable Time should come to discover it.

Thus Travellers went backwards and forwards with full Safety, knowing that neither Lives nor Money were in any Danger; and thus this honourable Gentleman spent not only the four thousand Crowns he brought from *Valencia*, but also some part of the Gold and Silver he found in the Cave. One Night as he was contriving with his trusty Servant, how he might compass the ridding of the Country of that wicked Gang, for the honour of God, and the good of his King and Country, which the Viceroy with all his Forces had not been able to effect in so many Years, four of his Followers brought a Man, who was riding Post, and said he was going from *Valencia* to *Madrid*. As soon as ever
Don

Don Vincent spy'd him, he knew him to be his own old and trusty Servant, in whose House he design'd to have hid himself that Night he was met by the Round, and therefore so soon as his Men began to give him any Account, he order'd them to withdraw, because it concern'd him. They did according to his Orders; when he, coming up to his Servant, made himself known, by discovering his Face, which before was cover'd, and then ask'd him, Whither he was going, and how his Affairs stood at *Valencia* with the Viceroy? The Servant stood amaz'd to find his Master in such Company, and such a Garb, and calling to mind his Birth, Honour, and Worth, could scarce believe himself, that what he saw was actually true, till *Don Vincent*, perceiving the Disorder he was in, gave him an account of all that had befallen him, since he left *Valencia*, and the Reason that had mov'd him to follow so wicked a Course of Life, hoping that way to gain the Viceroy's Favour. *I do not perceive how that can be*, answer'd the Servant, *for he is so incens'd, at the fresh murder you committed that Night you left Valencia, that it has oblig'd your Friend Don Valerio to send me away Post in Search of you, with Letters charging you by no means to make your self known in any part of Spain, because there are Spies sent abroad every where to secure you, and express Orders from his Majesty, that no Priviledge of any Kingdom shall protect you.* This said, he gave him the Pacquet, in which were several Letters

Letters from his Relations, and one in particular from *Don Valerio*, which he read first, and was to this effect :

The LETTER.

THE Murder you committed upon that Man, the same Night I had the Misfortune to be oblig'd to leave you, tho' so private, that it seem'd impossible it should be known, *Martinez* being gone, was nevertheless publick about the Town in two Days ; for a Maid whom *Donna Maria* intrusted with the Secret of her Love and mine, happening to be herself in Love with the dead Man, and the Magistrates using all their Endeavours, (tho' to no Purpose) to discover the Murderer, this Maid, I say, in revenge for the Loss of her Lover, told all she knew of the Matter. This has incens'd the Viceroy to such a Degree, that he swears he will make an Example of you, if he can get you into his Hands, and order'd me to be secur'd in a Castle for some Days, as being your Friend, and a Party in that Misfortune : But it happening that *Donna Maria's* Brother had taken me up that very Night, I easily got off, yet so as that now I have little Opportunity of visiting her, as I was wont to do, till her Father's Anger is over, her Brother's Passion ceases, and all these Troubles have an end. I have thought fit to give you this Account, that you may be cautious not to appear in Publick at Court, (if we prove so Fortunate as that this

Letter

Letter finds you there) till the Viceroy's Anger is appeas'd ; for tho' it runs so high, you have so many Friends in this City, that I live still in Hopes they will mollifie his Severity. God preserve and set you at Liberty as I wish.

Don Valerio.

When he had read this and the rest of the Letters, which were most of them much to the same purpose, the Servant further inform'd him, that *Camilla*, as soon as the Maid had discover'd the whole Secret, retir'd into a Monastery, where a great Friend of hers was, the better to secure her self against her Father's Anger, and the Cenforious Tongues of the Multitude. He also acquainted him that the Viceroy had laid a Fine of Two thousand Crowns on *Don Valerio*, towards the Charge of apprehending and reducing all those Robbers under his Command ; because they had committed so many Enormities of late, and that there were such heavy Complaints brought to the Viceroy every Day against them, that he had resolv'd to send out Six hundred Men, who were to secure all the Avenues leading into the Mountain in order to reduce them by Famine, if there was no other way to bring them to condign Punishment, promising besides this very great Rewards, and a Pardon of all Crimes, to any Man that should apprehend and deliver up any of them.

Don

Don Vincent was very well pleas'd with this last part of the News his Servant brought him, and writ immediately to his Friend *Don Valerio*, giving him a particular Account of all that had happen'd to him since he went from *Valencia* till that time, and desiring him two days after the Receipt of his Letter to come away to the Mountain with that same Bearer, and to bring along with him twenty or thirty of his Relations and Friends, and all of them to expect him at a certain Hermitage, about half a League distance from that Place, for he would so order Affairs, that not one of the Robbers should escape being taken, notwithstanding there were above an Hundred and eighty of them under his Command.

The Servant return'd to the City with this Letter, and *Don Valerio* much amaz'd at the strangeness of the Relation it gave him, immediately communicated it to *Don Vincent's* Friends; who, punctually following the Directions given them, met to the number of about fifty Gentlemen of the best Quality in the City, well Arm'd, and provided with Ropes, and on the Day appointed set out with their Guide towards the Mountain; but for fear of a Discovery (it being as yet pretty early) stay'd at a Farm-house about a League off, it happen'd to be in the depth of Winter, when the Nights were so dark and unfit for Travelling, that the Robbers despairing of meeting with any Purchase abroad, retir'd Early to their Quarters, according to their Commander's Orders.

ders. Only twelve of them were Commanded to take it by Turns to Patroville about the Mountain, as Out-guards to this little Camp of Robbers. But *Don Vincent* order'd these twelve also this Night to repair to his Cave, before they went their Rounds, because he had something to impart to them. The Sky was so cover'd with Clouds at that time, that it was dreadful to behold, and therefore all the rest of the Gang withdrew earlier than ordinary, except the Twelve, who about Eight of the Clock went to wait upon their Captain, pursuant to his Orders. He receiv'd them with much seeming Courtesy, telling them, He would keep them Company that Night, because he had been inform'd of a considerable Booty, which would be easily taken. They all return'd thanks for the Honour he did them, extolling their good Fortune in chusing for their Captain so worthy a Person who was regardless of his own ease to promote the Publick Good. They went away with him to the appointed Hermitage, where *Martinez* knock'd, desiring to lye conceal'd there for two Hours. The Hermit who liv'd there, and had been prepar'd for the Business, having at several times receiv'd considerable Alms from *Don Vincent*, made as if he were not willing to open, but at length comply'd, and admitted his new Guests, whom *Don Vincent* order'd into a Back-room, telling them, he would call upon them as soon as it was time, because it was not convenient that any of them should be seen for fear of alarming those
he

he expected. The Robbers being very well satisfy'd, some of them fell to Play, and the rest muffling themselves up the best they could, (by reason of the Cold) went to sleep. *Don Vincent* then sent *Martinez* to a Place *Don Valerio* and his Company must of necessity pass by, that they might all met together upon a Signal given, and come as gently as possibly they could, without the least noise, to the Hermitage.

The Hermit was a good easy temper'd Man, who, without practising any Hypocritical frauds, or pretending to a more than ordinary Sanctity, liv'd there out of the dangers of the World, only seeking his Salvation, and to make some amends for the many Sins he had committed in his Youth, when he was abroad. *Don Vincent*, to divert the time, whilst the Company he expected was advancing, desir'd him to tell the cause that had mov'd him to live in that Solitude, being, as he said himself, a Gentleman; to which he, without much Courtship, briefly answer'd in this manner :

‘ My Name, Sir, is *Don Francisco Mendez*,
 ‘ a Native of the City of *Murcia*, when I had
 ‘ spent several Years of my Youth in Sports,
 ‘ Vice, Extravagancy, and Libertinism, I fell
 ‘ in Love with a Lady, who, tho’ Poor, was
 ‘ the greatest Beauty in those Parts. I Marry’d
 ‘ her, so much against my Parents Will, that I
 ‘ thought it my safest way to pack up all I had
 ‘ and come away to *Valencia* with her, and two
 ‘ lovely Children, Heaven had been pleas’d to
 ‘ bestow on me. There we liv’d, tho’ not Great,

yet with much Satisfaction, for my Wife loved me most excessively, and I had no greater Satisfaction in this World than to gaze on her, and attend an Employment I had Purchas'd with what Money I brought away to maintain my Family, as became in some measure a Man of my Quality. It pleas'd God, at this time, to strike my Children with such a violent Pestilential Distemper, that in four Days I Bury'd them both. The Mother having attended them all this while, and the Disease being very Infectious, she fell into the same Malady, and no Medicines availing, dy'd in my Arms the fifth day after. This last stroke absolutely overcame all my Constancy, so that I was quite comfortless, and nothing but the Thoughts of being a Christian could have hindred me from laying violent Hands on my self. At length Heaven took pity on me and open'd my Eyes, to make me sensible that the Happiness I had enjoy'd hitherto in her, had been only lent, and so return'd to God that give it. Considering there was no Satisfaction left me on Earth, or at least none I could think such, I turn'd my Thoughts to Heaven, and selling all I had, distributed it among the Clergy and the Poor, that they might all pray to God to give my Wife Eternal Rest, and me the Grace to serve him in this Cottage, where I live on the Alms Travellers bestow on me; and am sensible of what we are, being like the Flowers which flourish and perish in a Day. Here I

live

‘ live Day and Night, begging Pardon of God
 ‘ for my Sins, and Eternal Happiness for my
 ‘ Wife, whose Skull you there see at the Foot
 ‘ of that Crucifix ; for I had it taken up after
 ‘ she was Bury’d, and keep it by me, that I
 ‘ may never forget what I am, and what I am
 ‘ like to be, and consequently may be ever
 ‘ preparing for that future Being in the other
 ‘ World.

Don Vincent was not a little astonish’d at so odd a sort of Mortification, considering that he should never have prevail’d with himself to keep the Skull of the Person he had so entirely lov’d in his sight. He was just upon the point to return the Hermit thanks for his relation, when *Martinez* interrupted him, by giving him to understand by signs that his so long expected Friends were at the Door. *Don Vincent* went out, and without staying to express his Satisfaction of seeing so many Friends and Relations together, after having embraced in haste, *Don Valerio* and the rest, told them, in a few Words, how he had contriv’d the matter to secure all those Robbers, without the least Danger. Then he open’d the Door of the Hermit’s Cave, where the twelve were, and rushing in all together before some could take hold of their Arms, and the others awake, they seiz’d and bound them all, and then leaving them in the same place, and shutting the Doors faste, went up to the Mountain. *Don Vincent* went to the mouth of every Cave, and by a certain signal call’d them out, pretending some business of

of Consequence, and as they came out secur'd them, so that not one of all that number escap'd, and all this was fully accomplish'd in less than four Hours. He then seized upon all the Money, Plate, Goods, and Cloaths, every one of them had lay'd up, and together with what he had in his own Cave, putting it up in Carts, which he sent for to the next Village, to carry this rich Booty, as well as the wretched Criminals, and at the same time sent a long Letter by *Don Valerio* to the Viceroy, in which he gave him an account of all that had happen'd, how he had been forc'd to accept of that Employment to save his Life, the design he had at the same time when he did so, how many Passengers, Lives he had sav'd, how much Money he had distributed among them, with their particular Names, Countries and Qualities, that they might testify the Truth of what he said; and what he had done at last to secure all the Robbers, with which present he hop'd to oblige his Excellency to grant him his Pardon, as he had promis'd to any Person by his Proclamation.

Don Valerio enter'd *Valencia* with this Letter, and the Carts loaded with Malefactors, attended by *Don Vincent's* Relations and Friends, all the Inhabitants of the City flocking to see that strange Spectacle. The Viceroy was so much over-joy'd at the apprehending of those Out-laws, that he easily forgave all the provocations *Don Vincent* had given him, since they had proved the occasion of doing the whole Kingdom

Kingdom so great a piece of Service. Accordingly, before he had well read the Letter, he sent four of those Gentlemen to bring *Don Vincent* home, receiv'd him with extraordinary Demonstrations of Honour, and gave him an hereditary honourable Employment in the City for restoring it to its former Security.

Camilla no sooner understood these good Tydings, but she presently concluded herself happy; and the Viceroy being well acquainted with their Love, spoke to her Father, desiring him to forgive past Faults, if their virtuous Designs could deserve that Name, and to consent to their Marriage. At the same time he solicited *Don Claudio's* Relations to be Friends with *Don Vincent*, who, like Men of Honour and Worth, not only forgave him, but begg'd his Pardon for all the Calamities he had undergone on that Account. *Camilla* came out of the Monastery where she had sought for Shelter, and was receiv'd with open Arms and Tears of Joy by her Parents. *Camilla* and *Don Vincent*, and *Donna Maria* and *Don Ualerio* were soon Marry'd. The Viceroy interesting himself in both Matches, and giving both the Brides. *Don Vincent* generously rewarded *Martinez* and his old Servant, and to conclude all, prevail'd with the Viceroy, that the Robbers should not be put to Death, because they had put themselves under his Protection; and there being a want at that time of Men for the King's Service in *Italy*, they were form'd into Troops of Horse, being all provided with excellent Horses
of

of their own, and sent over with an injunction never to return into *Spain*, without the King's Pardon, upon pain of Death, which they joyfully accepted of, and did such good Service in that Country, that those few who surviv'd were Pardon'd and Preferr'd. Thus we conclude this true Story of the Generous Robber, which tho' by the Event may seem to imply a contradiction, yet *Dan Vincent* has reconcil'd it, as being a Robber only in appearance; and tho' the betraying even of those that confided in his Honour, seems to cast some blemish upon the action, yet his saving their Lives, and sending them into the King's Service, where they blotted out their Offences, and were in the Way to Preferment was a sufficient Justification also of this Action.

6 MA 50

F I N I S.

on
y-
in
re
de
ch
a-
c-
ne
is
ne
ng
t-
y
to